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FELIX FABRI

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Translated

BY

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THE BOOK OF THE WANDERINGS OF BROTHER FELIX FABRI.

INTRODUCTION.

IN his Epistle Dedicatory, dated 1484, Brother Felix Fabri, after his return for the second time from the Holy Land, describes how he twice journeyed thither, and how he strove during his travels to fulfil the promise which he had made to his brethren of the Dominican Convent of Ulm to keep an exact record of all that he saw and of all that befel him on his journey. 'Besides this,' he continues, 'I also, in some cases, took great pains to write an exact account of some of the holy places to which I never went, but never without adding, "I did not go to this place, but have heard or read about it."'

He speaks of himself in this preface as one who had visited all the three parts of the then known world. Writing as he does about ten years before the discovery of America, it is interesting to read his allusions to the Spice Islands, and to the famed Cipango, to reach which by a shorter route was the main object of Columbus's voyage. He also excuses his Latin style, which, as his German editor, Professor C. D. Hassler remarks, is somewhat of the pattern of that ridiculed in the '*Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum*';

and says that should his book fall into the hands of those priests who neglect the Gospels and prophets to read Virgil and the Latin poets and rhetoricians, he will not escape their sneers : for such men love Pagan Rome better than Christian Jerusalem. 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my tongue cleave unto the roof of my mouth,' etc.

He describes at length his desire to behold the Holy Land, and quotes St. Jerome's preface to the Book of Chronicles to the effect that as he who has sailed from the Troad to Sicily will be better enabled thereby to understand the third book of Virgil's *Aeneid*, even so he who has beheld Judaea with his eyes will gain a clearer insight into Holy Scripture. 'Wherefore,' continues St. Jerome, 'I also underwent the toil of wandering throughout the whole of this province, in the company of the most learned Hebrews.' 'Now if,' continues Fabri, 'the great St. Jerome, a man of the highest intelligence and learning, thought it right that he should visit the holy places, that he might better understand the Holy Scriptures, what wonder is there if I and the like of me, who are dull-minded and slow of understanding, should try by the same means to gain some little knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. Indeed, we see with our own eyes at the present day that mere laymen, with no knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, after they have made a pilgrimage to the holy places and have returned from thence, argue about the Gospel and the prophets, talk upon theological subjects, and sometimes overcome and set right learned divines in their interpretation of difficult passages of Holy Scripture, because no Catholic returns from thence without having become more learned? Since, then, unlearned laymen return theologians from the holy places, there can be no doubt that clerks in orders and men of some small learning will return learned to no small degree. For this reason, and for many others,

which are set forth in my preceding encomium on the Holy Land, and for some others which it is unnecessary for me to state, I "steadfastly set my face to go to Jerusalem," as it is said of the Lord Jesus in Luke ix. 51, and, as far as it is permitted to a monk to do so, I bound myself by an oath to accomplish it. I call God to witness that for many years I was in such a fever of longing to perform that pilgrimage that whether I was asleep or awake I hardly ever had any other subject before my mind. And I may say with truth that while engaged in these thoughts I lay awake for more than a thousand hours of the night and time of rest.

'Moreover, it was a serious matter for me to ask for leave for so long and so unusual a wandering, and it appeared to be almost impossible for me to obtain it. Nor could I form any idea of how I should raise the money for such an expensive journey. Nevertheless, I did not remain quiet, and asked advice of many; but found no means to avoid staying at home. At last, however, I betook me to the illustrious Prince Count Eberhard the elder, of Wurtemberg, who had long ago been at the holy places, and who had been bound by the vows of a knight and had received the insignia of the knightly office in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is in Jerusalem. I asked his Magnificence's advice as to how I was to accomplish the pilgrimage which I had undertaken, for I was alarmed, and feared for my life; and I dreaded the sea, which I had never yet seen, and of which I had heard much, and the other perils of that pilgrimage, about which I had already read a great deal; and therefore I ran hither and thither more than I need have done, to obtain advice. The noble count, after he had heard me, answered me familiarly: "There are three acts in a man's life which no one ought either to advise another to do or not to do. The first is to contract matri-

mony, the second is to go to the wars, the third is to visit the Holy Sepulchre. I say that these three acts are good in themselves, but they may easily turn out ill ; and when this is so, he who gave the advice comes to be blamed as if he were the cause of its turning out ill." But the wise count went on to say that the pilgrimage about which I was asking his advice was an act which might be virtuous, holy, praiseworthy, and exceeding useful, yet only to those who undertook it with a view to the praise of God, while it would be full indeed of peril to those who made it out of frivolity or curiosity, having as their object the pomps of this world, or any other empty and transitory vanities.

' I also visited another noble and aged knight, who likewise had many years ago received his knighthood at the Holy Sepulchre, and I asked him what he would advise me in this matter. He out of the fulness of his heart straightway exclaimed, " My brother, be well assured that were I not thus bowed down by old age, no one would hold me back from returning to perform a second pilgrimage ; for nowhere have I received the grace of God in so large a measure as I did at the places where our redemption was wrought. For whenever I betook myself to prayer, methought I saw the heavens opened, and divine sweetness and consolation was poured into my soul as it was nowhere else."

' After this I departed to a certain convent of nuns, and begged leave of the prioress to converse with a certain maiden of the sisterhood, of well-known devotion, and, as many thought, of exceptional holiness, with whom I had often previously conversed for my own edification, but whose face I had never beheld. To this maiden I unfolded my plan, and she, with an unusual cheerfulness, replied, " Quickly, quickly perform your intended journey, and on no account stay here any longer, and may God be

your companion on your way." I received these words of the maiden as though they had come from heaven, and straightway began to prepare for my wanderings. There was at that time at Rome in the convent of our order which stands above the Temple of Minerva,¹ a certain brother from our country, a friend and acquaintance of mine, to whom I wrote telling him of my intention, and begging that he would obtain a license for me from our most holy father Pope Sixtus IV., and also from the most reverend general of our order, Father Leonard de Mansuetis, of Perusium, without whose leave being first granted no one in my country would have granted me a license to travel. This brother, like a good friend, did not delay, but quickly obtained what I asked, and sent me a testimonial letter from the general of our order, wherein he warned all men that no one of inferior rank to himself should presume to hinder me from making this pilgrimage.

'On the receipt of this letter I repaired with it to the Reverend Father the Provincial of our District, and to the Reverend Doctor of Divinity, Ludwig Fuchs, Prior of the Convent of Ulm, and showed them my license from our lord the pope, and from the master of our order, begging that they likewise would benevolently give their consent. Seeing my intense wish to go they not only gave me their consent, but also bestowed upon me money and help for my journey; and thus it came to pass that within the space of a few days I was excellently supplied with all that I required for so great a journey, and was ready to set out. Now when this came to the ears of a certain

¹ 'Maria sopra Minerva, so called from standing on the site of a temple to Minerva, dedicated by Pompey after his victories in Asia. It was rebuilt in 1370 under Gregory XI., and granted to the Dominican monks. It is the only church at Rome which has retained its original architecture.'—Murray's *Handbook for Rome*.

noble and valiant knight, the Lord Apollinaris von Stein, who at that time was Governor of Upper Bavaria, and resided in the town of Gundelfingen, he ordered me to be brought to him, and entrusted to my care his son, Master George von Stein, whom he had determined to send to Jerusalem to receive knighthood there, promising me repayment of my expenses and contributions towards them, and his favour in the future if I would agree to take his son as the companion of my journey.

‘I willingly gave my consent to this nobleman, and appointed a day with Master George, on which he might find me in the town of Memmingen, on which day and from which place we might start on our journey. Having made these arrangements I returned to Ulm.’

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF
BROTHER FELIX FABRI'S FIRST JOURNEY
TO THE HOLY LAND.

AT the time of the celebration of Easter, in the year of our Lord 1480, on the ninth day of the month of April, which was the Sunday in the octave of Easter on which 'Quasi Modo,' etc., is sung in churches, and whereon also is celebrated the feast of the dedication of the church of the Dominicans in Ulm, on that same day after dinner, as is the custom, I ascended the pulpit, and preached to the people who were present in great numbers, both to hear the sermon and to obtain indulgences. When I had finished my sermon, before the general confession made by the people on such occasions, I told them all of the pilgrimage which I was on the point of beginning, bidding them, and beseeching them, to importune God with prayers for my safe return, at the present time to sing with me in gladness the hymn of the Lord's Resurrection, which the people are wont to sing, together with the hymn for pilgrims by sea. When I had said this I began in a loud voice, 'Christ is risen,' etc., and when that hymn was finished I again chanted, 'In Gottes Nahmen fahren wir, seiner Gnaden,' etc.¹

All the people then sang after me the hymns which I had begun with loud and pleasant voices, and repeated them many times over; nor did they refrain from tears, and some broke out into sobs instead of into song. For

¹ An ancient hymn, several times quoted by Fabri, and which is still sung in German churches.

many persons of both sexes were anxious and alarmed, fearing, even as I myself feared, that I should perish among such terrible dangers. When the singing was over, I commended them to God by bestowing upon them the general absolution, and, strengthening them by the sign of the cross, I bade them farewell, and descended from the pulpit.

Now, on the fourteenth day of April, early in the morning, after I had received the blessing which is given to those who travel, and after I had kissed and embraced my brethren, we mounted our horses, I and the reverend Master Ludwig, with a servant from the city of Ulm, and rode to Memmingen, where, according to my appointment, I met the Lord Apollinaris von Stein, with his son George, and with many men-at-arms; and straightway on the morrow we prepared to depart, and the noble youth bade farewell to his father and to all his retainers, and mounted his horse not without sorrow and fear. I also rushed into the arms of my most kind and beloved spiritual father, begging his leave to depart and his paternal blessing, not without deep grief and sorrow, as was shown by the abundant tears and sobs of us both; nor was there anything to wonder at in this, for the forced parting of son from his father, and of a true man from his sincere friend, is naturally grievous. During my embraces and sobs I heard my most beloved father's last words of advice, that I was not to forget him in the Holy Land, but that, should a messenger present himself, I was to send a letter from the sea telling how I was, and to be sure to return soon. And so he sorrowfully left me, and returned with his servant to Ulm to his children, my brethren. After my father's departure, a great and almost irresistible temptation assailed me, for the delightful eagerness to see Jerusalem and the holy places, with which I had until that time been glowing, altogether died within me, and I felt a loathing for travel;

and the pilgrimage, which had appeared so sweet and virtuous, now seemed wearisome, bitter, useless, empty, and sinful. I was angry with myself for having undertaken it, and all those who had dissuaded me from it I now thought to be the wisest of counsellors and the truest of friends; while I considered that those who had encouraged me were enemies of my life. I had more pleasure in beholding Suabia than the land of Canaan, and Ulm appeared to me pleasanter than Jerusalem. Moreover, the fear of the sea increased within me, and I conceived so many objections to that pilgrimage that, had I not been ashamed, I would have run after Master Ludwig and re-entered Ulm with him, and I should have had the greatest delight in doing so. This accursed temptation remained present with me throughout the whole voyage, and was most troublesome to me, because it took away all the delight and joy and zeal wherewith a pilgrim supports his labours and is urged to persist in his work, and caused me to be dull and stupid both in viewing places of note by sea and land, and also in writing accounts of them. What I have written was done against the grain, but I sometimes succeeded in conquering my dulness by hard work.

So young Master George and I, with one servant whom he had chosen from his father's household, set forth from Memmingen, and in a few hours he began to make my acquaintance and I began to make his, and we and our several dispositions agreed very well together, which is a great comfort for those who are making that pilgrimage together. For if a man has a comrade with whom he cannot agree, woe betide them both during their pilgrimage. So thus we entered the Alps with joy as far as Innspruck, and after leaving that place, rode hurriedly forward, in order that we might arrive the sooner at Venice. Now, while we were in the mountains, one thing

befel us which I should like to tell you of. When we had come to the village which is called Ad Scalum, we there wandered away from our true road and the king's highway, for we ought to have climbed the mountain, and ridden past the castle which stands on the top of it; however, we did not do this, but left the mountain and the castle on our left hands, and descended through a valley, by a long and well-beaten road. When at last we gained a view of the plain below the mountains, we saw before us a town of considerable size, at which we were surprised, because we had (not) heard of any town which we should reach on that day. When we arrived at that town we found that it was Bassano, and we perceived that we had gone out of our way; however, we remained there for the night, and drank the red wine which is the especial product of the place until we were both nodding. However, we were very uncomfortable, because there was no one in the inn who could talk German with us, and as we were ignorant of Italian we had to ask for everything by signs.

On the following day we rode to Castel Franco, and thence through Treviso, where we sold our horses, and proceeded on mules to Margerum.¹ At Margerum we bade the land farewell, and put to sea in a barque, wherein we sailed as far as Venice to the Fondaco de' Tedeschi. At the Fondaco itself we inquired about inns for knights and pilgrims, and were conducted by a certain German to the inn of St. George, which is a large and respectable one. There we found many noblemen from various countries, all of whom were bound by the same vow as ourselves, and intended to cross the sea and visit the most Holy Sepulchre of the Lord Jesus. There were also in the other inns many pilgrims, both priests, monks, and laymen, gentle and simple, from Germany, from Gaul, and France, and especi-

¹ Mestre (?).

ally two bishops, my Lord of Orleans and my Lord of Le Mans,¹ with a very large retinue of companions and attendants, were there, awaiting the sailing of a ship; and, moreover, certain women well-stricken in years, wealthy matrons, six in number, were there together with us, desiring to cross the sea to the holy places. I was astonished at the courage of these old women, who through old age were scarcely able to support their own weight, yet forgot their own frailty, and through love for the Holy Land joined themselves to young knights and underwent the labours of strong men.

The proud nobles, however, were not pleased at this, and thought that they would not embark in the ship in which these ladies were to go, considering it a disgrace that they should go to receive the honour of knighthood in company with old women. These haughty spirits all endeavoured to persuade us not to take our passage in the ship in which the old women meant to sail; but other wiser and more conscientious knights contradicted those proud men, and rejoiced in the holy penitence of these ladies, hoping that their holiness would render our voyage safer. On account of this there arose an implacable quarrel between those noblemen, which lasted until it pleased God to remove those proud men from among us. Howbeit, those devout ladies remained in our company both in going thither and in returning.

Now, Master Augustine Contarini, whose name means 'Count of the Rhine,' a noble Venetian, was going to take a cargo of pilgrims, and we agreed with him about the fare, and hired his galley, and received from him berths and cots—that is, places for each of us to lie in in the galley—and we hoped for a quick passage, for we had waited for many days while the galley was being fitted for sea. But

¹ Gebennensis, Senomanensis.

when everything was ready and there was nothing left to be done but set sail, as we longed to do, there came a ship which brought the bad news that the Emperor of the Turks, Mahomet the Great,¹ was besieging the island of Rhodes, with a great fleet by sea and a fully-equipped army of horse and foot by land, and that the whole of the Aegean and Carpathian and Malean seas swarmed with Turks, and that it was impossible during this year to take pilgrims across to the Holy Land. It would not be easy for me to tell with what sorrow the pilgrims heard this news, and the troubles and discord and quarrels to which they gave rise among the pilgrims would weary me to tell of. However, in another work I have described all the adversity which we endured at Venice, and how the Frenchmen were separated from us, albeit they belonged to our galley. Now, we German pilgrims met together and waited on the chief of the Venetian Senate with a petition that the lords thereof would have the goodness to protect our galley with a safe-conduct, that she might not be taken by the Turks, and we be taken prisoners with her. To this we received the answer that the galley herself was free, and could pass through the Turkish fleet without being taken, by virtue of the treaty between the Turks and the Venetians; but that they were unwilling to give us any guarantee for the liberty of the pilgrims, and did not advise us to attempt the passage that year. But, if we were altogether determined to go, we might sail as far as the island of Corfu, where lay the Captain of the Sea with the Venetian fleet, and we might safely follow his advice, because he knew all the doings of the Turks. As we agreed to do this, they gave us letters commendatory to the aforesaid captain, and permitted us to go, giving the

¹ He died the following year, 1481.

master of our ship leave to take us to sea, although they had before this forbidden him to take us anywhere.

So we all of us, pilgrims and others, went on board the galley, and the number of pilgrims was one hundred and ten, and that of all the people who embarked in the galley altogether was three hundred and thirty. We weighed our anchors, spread our sails, and set out in the name of God, sailing before the wind, which was fair enough, so that in the space of two hours we had run quite out of sight of land and were on the high sea. However, our fair wind did not last, and on the third day we put in to Parentia,¹ which is in the county of Istria, part of the kingdom of Dalmatia. There the people terrified us by telling us horrible tales about the Turks, wherefore we stayed there for several days, because they told us that we could not reach the island of Corfu unmolested, forasmuch as the Turks had spread their fleet over the whole Adriatic, and made a prey and a spoil of all that met them. Nevertheless, we left that port, and after several days of slow sailing put into Zara, a city in Dalmatia ; but on hearing that the plague was raging there, we quickly turned away from that city, and after a slow and tedious voyage reached the city of Lesina, where, just as we were about to enter the harbour, a good wind sprung up, to which we spread our sails, and, leaving Lesina, sailed bravely onwards for some hours. Afterwards there arose a wind which was quite useless to us, and, making a tack, we came upon a rugged and deserted part of the coast of Croatia, and were forced to make for an uninhabited harbour, and to furl our sails amid lofty, precipitous mountains. To divert ourselves we went ashore in small boats, and lo, there lay on the sand a corpse cast up by the sea, putrid and rotten. The

¹ Parenzo.

sailors, being superstitious, were frightened to death at this discovery, and began to predict evil for us, and drew us far away from the body, nor was there one who took pity on it or gave it burial.

* * * * *

Now these contrary winds rose higher and higher, and for three days and nights we lay among these rocks, and whenever we put out, we were driven back again by the force of the wind, to the great discomfort of us all. Howbeit, this discomfort saved us; for when three days afterwards a fair wind blew out of that place, and we were making for the high sea, we met a Venetian war-galley, which as it passed us asked our officers if ‘anything had happened to us at sea yesterday or the day before.’ When we answered ‘Nothing, except foul winds which had driven us to shelter under the mountains,’ they answered, ‘Blessed be those winds which drove you into hiding-places. For if you had been on the open sea yesterday, you would have fallen in with an armed Turkish fleet, which is sailing to Apulia to plunder the Christians there.’ On hearing this, we praised God, who had for this time saved us from the hands of the Turks.

We went on our way, and after some days came to Curzola in Illyria, and entering the harbour of the city of Curzola early in the morning, we heard a mass there. Curzola is a city in Illyria, and has another name, ‘Prepo in alto.’ It is built on the top of a high mountain, and is a small, yet populous city, under the dominion of Venice; it is well fortified with walls and towers, and is the seat of a bishop.

The inhabitants were all in great terror, fearing that the Turks, whom they saw daily cruising about the sea in search of plunder, might fall upon them, and they wondered how we could venture to sail on so perilous a

sea. The more prudent of them advised us to return, but we took no notice of them. We re-embarked, having bought in this city wine, loaves of bread, and other necessities; but while they were hoisting the mizen-mast, by the carelessness of one of the sailors, it fell down again, and striking another sailor, killed him on the spot. My Lord Bishop of Le Mans stood close to this dangerous falling spar, and I was by his side with many others, and we were all within a very little of being struck by it and killed. As for the dead man, they wrapped him in a sheet, tied a bag full of stones to his feet, and threw him into the sea.

We sailed fast from Curzola, and about midnight came to Epidaurus, whose modern name is Ragusa. We put into the harbour of Ragusa, cast anchor, moored our ship, and slept until sunrise. After this we entered the city, but found no inns there as in our country. Wherefore I, with my Master George von Stein and some other noblemen, went to a convent of Dominicans, begging them to give us something to eat in return for our money. They brought us good provisions, and capital Sclavonian wine, and treated us handsomely.

Presently the prior of the convent came, bringing two of the brethren with him, named Brother Francis de Catoro, and Brother Dominic, whom he entrusted to my charge, and gave them to me to be my comrades on my journey, for they also desired to go to Jerusalem in our company. At this I was particularly pleased, because hitherto I had been without a brother of my own order, and their company was more desired by me than fine gold. After we had finished our meal and seen the convent, we walked through the city and viewed it, as did also the other pilgrims. We saw that the city was wonderfully well fortified with towers and exceeding deep ditches, which men were in the act of digging out. Wondering at this, we asked them whether

they also feared the Turk, although they paid him tribute. They answered, 'We fear him all the same, and are fortifying ourselves against him; for though he be our friend to-day, he will be our foe to-morrow.' They blamed our recklessness in venturing to roam over the sea at such a perilous time, when they themselves did not dare to show themselves at sea; and they tried to persuade us to stay there until better news came. I will describe this city and other places in the account of my return from my second pilgrimage. However, when it grew late, we all went on board our galley, and set sail from the harbour of Ragusa the same evening with a fair wind, and went a long way that night. But at daybreak there arose a strong contrary wind, which drove us out of our true course towards Apulia, which we saw before us; and had not our crew skilfully retarded our ship, we should have gone ashore upon it.

After a long sail, we reached the isles of Gazapolis, and had no wind; nor did we move, save that by the lazy working of the oars by the crew we slowly crept along.

We thus arrived at a place where a city stands on a mountain overlooking the sea. It is well walled, but is entirely deserted on account of the breath of a dragon, as will be afterwards explained; and next, after a tedious voyage among lofty mountains, we came to a part of the sea, where the galley remained fixed on the surface of the waters, nor could it be moved by the oars to the right nor to the left; but, as I have said, it stood stock still, because beneath it was the whirlpool called the 'Abyss,' or opening into the earth, which there sucks up a great part of the sea, and where the waters sink down into that Abyss. Wherefore the waters stand still above it, awaiting their descent into the Abyss; and when the sea in that region has not much water in it, the water is whirled round, and whatever swims upon it is in danger of being drawn down. And

indeed ships would be swallowed up there if their steersmen did not avoid it. So in this place we stood still, and our sailors endeavoured with loud cries and much labour to row the galley away from this gulf, but their labours were in vain. Howbeit, the people of Corcyra, when they saw this—for we were within sight of the island and city of Corcyra—came to our aid from Corcyra, or Corfu, with two small galleys. They made ropes fast to our galley, brought them to their own sterns, and then by rowing their own galleys they, with great force, dragged our galley out of the jaws of the Abyss, lest the deep should swallow us up. Being thus saved, we proceeded to the island of Corcyra, and after sunset entered the harbour of the city, which was full of ships of war, because, as the lords of the Venetian Senate had told us, the Captain of the Sea was there with an armed fleet to keep the peace at sea. So we slept until morning. At daybreak we went ashore to the city in small boats, and found it full of people, and many Turks were walking about among the Christians. After hearing Mass, we Suabian and Bavarian pilgrims hired a small cottage in the suburbs, and there cooked, ate, drank and slept. This cottage was small, and built of beams of very old and very dry wood: wherefore it happened, in consequence of the enormous fire which we made up for cooking, that the place twice actually caught fire; however, we always put out the fire, so that we did not get into any trouble about it. But the second time that this happened, the neighbours, seeing that the roof was on fire, ran together with clamour and lamentation, while we mounted the roof with ladders and took away the food of the flames.

On this occasion we were in no small danger, for if the fire had gathered strength the whole place would have been burned, and the Greek inhabitants of Corcyra would have sacrificed our lives to revenge themselves for the loss

of their houses ; indeed, they are very unfriendly to Germans, and are easily roused to attack them. After we had eaten, we respectfully presented the letter which we had received from the Venetian Senate to the Captain of the Sea, begging for his advice and assistance to further our pilgrimage. He, after reading it, advised us to return to Venice with our galley ; but when he perceived that this advice was grievous, he said in a sort of rage, ‘ What folly possesses you, that you should wish to expose yourselves to such risks both of body and soul, of life and property ? Behold, the sea is covered with cruel Turks, from whose hands there is no chance of your escaping. Go back to Venice, or stay in some seaport, until better news comes. But if you are utterly determined to go to the East, you must manage your passage yourselves, for I will not permit the galley in which you came to sail thither, because she belongs to St. Mark.’

When we heard this, we were much disturbed, and left his presence, asking for time to take counsel. Hereupon the minds of many, especially those of the two bishops, were so wrought upon by the words of the captain, that they determined to return to Venice with all their retinue. Some even of our knights were fearful, and ready to go back ; but others were brave and unmoved. I joined these latter, and, as far as I was able, heartened and encouraged the timid ones by preaching to them and quoting such passages of Holy Scripture as might raise in them hopes of divine protection. It befel on one day, when I was absent, that my lords the knights of our company were talking about the perils of our pilgrimage, and some were for going on with it, while others were timid and held back. One of them said, ‘ You ought not to pay any heed to the words of encouragement which Brother Felix says to you. What is life or death to him ? He is a professed

monk, and has no property, no friends, no position in life, nor anything else in the world, as we have. It is easier for him to die quickly by the sword of a Turk or Saracen than to grow old in his convent, dying daily.' And he said much more, trying to prevent the lords from listening to me. All this was told me, and I afterwards turned the tables by putting such courage into that same knight that he could not be persuaded into turning back. The captain kept us in Corcyra for eight days, and every day told us more and more frightful news; but we Germans had all agreed together that we would not go back, but that in the name of the Lord we would go on to Jerusalem. At last, when the captain saw that we were determined to carry out our intention, he left off interfering with our pilgrimage; and we made ready to start, removing ourselves into another galley, which we had bought. When all who wished to make this voyage were together on board of this galley, and we were joyfully talking to one another as we stood on deck beside the mast, one of the elders asked that silence should be made, and thus addressed us: 'My lords and brother pilgrims, we are undertaking a great, difficult, and arduous matter in making this pilgrimage by sea. And I say to you of a truth that, humanly speaking, we are acting foolishly in exposing ourselves to so great a danger against the advice and persuasion of the Captain of the Sea, and of everyone else. Wherefore the lords bishops and all the most noble, powerful, dignified, and perhaps the wisest of our company have given it up, and are on their way back to their own country, following the advice which has been given them, while we are setting out in the opposite direction. Now, therefore, that our attempt may not be a mere act of sinful foolhardiness, we must needs reform our life on board of this galley, and must more frequently invoke the protection of Almighty God and his saints, that we

may be able to make our way through the hosts of our enemies and their fleet.'

On hearing these words, we unanimously decided that no more games of cards or dice should be played on board of the galley, that no quarrels, oaths, or blasphemies should be allowed, and that the clerks and priests should add litanies to their usual daily prayers. Indeed, before this decree was made much disorder took place in these matters, for men were gambling morning, noon, and night, especially the Bishop of Orleans¹ with his suite; and withal they swore most dreadfully, and quarrelled daily, for the French and we Germans were always at blows. Thus it happened that one of the followers of the Bishop of Orleans struck a devout priest of our company, and incurred excommunication. For the French are proud and passionate men; and therefore, I believe that it was by an act of divine providence that they were separated from us, and our galley cleared of them; for we should scarcely have reached Jerusalem in their company without bloodshed and the murder of some of us. We stayed one night in Corcyra, sleeping on board ship; and that same night we had a terrible fright; for when it was late and had grown dark, as we still stood round the mast gossiping, we discovered a strange boat alongside of us, wherein were Turks, spies who were trying to listen to what we were saying. We at once betook ourselves to stones, which we hurled after them as they rowed away; howbeit the boat straightway glided away out to sea and escaped. Next morning our trumpeters blew their horns or trumpets to show that we were about to start, and we cast off the moorings of the galley, and with joy and singing turned our backs to the harbour. The other pilgrims who stayed behind stood on the quay and laughed at us, saying that we were desperate

¹ Gebennensis.

men—*waghels*. For it was the common talk in Corcyra that we should be taken before we came to Modon. So thus we passed out of sight of Corcyra, and went on our way with joy mixed with fear.

Now those forty pilgrims who were left behind at Corcyra returned in a hired ship to Venice; and when they came thither, they gave it out for certain that we had been taken by the Turks. They told the same story in other cities in Italy, France, and Germany. This they did wishing to excuse their own cowardice by reference to our misfortunes. In consequence of this, requiem masses were said for my soul in several places in Suabia; for the pilgrims spread these lies through the whole of Suabia and Bavaria. Meanwhile, we made a prosperous passage to Modon, and did not see even the smallest boat on the sea, at which the people of Modon were surprised; for all seafaring men there were in great fear. The Germans who dwelt there most earnestly dissuaded us from attempting to go further, and told us many terrible stories; but we, as before, so now were not to be frightened out of accomplishing our journey, and proceeded on our way; and by God's guidance, we reached Crete in peace and without alarm, and joyfully entered the port of Candia. On our arrival one may say that the entire city came out to see us, for it was wondrous, nay miraculous, that a Christian galley should escape from the cruel Turks, whom they saw daily prowling about the sea in armed triple-banked¹ galleys in search of plunder. We entered into the house of a certain German, who albeit he kept a house of ill-fame, yet on our arrival cleansed his dwelling and sent away his courtesans; for there was no other inn there for pilgrims. Over against this house was another which was an inn for Turkish merchants, and there

¹ A triple-banked galley, *triremis*, in mediæval Latin, means one which is rowed by three men to each oar.

were actually in it many rich Turkish merchants from Constantinople, who, we were told, said of us, 'Those men are lost if they go any further.' Some of these Turks even came into our house, and advised us not to put to sea for the present, because we should certainly be taken. Moreover, the Duke of Candia and his counsellors, desiring to do us a kindness, sent an orator to us, who in a most elegant Latin speech commended our pilgrimage, and urged many arguments against our going any further, pointing out that beyond this place the danger would be greater than it had been during our voyage hither, because between Crete and Cyprus lay the Island of Rhodes, which was at that time beleaguered by the Turks, and while passing it we could not avoid meeting a Turkish corsair. We remained there for five days, and heard worse news every day; but in spite of this we embarked in our galley and made ready for starting; but we set sail with fear, lest a gale should spring up and carry the galley among the fleet and army of the besieging Turks. However, as soon as we had left the port and were in the open sea, behold, there blew a very strong and most favourable wind, which bore us far away from the islands called Cyclades, whereof Rhodes is the first. We were driven along by the force of a fair wind, which constantly increased; the sea roared, the waves swelled high, and a violent storm came on. All the upper part of the ship was drenched with water. Nevertheless, this storm was most fortunate for us, both because it bore us towards the port for which we were bound, and also because it rendered us safe from the attacks of the Turks; for it would have been impossible for our ship to be taken when sailing at such a rapid rate.

So we put away all our warlike apparatus, the cannons, spears, lances, shields and bucklers, bows and crossbows, stones and darts with which we had provided ourselves at

Corcyra to repel the attacks of the Turks, because we now saw that we had escaped from these enemies of the cross of Christ. On the second day we reached Cyprus, and entered the harbour of Limasol, because a contrary wind forced us to make for a harbour. From thence, when the wind dropped, we sailed to the port of Larnaca, intending to remain there for several days, because the master of our ship had a brother at Nicosia in the service of the Queen¹ of Cyprus, and had some business to transact with him, and bade us wait until it was finished. When his business was settled, we cast off our moorings and desired eagerly to reach our next port, for we had now no place to stop at short of the Holy Land. Sailing along we sighted the Holy Land on the third day, and out of the joy of our hearts we sang 'Te Deum Laudamus' with loud voices, and directed our prow towards Joppa, commonly called Jaffa, and came to an anchor off the rock of Andromeda. Here the master straightway sent a slave to run to Jerusalem and announce our arrival to the Father Warden of Mount Sion, that he might come with his brethren and with asses and their drivers to bring us to Jerusalem. So we abode in our galley for seven days, waiting for our guides, after which we were landed in small boats, and lodged in very old vaulted rooms, which were both ruinous and foul-smelling, wherein we remained for one night only; after this, we mounted the asses which had been brought for us, and thus, escorted by Saracens, we left the sea and came to the town of Ramleh, wherein we abode for some days, and then entered Jerusalem, where we were taken, not to a hospice, but to a house in Millo, wherein we ate, slept, and so forth.

We did not spend more than nine days in the Holy

¹ This Queen of Cyprus, the heiress of the Lusignans, ceded Cyprus to Venice in the fifteenth century.

Land, during which we went the round of all the usual holy places in a great hurry, working day and night at the accomplishment of our pilgrimage, so that we were hardly given any time for rest. Having perfunctorily visited the holy places, and after my Master George von Stein and the other nobles had received knighthood in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, our guides brought us out of the holy city along the road by which we came down to the sea, where our galley lay at anchor. None of the pilgrims remained in Jerusalem save two Englishmen, who wished to go across the desert to St. Catherine's (convent at Mount Sinai), with whom I would willingly have stayed had they known either the German or Latin tongue, but as I could not talk with them their company would have been valueless to me; nevertheless, in spite of all these difficulties, I would have stayed in Jerusalem with them, and would have endured the want of a common language with patience, had I not firmly determined that I would return again to Jerusalem. For from that hour when our time came to leave the holy city, I determined and vowed that I would return as speedily as possible, and I regarded this pilgrimage as merely the preamble to that which I intended to make. As a student who means to commit some passage to memory first reads it over carelessly, and then reads it again slowly and leisurely, taking sufficient time to impress it on his mind, so I did with regard to my determination; and I was far from being satisfied with what I saw, nor did I commit the things which I saw to memory, but kept them for a future pilgrimage.

Now, when we reached the sea, we were all weak with our labours, worn out with the heat, the night-watching, and the hardships which we had endured, and, sick as we were, we were put on board our galley, which became like a hospital full of wretched invalids. After many days we

returned to Cyprus, and after a prosperous voyage reached the harbour which is called Salina. Here we took the more weakly pilgrims to a neighbouring village; but the healthier ones hired horses, and rode together with the captain of the ship to Nicosia, which is the metropolis of Cyprus and the royal residence, and is six German miles distant from the sea. There is an ancient custom that those who have been made knights at the Holy Sepulchre should present themselves to the King of Cyprus, and make a kind of treaty with him, and he calls them his brethren, and enrolls their names in his books, giving them each a silver dagger with a sheath and belt. At the end of the dagger hangs a silver-wrought flower, resembling a violet, which is the symbol of the Order.

So my Master George von Stein, whom I never left, rode into Nicosia with me and with the other nobles, and we stayed there three days. Now, as there is no King in Cyprus, the nobles begged the Queen to admit them to the Order of the Kings of Cyprus. She invited them into the great hall, and having ranged them in front of her, communicated to them through an interpreter the laws of this Order, which are, that in time of need they should strive to defend the realm of Cyprus, seeing that it lies in the midst of Saracens, Turks, and Tartars. After they had pledged their faith to the Queen with their hands, she gave them their daggers, and permitted them to depart.

After this we rode back again to the sea. On our way we passed the foot of an exceeding high mountain, on the summit whereof is a chapel, in which they told us was the cross of the good thief, wondrously suspended. I should have liked to have seen it, but had not the time, so I put off this also for my next pilgrimage. When we reached the sea and our galley, we found that two pilgrims were dead, one of whom was a priest of the Minorite Order, a

brave and learned man, and the other was a tailor from Picardy, an honest and good man. Several others were in the death-agony. We, too, who had come from Nicosia cast ourselves down on our beds very sick; and the number of the sick became so great, that there was now no one to wait upon them and furnish them with necessaries. Howbeit, those ancient matrons, seeing our miseries, were moved with compassion, and ministered to us, for there was not one of them that was sick. Herein God, by the strength of these old women, confounded the valour of those knights, who at Venice had treated them with scorn, and had been unwilling to sail with them. They moved to and fro throughout the galley from one sick man to another, and ministered to those who had mocked and scorned them as they lay stricken down on their beds. Moreover, besides our sickness and suffering, the fear of the Turks again laid hold of us, and we now began to be even more afraid of them than we had been before. Meanwhile, the officers had loosed the galley's moorings, but when we put to sea we found no wind to help us, but lay idly rolling off the coast of Cyprus. Wherefore we returned again to Cyprus, and put into the uninhabited harbour of Limona, where we impatiently waited for a fair wind. After two days' waiting we put out to sea; but there came a foul wind, which drove us to sea away from the land and out of our course, and we tossed about uselessly for many days until we began to be short of provisions and to lack all necessaries. During this time one of the knights ended his days most piteously. We wound a sheet about him, weighted his body with stones, and with weeping cast him into the sea. On the third day after this another knight, who had gone out of his mind, expired in great pain and with terrible screams. Him we took ashore for burial in our small boat, for we were then near

the shore of Cyprus at Paphos.¹ All this while we were making no way, and were in want of water, bread, and other things. A foul wind carried us out of sight of Cyprus, and for three days and nights we saw no land; then after this we were carried back again to the harbour of Paphos, which is mentioned in the thirteenth chapter of the Acts. In that port we bought necessary stores, left it hurriedly, and were carried along the coast of Cyprus without making any progress on our journey. Besides these misfortunes another great one befel us, for that same night, while the officers of the ship were engaged in managing the sails and tackling of the galley, lo! of a sudden a block fell from the masthead, which struck and killed our best officer, a man whose slightest sign was obeyed by all the sailors and galley-slaves.² There was exceeding great lamentation in the galley at this man's death, nor was there his like on board to take his place. For many days we sailed slowly and tediously, hoping to arrive at some port in Crete and to get clear of Rhodes, but being unable to do so. One day we saw, a long way off at sea, a war-galley coming swiftly after us, and we were terribly afraid, thinking that the Turks were coming; but when it came nearer we saw that it was a Venetian galley, and laying aside the arms which our captain had ordered to be brought out to defend us against the Turks, we awaited the approach of the galley that we might hear her news. When she came near, we learned that the Turks had been defeated, and had raised the siege of Rhodes and retired in confusion. On hearing this news we were filled with unspeakable joy, and turning the head of our galley away from its former course, we pointed it towards the Isle of Rhodes. Howbeit, we did not reach it for many days, being delayed by contrary winds. Moreover, we

¹ Baffo.² Galestreli et Galeotae.

were carried into the country of the Turks, and passed through a channel where we had Turkish land and mountains on either side of us. Here our terrors were renewed, and we feared that perhaps the Turks, if they saw us, would wreak their vengeance upon us for their defeat at Rhodes. We had no wind, too, and passed the Turkish land in most wearisome fashion by the slow labour of the oars. At last there came a wind which took us clear of the land, and suddenly brought the galley to the Isle of Rhodes; but we came along by a mountainous coast far from the city of the Colossae.¹ Howbeit, we came to a place where a fountain of living water flows from the foot of a mountain, to which the sailors launched a boat and rowed with barrels and brought fresh water on board our galley. When they returned on board, all the passengers ran from their berths and beds, carrying dishes, pots, basins, flasks, glasses, and bottles, to beg water from the sailors and boatmen. There was more struggling and pushing to get water than I ever saw for wine or bread. The men willingly and cheerfully gave some to each of us, and by the taste of that fresh water we were revived, and seemed to come to life again, even as plants and trees, which have been scorched and stricken down by the heat of the sun, grow green again when sprinkled by the rain and dew. The whole galley was exhilarated by the taste of this water, and those who before had scarcely been able to breathe now began to sing, for water when drunk after one has been long athirst makes a man as merry as a moderate draught of wine. What miseries and hardships we had undergone since we left the harbour of Joppa in the Holy Land until we reached this place, I am not able to tell. During those days of suffering I often wondered how any man can be so luxurious as to be troubled well-

¹ Colossensiū civitas.

nigh throughout the year by the thought of the forty days' fast of Lent and the bread-and-water fast on Good Friday. O, if during those days we had had only once a day, I do not say Lenten fare in abundance, but even as much as is given by weight and measure on Good Friday, we should have been quite willing to fast, for on Good Friday those who fast receive good new bread, and clear, cool, sweet, well-tasted water ; and if we had had this we should have thought ourselves happy, seeing that on board we had only foul and stinking water, and if any of the sailors had water which did not yet stink, the pilgrims would buy it for more than the price of wine, albeit it was lukewarm, whitish, and discoloured. Nay, what seems even more strange to those who have not experienced such a voyage, and more piteous to those who have, we were in such a state of want and wretchedness that even putrid, stinking water was precious, and the captain and all the ship's officers were in great anxiety lest we should run out even of such water as that. The captain, therefore, gave orders that the steward should no longer give drinking-water of this sort to the animals which were kept on board to be slaughtered for food, but that it should be kept for the human beings, because it was more cruel that they should die of thirst than the brutes. So there the sheep, goats, mules, and pigs, stood for several days without water perishing of thirst. During those days I often saw these creatures licking the planks and the spars, sucking off them the dew which had gathered in the night. And although we had an infinite expanse of waters all around us, yet sea-water is not drinkable either for man or beast, for to drink that water kills a man or a beast instead of refreshing him. I do not tell you of the stale bread, the biscuit full of worms, the tainted meat, and the abominable cookery, with all of which we should have been content if we had had wholesome water in good measure,

if not for the sound men, at least for the unhappy sick ones. Oftentimes I have suffered so dreadfully from thirst and have had such a longing for cool water that I have thought that, when I got back to Ulm, I would go up straightway to Blaübüren and sit down beside the lake which rises there out of the depths until I had satiated my desire. There was no lack of wine in the galley—indeed, one could easily obtain it in abundance and very good—but we took no pleasure in it without mixing it with water, because of its strength and lukewarmness. So much for this matter.

Now, from the place where we drank the water we were suddenly carried by a fair wind to the port of the Colossus, which is in front of the city of Rhodes. It was night, about nine o'clock in the evening, and we could see whither we were going clearly, thanks to the brightness of the moon. When we attempted to enter the harbour, and our sailors were, after their fashion, noisily labouring to trim the sails, the people ashore lighted beacons on their towers, and made a great disturbance running to and fro on the walls, thinking us to be their enemies the Turks, and they alarmed us much by firing a big cannon at us. In great terror we also lit many lights, and stood on the deck of the galley begging them not to hurt us, for that we were marked with the sign of the cross, and friends of Him crucified, whose enemies we knew well had but a short time before been laid low in this very place. When the guards of the harbour heard this, they turned away the engines which they had prepared to cast great stones at us and unstrung their bows. Next, people ran together from all parts of the city to the top of the wall, carrying lighted torches, eager to see the Christian strangers, for since they had driven off the Turkish fleet they had seen no Christian ship.

Now a watchman on a tower hailed us, asking who we were and whence we came. One of the sailors thoughtlessly answered, 'We are Venetians, and the galley belongs to St. Mark.' But the captain ordered him to be struck on the mouth, and told another sailor to shout, 'This galley comes from Joppa, and in it are knights, pilgrims from Jerusalem, and we intend to sail to Italy.' For the captain was afraid that, being a Venetian, he would not be a welcome guest, since the Rhodians did not love the Venetians because of their alliance with the Turks. When the watchmen on the towers told the people that we were pilgrims, they greeted us as friends, and permitted us to anchor our ship outside the harbour, but would not let us come into the harbour for fear of treachery. So, when the ship was anchored, we went below to our berths, and slept till morning.

On the morrow, before we had risen, there came some of the lords of Rhodes to us to examine the galley and to see the pilgrims. We rowed into the city with them, passing through the bodies of dead Turks cast up by the sea, wherewith the shore was covered. When we entered the city we found it terribly ruined, full of stone cannon-balls, great and small, which the Turks had fired into it, of which there were said to be eight thousand and one scattered about the streets and lanes. The walls and towers were sadly ruinous, and we saw many other things, of which I will tell you when I come to this place again in my second pilgrimage. We remained at Rhodes four days, and spent a great deal of money, for everything was exceeding dear because the Turks had plundered and laid waste the island. I bought two fowls for my Master George for a ducat, because he was in weak health, as I myself was likewise, for I was at that time suffering from dysentery, and almost despaired of my life.

At last the time came when we had to leave Rhodes, and there embarked with us on board of our galley some of the Knights of St. John, and some who had for a long time been captives among the Turks, who had been sent to Rhodes with the Turkish army, and had deserted to that city during the siege. We also carried with us some Jews who had fought bravely during the siege. Among those who had escaped from captivity among the Turks was an Austrian nobleman, whom we found in a miserable condition, and whom my Master George took under his protection and brought back to Germany. By the embarking of so many people our galley became crowded and uncomfortable, and during our voyage we were driven hither and thither by contrary winds, and suffered much want before we reached a harbour in Crete. When we arrived there we entered the city of Crete (Candia), and stayed there for a few days, after which we went on board the galley one day late in the evening, bringing our purchases with us, and intending to sail the same night. When day broke and the galley was loosed from the mooring-posts, as they were violently directing her head towards the wind, the helm or rudder struck upon the rocks and broke under water ; and the ship was within a little of striking her beak-head upon the rocks which ran out from the shore, in which case the whole galley would have broken up and we should have perished. Wherefore, a loud shout was raised, and people came running from the city to help us. As the rudder was broken we could not sail, but brought back our galley into the harbour to the place where she lay before. Here a waterman made arrangements for the repair of our rudder, which he did as follows, while we looked on. He stripped to his drawers, and then taking with him a hammer, nails, and pincers, let himself down into the sea, sank down to where the rudder

was broken, and there worked under water, pulling out nails and knocking in others. After a long time, when he had put everything right, he reappeared from the depths, and climbed up the side of the galley to where we stood. This we saw; but how that workman could breathe under water, and how he could strike with his hammer there, and how he could remain so long in the salt water, I cannot understand. But this much I know, that the human mind has dominion over fire and water, even as the stars have dominion over the human mind. When our rudder was mended and we were thinking of getting away, there rose a contrary wind, so that the galley could not so much as get out of the harbour; so we returned to our former lodgings in the city, and ate and drank there.

This is one of the best and richest of sea-ports, and is full of all manner of good things; the speciality of the place, however, is the Cretan wine, which we call Malvoisie,¹ which is renowned throughout the world, and everything is cheap there. So we did not mind staying there, but enjoyed it. When about the time of vespers we were called on board the galley, some came soon and others late. I myself was one of the first on board, and stood on the poop of the galley to watch whether any strangers besides those who had joined us at Cyprus or Rhodes would come on board; and there came two Greek bishops, with many others. As for what other things I saw there I would not write them down if I wished these 'wanderings' to be a grave narrative; but, as I promised my brethren in my epistle dedicatory, I often mix fun and amusement with serious matters. So while I was standing there watching those who were coming on board, I saw many of our pilgrims standing by the sea-side on

¹ Malfaticum. Vinum arvisium, Malvoisie. Bernhard de Breydenbach, *Iter Hieros.*, p. 237. Du Cange.

the edge of the quay, with their heads dizzy, and afraid to come down into the boats, for the Cretan wine, which is sweet and pleasant to drink, makes the head dizzy when drunk in large quantities. Now, there were stone steps on the shore leading up to the city wall, down which those who wished to come on board the galley had to walk, and get into a small boat, in which they were brought alongside of the galley, and then again they had to get out of the boat and climb up some more steps into the galley. That evening many of them found it so difficult to do this that they had to be carried from the steps down the city wall into the boat, and from the boat into the galley, and right into their berths. Among the rest there came a pilgrim, who was the servant of some grandees in that city, and who was carrying his masters' baggage, together with some flasks of wine and a bag full of new bread, so that he was bowed down by his burden, besides being far gone in drink. When he came upon the steps and began to walk down them to the waterside to reach a boat there, he suddenly pitched headlong into the deep sea with all that he was carrying. At the cry which was raised by the bystanders, boatmen straightway rowed their skiffs to the place where he fell in, and, as he rose, dragged him out; howbeit, the loaves of bread and all that he was carrying floated over him, and were all utterly ruined. There was a pilgrim, a Dalmatian priest, whom I knew very well, who also had drunk too much sweet wine, so that he had much trouble to get on board the galley as far as the mast, where he stood talking to another Dalmatian until dark. He stood near a hatchway, through which people do not go below by night, but only in the daytime, for as soon as night comes on the ladder is taken down, so that those who sleep on that side of the ship may not be disturbed by people coming and going. So when this good pilgrim had

finished his talk, and we on the lower deck were all lying in our beds gossiping, he wished to get into his berth through the nearest hatchway, and, being unsteady on his legs, he fell down through the hatchway on to the lower deck with such a crash that his fall shook the whole galley, for he was a big fat man. We all lay silent and terrified, and waited to hear who it was that had fallen. He straightway arose unhurt, and angrily began in a stammering voice, 'There now! I had the ladder under my feet, and had come down three steps, when somebody pulled it from under my feet, and I fell down.' To this someone answered that the ladder had been taken down an hour before, but he replied, 'That is not true, because I had come down three steps, and while I was standing on the third step it was pulled away from me.' On hearing this we all burst out laughing, as we knew that the ladder had been taken away an hour before, and I, being glad that my friend had not been hurt by so high and dangerous a fall, laughed most immoderately. When he heard me laughing he was furiously angry with me. 'So,' said he, 'now I see clearly that it was you, Brother Felix, who pulled the ladder from under me. You shall assuredly not leave this galley before I have my revenge upon you!' When I tried to clear myself he became all the more angry, and cursed me, swearing that on the morrow he would take vengeance on me. Howbeit, the sleep which followed cured all these sick and dizzy men who had been the worse for Cretan wine, and on the morrow they had forgotten all about this. But if that pilgrim had suffered that fall sober, without being in liquor, he would very likely have broken his legs or his neck, for it commonly happens that in dangerous feats drunken men are more lucky, though not wiser, than others. . . . After the night in which this happened we unmoored our ship, and were carried out of the harbour by

the wind. But after we had gone a little way there arose a contrary wind, and we tossed upon the waves without making any progress. The sailors, therefore, tried to get back into the harbour of Crete, but as the wind was foul they could not. Moreover, the sea between us and Candia grew rough, and the waves ran high. The officers, seeing that it would be rash to expose so deeply-laden a ship to the full force of the winds and waves, endeavoured to reach the land by sailing near the wind, and thus with great labour we reached the mountainous part of Crete, about two miles from the town, and there cast anchor in a sterile and desert region. On the following night we set sail, and found a very strong wind at sea, but a foul one, and during that night and the following day we underwent a heavy storm. On the next night, which was the Feast of St. Michael, the sea was frightfully disturbed, more than we had seen it during the whole of our voyage. During this storm many made vows to the Lord ; for instance, some who had hitherto passed the evening of Michaelmas day in gluttony, vowed that they would spend it in fasting for the rest of their lives. The wild waters broke on board of us and caused us much discomfort, and we were all sick, and suffered with headaches and vomiting through the motion of the ship. During the course of this storm the wind, which before had been a foul one, became a fair one for us, and, sailing very swiftly, we passed many places and came close to Modon, but were not able to get into the harbour there ; so, for fear we might be driven back again by the force of the wind, we entered a deserted harbour between walls of rock. As this place was scarcely one German mile from Modon, we pilgrims took our baggage ashore, made our way to Modon by land, and there awaited the arrival of the galley. From thence, leaving Modon, we came, after a quick passage, to Corcyra, where the other

pilgrims left us. In the evening of the same day we sailed from Corcyra to the isles of Gozapolis.

But while it was yet dark, and no stars could be seen, as we tacked to windward there arose a most frightful storm, and a terrible disturbance of the sea and air. Most furious winds tossed us aloft, lightning flashed, thunder roared dreadfully ; moreover, on either side of us fearful thunderbolts fell, so that in many places the sea seemed to be on fire. The rain, too, fell in such torrents as though entire rain-clouds had burst and fallen upon us. Violent squalls kept striking the galley, covering it with water, and beating upon the sides of it as hard as though great stones from some high mountains were sent flying along the planks. I have often wondered when at sea in storms how it can be that water, being as it is a thin, soft and weak body, can strike such hard blows against whatever it meets, for it makes a noise when it runs against the ship as though millstones were being flung against her ; and one cannot wonder at its breaking up a ship even though she were built of iron. Waves of sea-water are more vehement, more noisy, and more wonderful than those of other water. I have had great pleasure in sitting or standing on the upper deck during a storm, and watching the marvellous succession of gusts of wind and the frightful rush of the waters. Storms are endurable by day, but at night they are too cruel, especially when they are violent ones like that of which I am now speaking : for this was a very fierce storm, and the darkness was intense, nor was there any light save the continual flashes of lightning. So fierce a wind kept tossing the galley up and down, rolling it from side to side and shaking it about, that no man could lie in his berth, much less sit, and least of all stand. We were obliged to hang on to the pillars which stood in the middle of the cabin supporting the upper works, or else to crouch on

our bended knees beside our chests, embracing them with our hands and arms, and so holding ourselves still ; and while doing so, sometimes big heavy chests would be upset, together with the men who were clinging to them. For the galley moves so violently, and in such different directions, that it upsets everything that stands, and, which sounds miraculous but is perfectly true, even things which were hanging up against the bulk-heads came off their hooks and fell down. Although the ship was everywhere dressed with pitch and the other things which are used to prevent leakage and to keep out the water, yet during this storm the water came in through unsuspected leaks everywhere, so that there was nothing in the whole ship which was not wet ; our beds and all our things were sopping, our bread and biscuit all spoiled by the sea water. On the lower deck was terror and misery ; on the upper deck toil and trouble. The wind blew our mainsail all to pieces, so the sailors lowered the yard, and bent to it another sail, for use in storms, which they call 'papafigo' ; but after they had hoisted up the yard with the sail furled along it, while the sailors were sitting along the yard letting the ties go, and the sail was falling down, and the sailors on deck were holding in their hands the 'polistrelum,' that is, the rope by which the lower corners of the sail are held, lo ! the wind rushed into the sail and filled it with such force that it tore the sheet out of the hands of the sailors, and blew it and the sail itself above the mast-head and above the 'keba,' or 'top,' high into the air : and it blew out so strongly in the wind that the yard bent like a bow, and the very mast itself, although it was big and strong, formed of many beams fastened together, creaked loudly as though it was already split and broken. At this time we were in the greatest danger, for had the mast broken during such a storm, we should soon have been overwhelmed by

the sea, galley and all. As a bird cannot fly without its feathers and wings, even so a ship of the greatest burthen cannot move without sails, which are its wings and feathers. So when the poets speak of winged horses, they merely mean ships, as, for instance, Perseus came from Greece on a winged horse, and saved Andromeda from the rock at Joppa, etc. So our mast made many dreadful noises, and the yard likewise; and every joint in the whole galley seemed to be coming to pieces. Nothing ever frightened me in storms so much as the loud groans of the ship, which are so intense that one thinks that the ship must be broken somewhere. Nor can a man refrain from crying out, because of the sudden and dreadful noise of these groans. So there we stood, beholding a sad sight and in imminent danger. As the sail flapped thus in the air, the galley-slaves and other sailors ran to and fro with as much noise and shouting as though they were just about to be run through with swords; some climbed up the shrouds on to the yard, and tried to draw the sail down to them; some on deck below ran about trying to catch hold of the sheet again; some rove ropes through blocks and put brails round the sail. Meanwhile the pilgrims and those who were useless at this work prayed to God and called upon the saints. Some made their confessions as though already at the very point of death; some made great vows that they would travel from hence to Rome, to St. James (at Compostella), or to the house of the Blessed Virgin (at Loretto), if only they might escape from this death; for it is only when death is present before our eyes that we fear it. I thought of the aphorisms of Anacharsis the philosopher, who said that those who are at sea cannot be counted among either the living or the dead. Moreover, he said that they were only removed from death by the space of four fingers, four fingers being the thickness of the

sides of a ship. Also, when asked which ships were the safest, he replied : 'Those which lie on dry ground, and not in the sea,' declaring that there was no safety at sea, because of its numerous and sudden perils. In the course of this terrible storm, lo! of a sudden there came an unhopcd-for help from heaven. Amid the flashing of the lightning there appeared a light which stood fixed in the air above the prow for some time. Thence it slowly moved throughout the whole length of the galley as far as the stern, where it vanished. This light was a ray of fire about a cubit in width. As soon as the officers, the galley-slaves, and the other sailors, and such of the pilgrims as were on deck, saw this light, they all left off working, ceased their noise and shouting, and kneeling down with their hands raised to heaven, cried out in a low voice nothing except 'Holy, holy, holy.' We who were below, not knowing what was happening, were scared at the sudden quiet and silence, and the unwonted prayer. We imagined that they had given up working in despair, and were crying 'Holy' because they were on the point of death, and we stood astonished, waiting to see what should be the end of this. So someone opened a door which covered the main hatchway of the galley, through which men come down from the deck into the cabin, and called to us in Italian, saying : *O, Signori pellegrini, non habete paura que questo note non avereto fortuna*, which is, being interpreted : 'Pilgrims, my masters, fear not, for this night and in this storm we shall suffer no evil, for we have received help from heaven.' After this, as the storm continued, the galley-slaves returned to their accustomed labours, and now they no longer howled as before, but worked with joyous shouts; for they never work without shouting. Let no man suppose that what I have told about the light is false, for it is as true as possible, and I

could prove it by the oaths of more than two hundred witnesses who are alive at this day ; for the arm of the Lord is not shortened that He should be unable to save those who are in distress. . . .

During this storm we made great way on our true course, seeing that the wind blew us along towards the port which we longed to reach, and it lasted all that night and all the next day. When day broke, as the storm still continued, we remained quiet, and bore our lot with patience, as we were without food or drink, for there was no fire in the galley, and the kitchen on deck was full of water ; besides which we were all sea-sick, and loathed all food and drink, because our stomachs were upset. Indeed, if anyone had eaten anything while that storm lasted he would not have kept it down, but would have vomited it up again. There is nothing better than to keep one's stomach empty during storms. Moreover, all our bread was spoilt and uneatable with salt water, and therefore we were compelled to fast. On the following day we sailed on, leaving the city of Ragusa on our right hand and Cursula on our left, and came to the city of Lesina, at which we touched and refreshed ourselves, and got rid of our sea-sickness. We remained at Lesina three days, because the wind at sea was very strong, although it was a fair wind for us ; we waited also in order to recruit the strength of the pregnant lady, who had suffered much and become very weak during the gale ; indeed, it is a wonder that both she and her infant did not perish during that terrible time. After this we set sail from Lesina with a fair wind.

But just as night was coming on the wind grew very much stronger, and cast us sideways among rough places full of cliffs and rocks, where it was impossible to sail at night. We made for the foot of a precipitous mountain,

and, casting the lead, tried to find a bottom on which we could anchor, because the darkness had come upon us so suddenly that we could not reach any port, neither could we proceed any further. Now when we were close to the mountain and were trying to turn the galley head to wind, it was struck by the wind and waves so violently that it became unmanageable, and threatened to run its bows ashore on the precipitous rocks, in which case the galley would have broken up. The galley-slaves, seeing the peril as the vessel swung about, made the heavens ring with their shouts, and began to run hither and thither and prepare to make their escape. Meanwhile, the two bishops and we with them were all below, when the bishops' servants ran to the hatchway above us, and cried out in a terrible fright, 'My lords, come on deck; the vessel is a wreck, and is sinking.' Hearing this shout the bishops and their followers jumped up and ran on deck in great disorder, as did the others also; and there was a great crush on the companion ladders and a hurried rush of everybody towards the stern to get into the boats which had been launched. The slaves and the officers had drawn their swords and cut the ropes which held the boats, so that they fell into the sea, in order that the captain himself with his brother, his brother's wife, and his own followers might be the first to escape. Howbeit, no one had as yet got down into the boats, and if one man had got down, there would have been a frightful scene of disorder; for many would have leapt into the boats and injured others already on board of them, who would have cast them into the sea, and those in the boats would have drawn their swords and daggers and kept others from entering them; for at such times of peril boats are often overloaded and sunk, and poor men trying to save their lives push before the others, and are slain by the swords of the nobles and their servants. Moreover, those

who see the danger of those in the boats cut off with their swords the fingers and hands of men who are hanging to the oars or to the ship's side meaning to get into the boats, and so they fall into the sea. I have heard horrible tales of shipwrecks from those who have been in such dangers as we seemed about to incur. Howbeit, this time also God saved us; the disorder was quieted, the ship was moored to the rocks, the sails furled, and anchors laid out. Here-upon the galley-slaves, by whose carelessness we had come into such peril, were punished by being severely beaten; but we pilgrims interceded for them, after the model of the divine mercy which had saved us, unworthy as we were, from death. On the morrow we went on our way, left Iadera, a city of Dalmatia, on our left (*sic*) hand, and continued to run before the wind. But when evening was coming on, a very strong wind began to blow, and as it grew late the sea became rough. We were driven out of our course into very mountainous places, and yet did not dare to put ashore, lest we should fall in with Scylla or Charybdis. We came to a wide channel in which we caught the wind very heavily, nevertheless we tried to anchor in the middle of it; so we cast our lead, and found an enormous depth. We therefore sailed further; but when the sun set and darkness came on we could not go further without great danger. So we sounded again, and found the bottom, but at an immense depth; but nevertheless we let go our great anchor, to hold the galley. But the anchor when it reached the bottom found neither rocks nor stones nor sand into which it could stick its fangs, but dragged over the bottom after the galley as she sailed along, to our great discomfiture. So with enormous labour the anchor was weighed, and dropped in another place, where it again followed the galley just as a plough follows a horse. It was then weighed again, and we dropped it in

a third place, where it caught upon a rock ; but when the galley was stopped, and rode to her cable, sheering from side to side, the fluke of the anchor slipped off this rock, and began to drag again, but of a sudden came upon another rock where it stuck fast. So there we hung throughout the night. We pilgrims betook ourselves to our beds, but the captain and all the officers and galley-slaves were all night without sleep, expecting their own death and ours at every moment ; for the wind blew hard and the galley tossed much, because we were not anchored in a harbour, sheltered from the force of the wind, and therefore the officers feared that the anchor might come away from the rock, or that the cable might part ; and had either taken place we must have perished ; for we were in Quarnero, the most dangerous gulf in that sea, over against the port of Ancona, where the sea runs very high. Wherefore, considering the danger in which we were, the captain vowed that as soon as he reached the port of Parenzo he would straightway sail with all the pilgrims to the Island of St. Nicholas, and there hear masses said and sung in thanksgiving for our escape, which was done ; for on the morrow we weighed anchor, sailed past many cities of Dalmatia, and reached Parenzo in Istria ; and on the next day we went with the captain and performed our vow. At Parenzo we remained for five days, and then we came to the port of Venice in one day's sail. At last we reached the city of Venice and broke up our company, every man going to his own home.

Meanwhile, I had become sick, not so that I was bed-ridden ; but I was too ill to walk or to ride a horse, until I recovered. So my Master George and the other nobles went home ; but I remained at Venice in the hands of physicians for about fifteen days, after which, having recovered my health, I set out from Venice in company with

a merchant, bought a horse at Treviso, and travelled with my comrade as far as Trent. From Trent I came alone to Nassereit. Arriving there in the afternoon, I found in the inn four of my brother pilgrims from the Holy Land—Englishmen, and we greeted one another with joy. They were making ready to start, wishing to cross the mountain which is called Sericius that same day; but I begged them to wait till the morrow, that we might journey to Ulm together; for I was aweary, and did not wish to start on that day. They asked me to ride with them, which I did not wish to do; but begged them to stay with me in the name of our fellowship and friendship. But they would not, because they told me that they had heard for certain that on that very day a great company of armed knights of the court of the Duke of Austria was coming to that village and inn; and they wished to avoid them, as it was not safe to live among men-at-arms. So we parted from one another again, for they went on, and I stayed behind. In the evening there came to the inn many armed noblemen with their retainers, who had been sent by the Duke of Austria to defend the castle of Kregen, which Count Eberhard the elder of Wurtemberg, was besieging and trying to destroy. So the inn was full of fierce men-at-arms; but when they heard that I had come from the Holy Land they treated me with respect as a priest and monk, and also as a soldier of the Holy Land and the Holy Sepulchre, and invited me to say Mass for them on the morrow, and travel with them. On the morrow I celebrated Mass, and breakfasted with them; and when we set out they paid my bill for me, and took me with them in the midst of their force with pleasure and comfort. When we arrived at Kempten I found there at the Crown Inn the four afore-mentioned English pilgrims, wounded, beaten, and robbed of all their property, in the greatest

sorrow and shame and wretchedness. For in a wood near Kempten robbers had fallen upon them, stricken them from their horses with swords, and when they attempted to repel force by force and defend themselves, had wounded them with cuts of their swords, bound them, and dragged them away from the public road into the inner part of the wood to a lonely field, where they plundered them with many insults, searched their wallets, emptied their purses and srips, stripped them quite naked, and searched their clothes with great care to find whether they had sewn any money into them. At last they gave them some worse clothes in exchange, and forced them to swear an oath that for the space of three days they would tell no one what had befallen them. I was very sorry for my brethren, but I congratulated myself at not having remained in their company; for if so I should like them have fallen into the hands of those robbers. On the morrow I arrived at Memmingen with those knights, and I spent that day there. On the following day, which was the feast of St. Othmar,¹ I travelled from Memmingen to Ulm in company with a priest. On entering my convent I was gladly and kindly received, and so I betook me to my wonted labours in my cell. I may say with truth that this first pilgrimage of mine was a hundredfold more toilsome and grievous to me than my second one, and much more dangerous both by sea and by land. Our company of pilgrims during my first pilgrimage was more disorderly, for there were among them many very passionate men, and there were daily quarrels, and some thievish Picards,² and some were always sick; indeed, in every way this my first journey was much more grievous, albeit my second journey was much more

¹ Oct. 25.

² See the Student's Ecclesiastical History, Part II., p. 678, note. London: John Murray.

toilsome, more distant, more expensive, and more dangerous; yet I endured more and more deadly perils on my first journey than I did on my second. By this all men may see clearly how untrue is the common saying, that the pilgrimage by sea from Venice to the Holy Land is a mere pleasant excursion with little or no danger. O my God, what a hard and tedious excursion: with how many sufferings was it spoiled. During this excursion I saw many vigorous young noblemen perish, who once had thought in their own conceit that they could rule the waves of the sea and weigh the lofty mountains in scales; but who at last died by the just judgment of God, broken down by hardships and lamentably humbled in spirit. May God give those who call this pilgrimage an easy excursion the power of feeling its sorrows, that they may learn to have the compassion for pilgrims to the Holy Land which they deserve. It requires courage and audacity to attempt this pilgrimage. That many are prompted to it by sinful rashness and idle curiosity cannot be doubted; but to reach the holy places and to return to one's home active and well is the especial gift of God.

Here endeth Brother Felix Fabri's first wandering to the Holy Land.

THE MANNER IN WHICH BROTHER FELIX
FABRI PREPARED FOR HIS SECOND
WANDERING OR PILGRIMAGE TO THE
HOLY LAND. JERUSALEM, SION, AND
MOUNT SINAI.

HAVING accomplished my first wandering, as I have partly described, I came back to Ulm healthy in body, and appeared to be happy and cheerful, but in my heart and spirit I was sorrowful and disquieted on account of the anxiety which I felt I should endure about another pilgrimage, and returning to the Holy Land and Jerusalem, according as I had determined to do when I left the Holy Land, which determination, however, I had communicated to no one. For I was by no means satisfied with my first pilgrimage, because it was exceeding short and hurried, and we ran round the holy places without understanding and feeling what they were. Besides this, we were not permitted to visit some of the holy places, both within Jerusalem and without. Nor were we allowed to walk over the Mount of Olives and its holy places more than once; and we only visited Bethlehem and Bethany once, and that in the dark. So after I had returned to Ulm and began to think about the most holy sepulchre of our Lord, and the manger wherein He lay, and the holy city of Jerusalem and the mountains which are round about it, the appearance, shape, and arrangements of these and of other holy places escaped from my mind, and the Holy Land and Jerusalem with its holy places appeared to me

shrouded in a dark mist, as though I had beheld them in a dream ; and I seemed to myself to know less about all the holy places than I did before I visited them, whence it happened that when I was questioned about the holy places I could give no distinct answers, nor could I write a clear description of my journey. Wherefore I was grieved beyond measure that I had undergone such sufferings, toils, and [b] perils, and had spent such great sums of money and so much time, without receiving any fruit, consolation, or knowledge. Oftentimes when I tried to solace myself by turning my thoughts to Jerusalem and the holy places, and was only able to conjure up a vague image of them, I have said to myself in a rage : ‘ I prithee cease from thinking about those places, for you have only been there in imagination.’ From this I used to conceive a burning desire to return and prove the truth of this. But this wrought new sorrow in me, for that I could not see any way of returning thither—nay, I thought that to return was impossible. Thus I remained troubled in mind, nor did I dare to speak of this matter to anyone. I was afraid to mention this to the Reverend Father Lord Ludwig Fuchs, even though he was my familiar friend, the sharer of all my secrets, to whom I did not hesitate to tell all the hidden things that were on my conscience ; nevertheless, I did not dare to reveal to my Father in God my scheme for returning to Jerusalem, lest I might trouble his spirit, and lest both he and others when they heard it might be scandalized at me, judging me to be light-minded and impatient of the quiet of the cloister, or perhaps suffering from temptations of the devil, or guilty of the sin of idle curiosity, or moved by frivolity. So I remained undecided, and made no sign of what I felt, save that when questioned about Jerusalem and the Holy Land, I could not speak without sighing, and sometimes said that

I did not know whether I had really seen Jerusalem or no. And when they asked me whether I had any wish to go back again, I simply answered that I had. Meanwhile my wish to return threw me into a fever, so that no study, no writing gave me any pleasure, except the stories in the Bible and elsewhere which make mention of Jerusalem. So I read with care everything on this subject which came into my hands; moreover, I collected all the stories of the pilgrimages of the crusaders, the tracts written by pilgrims, and descriptions of the Holy Land, and read them with care; and the more I read the more my trouble increased, because by reading the accounts of others I learned how imperfect, superficial, irregular and confused my own pilgrimage had been. In these labours of reading and writing I passed one year; but after this year of disquietude was over, there came into our province the General of the whole of my Order of Preaching Friars, to wit, Salvus de Casseta of Palermo, sent by the Holy Father, Pope Sixtus IV., to oppose the Lord Andrew, Archbishop of Carniola,¹ who, moved by I know not what spirit, was trying to assemble a General Council at Basle, and who dwelt there under the protection of the Emperor Frederick III. Now, in order that the aforesaid Master of the Order of Preaching Friars might act more effectually against the archbishop, he invited all the best-known preachers of our province to meet him at the convent at Colmar. Among these I was sent, and came to the aforesaid convent to hear and obey his orders. [24 a] So, while I was in the presence of the Master of the Order, among the other things which I had to speak of with that Father I told his reverence about my desire to return to the Holy Land and Jerusalem. He straightway, without

¹ See 'Erzbischof Andreas von Krain und der letzte Concils-versuch im Basel, 1482-1484,' by Jacob Burckhardt, Basel, 1852, 8vo.

making any difficulties, gave me leave to go, and gave me a testimonial-letter, signed with the seal of the Order, wherein he even forbade anyone of lower degree to throw any hindrance in the way of my accomplishing that pilgrimage. Having obtained leave I joyfully returned to Ulm, and kept the Master's letter secret, awaiting the longed-for opportunity of making it known. Not many days after this there came to Ulm our Reverend Lord in Christ, Udalricus Gislinus, Bishop of Adramyttium, and suffragan bishop to my Lord Bishop of Augsburg, who was acquainted with me and honoured me with his favour. With him there came a certain Doctor of Divinity, a friar of the Minorite Order, who desired to go to Rome to receive consecration as a bishop because the Lord Bishop of Frisia had created him his suffragan. I visited these lords, and begged the aforesaid Doctor to be so good as to obtain from our Holy Father the Pope a license for me to visit the holy places beyond the sea, which also the aforesaid Reverend Father Lord Udalricus begged him to do for my sake. So he promised to do it, and kept his promise, and sent me the letter containing the leave to travel. When I had obtained this I still kept silence and hoped for a more convenient occasion, hoping that the desired chance would present itself and gratify my longing without my asking for it, as indeed happened.

There was at that time at Ulm one Conrad Locher, a respectable man, the Bailiff-in-Ordinary of the Holy Roman Empire in that place, who was well known to many noblemen, and who regarded me with especial favour. To him as to a trustworthy friend I first opened my heart, and revealed to him my desire and the licenses which I had obtained, begging him, if he knew any of the nobles of the country who wished to make the pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, who was in need of a servant and

chaplain, that he would recommend me to such a person as being a man of experience and helpful on such a pilgrimage both in temporal and spiritual matters. The aforesaid man therefore looked over the list of the nobles of the country and found that the nobly-born Lord John Truchsess von Waldpurg was preparing to make a pilgrimage beyond seas together with several other barons and nobles. He visited these gentlemen and most loyally recommended me to them, as the event proved.

For directly after this—and it was in the year 1483, on the day of St. Gertrude the Virgin—the aforesaid noble Lord Truchsess von Waldpurg came to Ulm together with many other noblemen, his friends, and straightway sent a messenger and summoned me from the convent. When I was come to him at the inn where he lodged he began to question me as though he would ask my advice about how those who wished to cross the sea and make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem ought to set about the matter. ‘I have heard,’ said he, ‘that you have been in the parts beyond seas : advise me, I pray you, what I ought to do [b] in order that I may return home safe. I intend,’ said he, ‘to visit the Holy Land, and the famous city of Jerusalem, and the most sweet manger of the Lord, and the most glorious sepulchre of the Lord. Tell me, I prithee, what are the difficulties in my way, and how to surmount them.’ While I was answering each of his questions he looked at me very earnestly, and, ceasing to question me as he had begun, he asked me whether I still had any wish to return to Jerusalem. I replied that there was nothing in this world at the present time which I longed for more ardently than a second view of those holy places. Having thus learned my willingness to go, this nobleman made me return to my convent, assuring me that I should go to Jerusalem in company with him and his friends. For the

following noble lords had sworn to make the pilgrimage together: to wit, the Lord John Wernher, Baron von Cymbern, Lord Henry Baron von Stoefel, Lord Ursus von Rechberg von Hohenrechberg, and the aforesaid Lord John Truchsess von Waldpurg, who was, as it were, the father of all the aforesaid, and from whom they all received the impulse which sent them on their pilgrimage. And straightway, in the same hour that I returned to my convent, the aforesaid nobleman sent a respectable man, escorted by his own retainers, to make a speech, begging the Reverend Master Prior, on behalf of the aforesaid noble barons, that he would have the goodness to grant to that brother who had already been in parts beyond sea, and whom they had all unanimously chosen as their chaplain and confessor, a license to depart, and permission to leave the country with them. It was for this purpose, added the Lord John Truchsess, that he and his friends the other noblemen were come even now into the city.

When the Prior heard this he made a great many difficulties, and took time to consider the answer he should give. The Lord John, seeing this, and fearing that perhaps a long deliberation would end in something opposed to his wish, straightway on the following day brought with him all the noblemen, his friends, and also the noble Countesses von Kyrchberg, who had come with him, and, accompanied by them, went into the court wherein the civic magistrates and all the municipality of the city of Ulm were assembled, and begged that he might be heard. When this request was granted he begged the Consuls to use their influence with the Prior of the Dominicans that he should let Brother Felix, whom he and his comrades had chosen as their chaplain during their pilgrimage beyond seas, depart without hindrance, more especially as they knew that he was willing to go. Where-

fore the mayor and some of the judges entered the convent and begged the Father, for the sake of the municipality, to agree to the prayer of those noblemen. When he said that he had no power to grant me a license to travel to Jerusalem, but that this business lay in the hands of our holy Father the Pope, and of the General of our Order, I straightway produced my letters, [25 *a*] both from the Pope and from the General of the Order. When he saw them, he at once gave his consent in the name of the Lord.

I therefore called upon the Lord John, the Truchsess, and arranged with him the day and the place where I was to meet him and my three other masters. He decided upon a particular day, and for a place the town of Innspruck, the seat of the Duke of Austria. After arranging this, his lordship went home with his company. So I from this day forth let my beard grow, and adorned both my cap and my scapular with red crosses, which crosses were sewn on to my clothes for me by virgins, dedicated to God, spouses of Him crucified; and I assumed all the other outward signs of that holy pilgrimage, as I had a right to do. There are five outward badges of a pilgrim, to wit, a red cross¹ on a long gray gown, with the monk's cowl sewn to the tunic—unless the pilgrim belong to some order which does not permit him to wear a gray gown. The second is a black or gray hat, also marked in front with a red cross. The third is a long beard growing from a face which is serious and pale on account of his labours and dangers, for in every land even heathens themselves when travelling let their beards and hair grow long until their return home; and this, they say, was first done by Osiris, a very ancient

¹ See the 'Sarum Missal done into English by A. H. Pearson, M.A., D.C.L., 2nd edit., London, 1884,' pp. 595, 596, for the services for the blessing of crosses, scrips, etc., about to be taken to Jerusalem by pilgrims.

King of Egypt, who was reputed to be a God, and who travelled throughout the whole world. The fourth is the scrip upon his shoulders, containing his slender provisions, with a bottle—sufficient, not for luxury, but barely for the necessities of life. The fifth, which he assumes only in the Holy Land, is an ass, with a Saracen driver, instead of his staff. So in my heart I looked forward with great longing to the day of my departure, and silently and calmly equipped myself for my holy pilgrimage, because of the trouble shown by those who were anxious for my safety and who kept disquieting me.

HERE BEGINNETH THE SECOND JOURNEY
OF BROTHER FELIX FABRI TO THE
HOLY LAND AND JERUSALEM.

THE SECOND PRINCIPAL PART OF THE WHOLE WORK.

I SHALL now begin my wanderings on my most desirable and delightful pilgrimage, which pilgrimage I intend to describe in the following order, arranging it in twelve chapters, according to the twelve months, more or less, for which the pilgrimage lasted, and dividing each chapter into as many heads as there are days in the month, so that each month makes a chapter and each day a heading. I shall begin with the day of my departure, and end with that of my return, and shall faithfully set down all the places which we saw month by month and day by day, and will tell truly all that befell us in each month and on each day, adding descriptions of the holy and other places the better to explain my narrative. For I never passed one single day [*b*] while I was on my travels without writing some notes, not even when I was at sea, in storms, or in the Holy Land ; and in the desert I have frequently written as I sat on an ass or a camel ; or at night, while the others were asleep, I would sit and put into writing what I had seen.

Now, when the time was drawing near when I should have to depart, I watched for a convenient day upon which I could leave Ulm unnoticed and without assembling a crowd of people: for my friends and well-wishers were greatly disturbed and very unhappy at my departure, and

troubled me much by their advice to me to stay at home ; and their foolish fears and their lamentations seemed to me to be ravings, because I was as joyous and fearless as though I were going to fulfil an invitation to a feast with my dearest friends.

So on the 13th of April, which was the Sunday known as *Misericordia Domini*, in the year 1483, as it was growing dark, there came a messenger sent to me by the noble Lord Philip, Count of Kyrchberg, asking me to come on the morrow without delay to visit the Count and to transact some business with him. I was in a manner the head of the family, for all the household used to confess to me, both counts and countesses ; and whenever any difficulty arose in which I could be of use, they always wrote me word of it or sent for me to come to them. So I arranged with the servant that I would go with him on the morrow.

On the 14th, which is the feast of Tiburtius and Valerianus, after reading Mass and breakfasting, I called together all the brethren, and said to them that I wished now to leave them for good ; and I begged for a pilgrim's blessing from our Reverend Father, Master Ludwig. He led me into the choir, whither the whole convent accompanied me, and kneeling in the midst of the choir in the presence of the Holy Sacrament, I received a blessing from the altar, amid the exceeding bitter weeping of the Prior of the convent and all the brethren. When I had received my blessing, my sobs and tears made me unable to bid my brethren farewell in words, but my tears, my sorrowful face and my sobs spoke for me. I therefore embraced and kissed each of the brethren, and begged to be remembered in their prayers. But I could scarcely persuade the Reverend Father Ludwig to stay quietly at home, for he wanted to see me safe as far as Memmingen, as he had done before ; [26 a] but I altogether refused to permit

him to do so, that we might not both suffer fresh grief and trouble when we parted. For albeit I set out on that pilgrimage with a joyous spirit and a cheerful heart, yet when I was leaving the Father, my most faithful friend, and my much-loved brethren, who all were so sorrowful and downcast, I could not refrain from shedding many tears. So, having got together the baggage which I intended to carry with me, and having placed it on the horse which I had bought, I mounted, and was about to ride away in company with the Count's servant. However, as I sat upon my horse, all the brethren flocked round me and eagerly begged me to take careful note of all the holy places I saw, and to write an account of them and bring it to them, so that they also, in mind, if not in body, might enjoy the pleasure of visiting the holy places. I promised the brethren that I would do this, and with that the Count's servant and I went out of the convent and rode stealthily, as though hiding ourselves, out of the city, crossing the river Danube by the gate which leads to the sheep-bridge. It chanced that this pilgrimage agreed with the other one, as far as the day on which it began ; for I began my former pilgrimage on the day of SS. Tiburtius and Valerianus : indeed, after the lapse of two years, I began my second journey on the same day and hour as the first. The Count's servant and I soon rode to the village of Dissen, and up to the castle above it, wherein dwelt my lord the Count. Now, the reason for which he had sent for me was the following. In the village of Jedensheim, or Iheidemsheim, at the foot of the hill on which the castle stands, there was a maiden bereft of her reason, whom many declared to be possessed of a devil ; he showed me this maiden for me to look at and examine, that I might decide what was to be done with her ; whether she ought to be exorcised or not. My decision was that she was out

of her mind, and therefore fitter to be entrusted to the care of physicians than to that of theologians. This affair being thus ended I told my lord the Count that I had already begun my journey, and begged him to send a servant with me to escort me as far as the foot of the Alps, because as far as that distance the road is often very dangerous, and I feared to ride there alone. So I, with the retainer assigned to me, left Thyssa that same day, and went as far as Memmingen, where we passed the night.

On the 15th we rode fast from Memmingen as far as Kampten, and there we dined together: after dinner I sent away the servant, and bade him return to his master. But I went on in a great hurry to the foot of the mountains, for I feared that my lords might leave Innspruck before my arrival there; so I went as far as the village of Reutte, on the banks of the river Licus, commonly called Lech, where I passed the night. [b]

On the 16th I left Reutte alone in the early morning, and began to climb the Rhaetic Alps, for at that place lies the entrance to the Rhaetic Alps, up a steep road, which in rainy weather is very bad travelling, being deep in mud. I found the road very bad, because it had rained the day before, and during the following night snow had fallen on the mud, so that I could not see the swamps and deep holes. So my horse, whom I led all the way up, sunk up to his belly at every step, and I likewise up to my knees. Moreover, we sunk into deep holes. Howbeit, at last I passed to the frontier of the Rhaetic Alps, which is at a place called Ehrenstein, and came to where the road leads up Mons Fericius, and when I had got to the top of this and down the other side I found that I had still a good part of the day before me: so I passed through the village of Nassereit, and again climbed a very high mountain and came to the village of Schneckenhuseu, where I decided to

pass the night. In the inn sat some miners from the silver-mines, who were gambling, drinking, and taking their pleasure. I regarded them with suspicion, and was cautious in my talk with them. The landlord put me into a small room by myself, where I carefully fastened the door and went to sleep.

Early on the morning of the 17th, when we all rose, there was a great disturbance in the house, for two carriers¹ were complaining that they had lost their purses with all their money: for, while they were asleep, those miners, who were robbers, had entered their room, drawn their purses from under their pillows, emptied them, thrown the empty purses into the garden adjoining the house, and had made their escape with the money while everyone was asleep. When the sun rose I left that place and went on my way with fears lest these robbers might be lying in wait for me on my road. Howbeit, no harm befell me. At mid-day I reached the town of Innspruck, where I hoped to meet my lords, but I was disappointed. Innspruck is called Pontina in Latin, from Pons Ini, the bridge over the river Inn, which is what is meant by the German name of Innspruck. As I was approaching the bridge of the town and was about to enter it, I met five men-at-arms, followers of my lords, whom they had sent home, while they themselves had set out from Innspruck that very day. They had been at the court of the Duke for many days, and had become weary of it, and therefore, as soon as they had finished their business there they had taken their leave one day before the end of the time which Lord John the Truchsess had appointed with me. The business which they had been transacting with the Duke was to entrust to his charge all that they left behind them—their wives, children, lands, villages, towns and castles, counties and

¹ Vectores curruum.

lordships ; moreover, they had received from the Duke letters commendatory addressed to the Doge and Senate of Venice. When they had accomplished this they started. As I did not find my lords [27 *a*] in the town I passed hurriedly through it, following after them. I ascended the mountains, and after passing along many winding paths among them, came to a large valley named Matrae,¹ and passed the night there.

On the 18th I climbed yet higher up the mountains, and crossed the pass which is called the Brenner, where I suffered from the intense cold—for there even in summer-time there is always ice, snow, and hoar-frost. From that ridge I went down the other side a long way till I came to the town of Stertzing,² where I found my lords in the inn with other noblemen and their followers. I found there Lord Heinrich von Stöfel, and Lord John the Truchsess, and Lord Ursus von Rechberg ; but the fourth member of the party, Lord John Werner, Baron von Cymbern, had ridden on in advance of them, that he might prepare a suitable lodging at Venice for their lordships and all our party.

On the 19th of April we left that place after dinner. As we passed by the monastery of Neustift, belonging to the order of Canons Regular, near Brixen, the abbot of the monastery met us, and brought us all into the monastery with him, out of respect for Lord John the Truchsess, whom he regarded as his patron, for he had come from Waldsee, the seat of Lord John the Truchsess, to be appointed abbot of that monastery. The aforesaid abbot would not let us go that day, but forced us to stay there, and treated us with great honour, for the monastery is very grand and very rich. I have scarcely anywhere seen so much gold and silver plate as in the abbot's dining-hall. It possesses a large church, richly ornamented, and a good library. The

¹ Matrey (Matricium)

² Vipitenum.

men there are grave and reverend, and pay attention to the celebration of divine service. I do not think that I have anywhere heard such correct and good choir-singing as in this monastery.

On the 20th, which was the Sunday called '*Jubilate*,' we stayed for divine service and for dinner at Neustift, and then left the monastery. We passed hurriedly through the town of Brixen, because their lordships were told that the plague was raging there. At other times when passing I have stayed the night there. There is a rich bishopric. Consequently, on the death of the bishop there often arise quarrels among the nobles about the bishopric, and the whole of this country is vexed by interdicts and ecclesiastical censures. I can remember the time when the present Duke of Austria, Sigismund, and all that country was laid under a strict interdict and most severe excommunication on account of that bishopric, so that every man who passed through that country, whether knowingly or in ignorance, became excommunicated. [b] There is a beautiful cathedral church. Once I and a brother of my order stood and repeated the canonical hours in that church, whereupon my lord the Superior and great canon of the church, sent his chaplain to us, and asked whether we were Mendicant Friars, and when he learned the truth he gave us a good fat alms. A convent of good brethren would do very well there, for in the whole diocese there is no convent of Mendicant Friars. The canons there are so grave and reverend that they will not suffer any monks save Recollets in Neustift. Now, the monastery of Neustift belongs to those canons, and not very long ago the church at Neustift was the cathedral church, but when it was moved into the town the Canons Regular were placed there. Leaving Brixen behind us, we came to the Kuntersweg,¹ along which we easily pro-

¹ So called from a citizen of Botzen, who constructed it in 1314.

ceeded, because the Duke of Austria has so strengthened it that now people go up and down it with wheeled carriages, and have deserted the old bridle-paths. So now the aforesaid Duke is erecting at the end of this road a very lofty and costly building to serve as a toll-house. Not two years ago this road was so bad and dangerous that a man could only pass along it with the greatest difficulty, leading his horse after him. I know with what peril I passed along that road in the course of my first pilgrimage, for on the right hand there are very deep valleys, and the road was very narrow, having on the left a lofty precipice of rock, and on the right an exceeding deep valley. So narrow and dangerous was the road, that *Volkslieder* were commonly sung about it. But now, as I have said, the Duke has contrived by art to blow up the rocks with gunpowder, to cut away the face of the precipices; and roll away great masses of stone, and at a great expense has made the rough places plain; and that not only here, but in many other parts of Rhaetia which are subject to his rule. The aforesaid road is two German miles in length. When we had passed over it, we came to the town of Botzen, which we found had been lately, to its sorrow, almost entirely burned; indeed, the fire had not yet gone out, but we saw flames and smelt smoke still rising from the heaps of ruins. The monasteries, however, and the churches, remained unharmed, as though by a miracle. The convent of our order of Preaching Friars caught fire in many places, but, by the zealous labour of the brethren, who ran about on the roofs, the flames were extinguished; nevertheless, the fire caught such a hold even of our convent, that the brethren could not have saved it without more than human aid, for when the roof of the dormitory blazed up, I am told by most trustworthy witnesses that the venerable Prior, Father Nicolaus Münchberger, fell on

his knees beneath the flames, and called upon the Blessed Virgin for help, which he received. Many years ago, in the sight of all men, fire came in at the city gate, ran through the streets, and burned the whole town. Wherefore, as the former fire was clearly caused by the vengeance of Heaven, so, it is thought, was this latter. [28 a] For the people there are sinful, given to drunkenness, luxury, and pride beyond measure. Indeed, everything there is exceeding cheap, and there is an abundance of good things; the wine is especially good, and all fruits are sweet. But the air is unwholesome, because, it is said, on the side from which fresh wholesome air would blow there stand very high mountains, which were pointed out to me by the brethren, while on the quarter from which the town receives the wind, there lie most pestilent marshes. The consequence of this is, that there are always many persons there suffering from feverish symptoms, and it is so common to have fever that they do not count fever as a disease. When one of them meets a friend, and sees him pale and altered in face, he says to him, 'Friend, what is the matter, that I see you so pale and altered?' To which he replies, 'Of a truth, my friend, I thank God I am not ill, but it is the fever that alters my looks.' So it happened that once I was visiting Botzen in company with a secular friend, and when we saw the town, he said to me, 'Look there, brother! I do not believe that there is any town in the world which is colder than that.' Surprised at this, I said, 'Not so; it is, I think, one of the warmest.' He replied, 'I never have come into this town, even on the hottest day in summer-time, without always seeing many people there sitting in their winter fur pelisses pale with the cold, and with their teeth chattering.' This he said in a joke, alluding to the sufferers from fever. Many are of opinion that men do not contract fevers from bad air, but from good wine and good cookery, with which

they gorge themselves and become diseased. A few years ago this town was Italian, and the Italian language was the common speech of the people; indeed, I know an Italian Father who cannot speak a word of German, and who in the time of his youth was a runner¹ (cursor) and preacher in the convent at Botzen; but in process of time, as the Germans increased in numbers, the town has become a German town; and that convent which formerly belonged to the province of St. Dominic, has now been added to our province. We passed the night in this town, and saw much misery, for many people were living among the ruins of their houses, without any roof or place of shelter, and many were leaving the town as beggars who had heretofore been rich men. But at the present day the town is being rebuilt, and the buildings which they are putting up are more costly than those which stood there before the fire.

On the 21st of April, after hearing Mass and dining in the convent of our order, we left that place, having on our right hand the river Athesis, or Lavisius (Adige), which is commonly called Etsch; and beyond the Adige we saw a very fertile hill country, full of castles and villages, of which the chief is that called Tramingum,² which is a large village. Near it grows a noble wine, which is imported into Suabia, and is known as *Tramminger*, from the name of the village. Between us and the Adige, in the direction of the town of Meran, are deep morasses, and beyond the morasses, over against the town of Trent, are low hills, on the angle of which stands an old castle, named Firmianum, from whence the noble family of the lords of Firmianum, some of whom I have seen, derive their origin. The castle

¹ See 'Church and Conventual Arrangement,' by the Rev. M. Walcott. London: Atchley and Co., Great Russell Street, W.C. N.D. Note on Bells, p. 142.

² Tramin.

is at present possessed [b] by Sigismund, Duke of Austria, who is rebuilding it on a larger scale, with exceeding thick walls, and surrounding it with great and lofty towers. The thickness of the wall is twenty shod feet. It contains in the four angles large and strongly-built dwellings, separated one from another by the intervening walls and towers, and each dwelling has its own courtyard and its own stables for horses, so that four princes might dwell there in safety. I have been in the castle and seen all of it. It has no water, save what they draw up by a wheel from the river Adige, which runs past the rock on which the castle stands. This place was once of evil repute as an abode because of the miasma from the marsh, which quickly caused the death of the inhabitants. Wherefore, to remove this drawback, the Duke caused ditches to be dug through the morass, from the river Adige right up to the mountains; so that now there are fair meadows where before was a soft and pestilent swamp. The ditches themselves are so full of the water which drains out of the marsh, that people pass up and down them in boats. Along the banks of the ditches on either side the Duke caused a very long vineyard to be planted, from which is gathered in the vintage season more than twenty cartloads of excellent wine. Yet, notwithstanding all this, and albeit the miasma of the marsh has been taken away, it is said that no one is able to live in the castle any longer than before. The reason of this was lately told me by the governor of the castle to be that it stands high, and has a fresh, strong air, which makes the men who live there hungry and thirsty, and greatly stimulates their appetite, which, if a man tries to satisfy intemperately, he destroys himself; for there is no lack there, but a table always stands ready spread with food, and the wine is not locked up. This profusion makes the place less dear.

I asked the governor what object the lord Duke could have in incurring such great expense in thus strangely fortifying this castle, when all the country round about belonged to the country of Tyrol. He answered that he did it in order that if the common people were to attempt to drive out their lord, and free themselves from their allegiance, as the Helvetians, or Swiss, had done, then the Duke might take refuge in that castle, and so harass them that they would be forced to submit; for the castle is, as one may say, impregnable, and stands in the throat of that valley. We rode on our way and came to Neumarkt, a large village, where we stayed for an hour in an inn to bait and rest our horses. Here a serving-man came to me from a house which stood opposite, and said that he had been sent by a brother of the Order of Preaching Friars to ask me who I was and whence I came. I answered that if that friar wished to know who I was and whence I came, he might come to me and I would give him a civil answer; 'but,' said I, 'I will not give any answer to a servant.' I spoke thus to him because I suspected him of being one of those wandering brethren of our order who range about the hill country — for discontented and runaway brethren both of our order and of other orders betake themselves to these parts and to the hill country, where they find the safest of hiding-places, and as everything there is very cheap, they are able to live a [29*a*] dissolute life, and they visit the country people, telling them about the value of Masses, so that their hearers buy Masses of them, both for themselves and their dead relatives, not knowing that the sin of simony is incurred by so doing. So they give these men money that they may read Masses, whereas they had much better give them the money as a free gift, for they never would approach the altar to do any honour to God. I have seen wretches of almost every religious

order wandering in those mountains, and they are actually tolerated by the bishops and priests. From Neumarkt we rode through the valley which leads towards Trent. The vulgar have a tradition that through this valley or channel the sea once came up as far as Meran, and that the Adige ran down from the mountains above Meran and fell into the sea there. In proof of this in the rock on the mountains of Tyrol are found to this day iron rings, to which ships used to be fastened ; thus the whole district through which the Adige now flows into the Mediterranean was once sea. This I can well believe, because the sea in old times was much higher than it now is. We came to a village named Nova, where there runs a rapid mountain-stream, which marks the frontier of Italy and Germany. Above the stream on our side stands a chapel, in which the bowels of St. Udalrich, Bishop of Augsburg, are buried. The story goes that the aforesaid saint had been at Rome, and on his way home began to be seriously ill. So he begged God that He would permit him to die in Germany, and not in Italy; and so it was, for as soon as he had crossed the bridge over this stream he died, and his bowels were buried there, but his body was taken on to Augsburg. From this place we rode to the city of Trent, and stayed the night there. Trent is one of those very ancient cities which were founded in these mountains by the Trojans, who came thither with Antenor; the Adige runs past its walls. It is placed in a most beautiful, airy and healthy position, and consists, one may say, of two cities, an upper and a lower, on account of the two races which inhabit it. In the upper town dwell the Italians, and in the lower the Germans. They are at variance both in language and habits of life, and seldom are at peace with one another; indeed, before our own times the city was often ruined, sometimes by the Italians out of hatred for the Germans,

and sometimes by the Germans out of hatred for the Italians. Not many years ago the Germans were but a few strangers in that city ; now they are the burghers and rulers of the city. The day will soon come—indeed, has virtually come—when Duke Athesis (*sic*) of Innspruck will altogether join it to his dominions and to Germany, as has been done at Botzen, for the number of Germans there increases daily. What the reason of this increase is, and why our race should spread over other people's countries instead of theirs spreading over ours, I have never learned, unless we choose to say, to the shame of our land, that on account of its poverty and sterility we are driven to other countries, or on account of the fierceness of the Germans, whose near aspect no other race can endure, but all make way for them, yielding to their rage, which no man can resist. Over against the city, on the banks of the Adige, the Preaching Friars have a right fair convent, set about with most lovely gardens, which is called the Convent of St. Laurence. This convent was built by St. Jordanes, the immediate successor of our [b] Father, St. Dominic, as head of the order ; but in it there is no service or rule of life, only a few miserable brethren dwell therein to no purpose. In this city, in 1475, the holy child Simeon was martyred by the Jews with great torture ; wherefore the Jews were condemned to be hanged after suffering great tortures. I myself beheld their accursed bodies hanging on gibbets the next year when I went to Rome. The body of the holy child, when it was found, began to be famous for the miracles which it wrought, and is still said to be famous. Wherefore people from distant parts of Germany, France and Italy make pilgrimages thither, and bring offerings of wax, clothing, gold and silver plate, and money, in such quantities as is wonderful to behold. In consequence of this they have pulled down the old church of St. Peter, in

which the body used to be kept, and have built a new and spacious one upon the same site out of these offerings ; moreover, they have cleansed the house of the martyr and consecrated it as a church. [For an account of the martyrdom of this boy, see the Supplement to the Chronicles, Book XV., page 177.] So when we pilgrims had taken off our riding-dresses, we went to the churches to obtain indulgences, and in the Church of St. Peter we saw the body of the holy child and the place of his martyrdom, and the old cathedral church, and other chapels and churches. For this is what is done by all respectable pilgrims to Jerusalem, namely, that at whatever towns they stop on the way, they straightway make inquiries about the churches and the relics of the saints, and visit them. Thus did my lords, and I together with them, as will appear hereafter. When it was late, and we were all sitting at supper, there came a minstrel, or jongleur, and his wife. He carried a flute, and his wife sang in good tune while he played his flute. This man, albeit he was sensible enough, yet while playing made mops and mows like a fool, which foolery made us laugh heartily in addition to the pleasure of hearing the music. When he had finished playing, my lords the barons, as is usual, consulted with one another as to what they should give the jongleur. One of the noblemen, however, said that he would give nothing, and declared that his parish priest had often said in his sermons that either to give or to receive money in such cases is damnable and a mortal sin. 'Since, therefore,' said he, 'I am on a holy pilgrimage, I am loth to soil it by giving away money sinfully ; but I will give it to the poor.' Hereupon there arose a great dispute among the noblemen, and they argued long and angrily.

At last they asked me to settle the question, declaring that they would abide by my decision and sentence. I

therefore decided, not without fear, that he ought to give money to the jongleur. So they gave a present to the flute-player and his wife. After I had returned home, I searched the writing of learned casuists to see whether I had decided rightly, and I found the decision which I had given in Gerson¹ in two places, when he treats of 'Avarice' in the matter of the seven mortal sins, and of converse with sinners, where he declares that such flute-players, jugglers and posture-makers are not in a state of damnation, and that such things may be said or done without mortal sin, even though the words said may be idle, jesting, and sometimes faulty, provided there be nothing shameful said, and unless he does it merely for amusement; but that it is right if he practises it for his own sustenance and profit, and in order to afford recreation to princes and nobles when they are oppressed by care. This we discovered to be the case with this jongleur, who was a mechanic dwelling in Trent, who did not make a constant practice of playing, but only on the arrival of princes or nobles; for when he heard that they were pilgrims to the Holy Land, he played for their diversion and for his own profit, in order that our sadness and anxiety might for a short time be laid aside.

On the 22nd we heard Mass at the altar of the holy child Simeon, and ate our dinner in the inn; after which we saddled our horses and left the city. Immediately outside the gate of the city we ascended a steep hill, leaving the lower road, which leads along the valley of the Adige to Verona. This hill, besides being steep, is all one piece of the hardest red marble. Wherefore all the walls and buildings of the city of Trent are of precious and fair marble, albeit unpolished. After a long climb we de-

¹ John Charlier Gerson, Chancellor of Paris, the author of '*Theologia Mystica*,' and many other works, ob. 1429.

scended the other side of the hill, and came to the village of Persa. Persa is a large village, and on a rock above the village stands a great castle, like a city, with lofty towers and a great enclosing wall. Many are of opinion, from the name of this castle, that it was built by Perseus, the father of all the nobles of Greece, and that it is called Persea at the present day after his name, as is also the kingdom of Persia, which he came to from Greece and conquered, and called Persia. In this castle the Duke of Austria always keeps many soldiers, who guard both the castle and province. We passed beyond this castle and came to a lake, from which flows a river called Brenta, which runs from thence to Padua, and afterwards joins the sea near Venice. Beyond this we came into a long, wide, and fertile valley, and to a town called in the vulgar tongue Valscian, where we put up for a short rest. Now, this town, and consequently the whole of this country as far as the sea, is of the Italian speech; however, almost all [30 a] the inhabitants know both languages, German and Italian. I asked one of them the meaning of the name, why the town is called Valscian, and he answered that Valscian means 'the dry valley,' and received this name because in very ancient times, before the sea sunk to its present level, it came up as far as this, and the whole of this valley was filled with its waters; wherefore on the sides of the mountains which look down upon the valley on either side iron rings to moor ships to are found fixed in the rocks. When the sea fell back the valley became dry and kept its name of Valscian. From this story I was able to note that all the valleys in these mountains which trend towards the sea were once full of water, and were channels leading into the Mediterranean Sea, even as now happens in lands close to the sea, as I have said before. The Germans call Valscian *In der Burg*, because

there are two castles overlooking the town, and the town lies within the castle wall. From Valscian we went onwards, and late at night reached a village named Spiteli, that is to say, 'Little Hospice,' where we stopped for the night.

On the 23rd, being the feast of St. George, knight and martyr, the lords begged me in the morning to celebrate the Mass of St. George for them, for all noblemen regard St. George with special devotion. There was only one chapel in the village, with no priest, and I had great difficulty in prevailing upon the sacrist of the church to open this chapel and to bring out the things necessary for the celebration of Mass. When I was dressed in my priestly vestments, and my noble lords and the other people of the village had been brought together by the sound of the bell, and I, as is usual, wanted to prepare the chalice before the *Confiteor*, I found that there was no bread or wafer in the pyx in the ambry,¹ nor was there any in all the village, so I turned myself round to the people and told them that the Host was lacking. However, that we might not go away altogether empty, I read from the altar the service alone, and all the prayers of the Mass, leaving out the canon, just as is done in ships at sea. These Masses are called 'torrid,' or 'crude,' or 'dry,' or 'empty' Masses. After this service I turned to the people and gave them a short sermon upon St. George, and an exhortation. While I was doing and saying this, the

¹ *Fenestra*. 'Ciborium seu armariolum ubi reponitur pyxis, in qua sacra Eucharistia asservatur.' Stat. MSS. Eccl. S. Laurent. Rom. 'Quotiens cunque Corpus Christi renovatur, Fenestra, in qua reponitur, ab araneis et pulveribus mundetur.' Lit. remiss. an. 1382, in Reg. 120. Chartoph. reg. ch. 214. 'Lequels pillars emporterent . . . une boiste où le Corps N.S. sacré reposoit, laquelle ils prendrent en une Fenestre de ladite eglise.' Carpentier's supplement to Ducange. See also Parker's 'Glossary of Architecture,' Oxford, 1830, s.v. 'Fenestella.'

people of the village stood by and viewed me with wonderment and surprise, for they were Italians, and perhaps had never heard a sermon preached in their church in German except by me. When this was over we returned to our inn for our morning meal. After we had eaten it began to rain, but nevertheless we mounted our horses and left the village. The rain grew heavier and heavier, and we were wetted to the skin, and so we were wet through when we arrived at the city of Feltre. As it was raining in torrents, we entered an inn there, meaning to wait for an hour or two, until it left off. Howbeit, the rain grew worse and worse, and so we were forced to remain there for the day, which was disagreeable, for the inn was small and was full of Italian country people, and the landlord and landlady and all the household spoke Italian only. Besides this, they were not accustomed to serve the nobility, nor had they the materials for serving them [*b*] with proper respect. However, they were good, simple people, and did all that they could, which I took into consideration ; but their lordships' servants were discontented with them.

On the 24th it still rained without intermission, as it had done on the day before and the night before, and this caused the water to flow and the mountain torrents to be full. Howbeit, in spite of the rain we went to the church which stands above the town, and after hearing Mass we viewed the town itself. Feltre is one of those towns which were built by Antenor for the defence of the mountain country, and is very ancient, as its buildings prove. It is a very long town, lying along a mountain ridge, and it has a bishop and some monasteries, which lie at the foot of the hill on which the city stands. We returned to our house and took our food, and while we were at table the rain ceased ; so we saddled our horses and left Feltre, and rode on our way in great danger because of the rising waters ;

for tiny rivulets had swelled into swift rivers, and dry torrent beds were overflowing with waters. Howbeit, as the weather was fair, the waters were gradually sinking. It was towards evening that we left Feltre, and we came to a great river, on whose banks we passed through a Venetian guard-house, and thence we came into a town which is called Ower, where we spent the night. Now, our inn, like all the rest of this village, lay at the foot of a delightful grassy hill. While our supper was being made ready I went with my lords into the courtyard of the house, and, looking up, I said, 'See, if a man were on the brow of that hill, he would be able to see the Mediterranean.' When my lords heard this, they said, 'Let us climb up thither, and see the sea, which perchance will be our tomb.' And straightway my three lords, and two serving men, and I climbed up the hill, which was much higher than we had thought. Casting our eyes southwards, we beheld beyond the mountains the plain of Italy, and beyond the plain country the Mediterranean Sea, on beholding which my lords, being delicately-nurtured youths, stood in some trepidation, reflecting on the dangers which awaited them at sea. And, in sooth, I myself was something cast down at the sight of it, albeit I had already had a good taste of its bitterness, for as seen from these hills it had a terrible appearance. It seemed to be very close, and the setting sun shone upon the part which was nearest to us; the rest, the end of which no one could see, seemed to be a lofty, thick black cloud, of the colour of darkling air. Satisfied at last with our view of it, we turned away to look at the mountains which stood round about us, and saw many ancient castles in ruins. On the very mountain on which we stood there were beneath our feet the ruins of huge walls, and a ditch enclosing part of the mountain; a fair cistern, which still contained [31 a] water, and a hill to pasture cattle

upon within the walls. It is believed that all these castles were built by the army of Antenor the Trojan, who, after he had built the city of Padua on the plain, ascended into the hill country, and built towns and castles for a defence against the folk beyond the Alps, who at that time were still savages, dwelling in the woods like wild beasts. While I and my lords were standing talking on this mountain the sun set, and we began our descent ; but before we reached the inn it had grown dark, and we supped by candle-light and went to bed.

The 25th day was St. Mark's Day. We wished that we were at Venice, because this feast is celebrated there in a most elaborate and splendid fashion. Howbeit, we heard the Mass for St. Mark's Day in the village, and afterwards dined and set out on our way. From that village the road leads down to the foot of the mountains, and leaves them behind, and thus we came into a flat country, very fertile, full of crops, fruit-trees, and vines, through which we journeyed till we came to the city of Treviso, where we intended to remain for several days, until we could sell our horses. Horses were now no longer needed by us, because we were close to the sea.

The 26th was the feast of St. Desiderius, who is buried in the cathedral at Treviso. The citizens celebrated the day grandly by a solemn procession through the city ; and when all the common people were assembled in the greater market-place, they acted a miracle-play, wherein the legend of the saint was shown by the acting of men taught for the purpose, in a very splendid show, at which we pilgrims also looked on with admiration—I do not know whether with devotion also. After dinner, many Italians came to our inn, who wanted to see our horses and buy them, and while we were selling them the Italians squabbled among themselves in a wondrous fashion, for they ran up to us, each

trying to outstrip the other, and each interfering with the other's bargaining, and they poured abuse one on another, all alike, even old, rich, and respectable men fighting with one another like children, each one offering more than the horses were worth to spite the others, and each outbidding the other purposely. While this squabble was going on we stood still and held our peace, and we sold our horses well, and so that day passed.

It should be noted that I have described the places between Feltre and Innspruck because when we came home again I did not travel along that road to Innspruck, but came another way, as will be told in its proper place. Beyond this place I shall not describe any place during our journey out, but shall describe all the places at which I stayed during our journey home. Therefore I shall reserve my description of Treviso and the other cities until I come to my return. For I am now pressing forward to Jerusalem, towards which I have steadfastly set my face, nor will I rest until I again see that most famous and desirable city. [b]

On the 27th, which was the Sunday called '*Cantate*,' we heard Mass at Treviso and dined. After dinner we hired some of the horses which they call '*Martyrs*'¹ to carry ourselves and our baggage to the sea, and we set out towards the seashore. We arrived at the town of Mestre, desiring to proceed further, to Malghera, which stands on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. Howbeit, in the former town we were met by a German who inquired whether we were of the company of the Lord John, Baron von Cymbern. When he heard that we were, he took us into an inn, and showed us a table already spread with food and drink, and told us

¹ See '*An Account of a Journey made thro' Part of the Low Countries, Germany, Italy, and France, by Philip Skippon, Esquire (Sir Philip Skippon)*,' to be found in '*A Collection of Voyages and Travels*,' etc., in six volumes. London, 1732

that the Lord John von Cymbern had ordered this for us. He also took us into the garden of the house, and showed us a large boat in the river, which there runs down from the mountains to the sea, which boat had been sent to Mestre from Venice by the Lord Baron von Cymbern, that we might sail thither down the river. On beholding this we were cheered in spirit, and we sat down and ate and drank what had been made ready for us. Afterwards we carried all their lordships' baggage on board the vessel, and all of us got on board of her, which loaded her pretty heavily, for there were many of us, and the baggage of their lordships and their servants was of no small amount. So we bade farewell to the land, and committed ourselves to the waters, and, having embarked, sailed down the river for about a mile towards the sea. When we were come to the place where the river glides into the jaws of the Mediterranean, at the edge and border of the sea, and sailed into the bitter salt water, we began in loud and cheerful tones to sing the pilgrims' hymn, which those who are journeying to the Sepulchre of our Lord are wont to sing : '*In Gottes Namen fahren wir ; Seiner Genaden begehren wir : Nu helff uns die Gottliche Kraft, und das heylige Grab : Kyrie eleeson,*' which, in the Latin tongue, would be 'In God's name we are sailing ; His grace we need : may His power shield us and the Holy Sepulchre protect us : Kyrie eleeson.'

Meanwhile we had come near to the castle of Malghera, and were passing the tower which is called the Torre de Malghera, when we met a boat which some strong young men were rowing very furiously towards Margerum, which ran into our boat, so that the bows of the two boats clashed together, and our boat was driven to one side by the shock, and struck upon a post which stood in the water, so as to threaten to upset ; [32 a] and it did very nearly upset with all the people and things in it, so that we were sore

afraid. The sailors of each ship abused those of the other, and so we went on our way. After awhile there met us another boat with people on board, one of whom asked us what inn we meant to put up at in Venice. When we told him St. George's, where Lord John von Cymbern had taken rooms for us, he began to abuse that inn and its landlord, and stood on the prow of his boat, trying to prevent our going there, and pointing out some other inn to us. As he stood there and noisily tried to persuade us, he suddenly met with an accident, and fell from the prow of his boat into the sea, from which he was with much trouble dragged out by his comrades and saved from death. He was dressed in new silk clothes, which received baptism together with him, which caused great laughter on board of our boat. As we sailed further on, we found before our eyes the famous, great, wealthy and noble city of Venice, the mistress of the Mediterranean, standing in wondrous fashion in the midst of the waters, with lofty towers, great churches, splendid houses and palaces. We were astonished to see such weighty and such tall structures with their foundations in the water. Presently we sailed into the city, and went along the Grand Canal as far as the Rialto, where on each side of us we saw buildings of wonderful height and beauty. Below the Rialto we turned out of the Grand Canal into another canal, on the right bank of which stands the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, by which we proceeded among the houses right up to the door of our inn, which was called the inn of St. George, and in German commonly known as '*Zu der Fleuten.*' Here we disembarked, walked up about sixty stone steps from the sea to the rooms which were prepared for us, and carried all our things into them. Here Master John, the landlord, and Mistress Margaret, the landlady, received us with great good humour, and greeted me with especial friendli-

ness, because I was the only one of us whom they knew, through my former pilgrimage, during which I had been a guest in their house for many days. The rest of the household also met us, greeting us and showing their eagerness to wait upon us. The entire household, the landlord and landlady, and all the manservants and maidservants, were of the German nation and speech, and no word of Italian was to be heard in the house, which was a very great comfort to us; for it is very distressing to live with people without being able to converse with them. Last of all, as we entered, the dog who guards the house came to meet us, a big black dog, who showed how pleased he was by wagging his tail, and jumped upon us as dogs are wont to do upon those whom they know. This dog receives all Germans with the like [*b*] joy, from whatever part of Germany they come; but when Italians or Lombards, Gauls, Frenchmen, Slavonians, Greeks, or men of any country except Germany, come into the house, he becomes so angry that you would think that he was gone mad, runs at them, barking loudly, leaps furiously upon them, and will not cease from troubling them till someone quiets him. He has not grown accustomed even to the Italians who dwell in the neighbouring houses, but rages against them as though they were strangers, and obstinately remains their implacable foe. Moreover, he will not on any terms allow their dogs to enter the house, but he does not meddle with German dogs. He does not attack German beggars who come asking for alms, but falls upon poor Italians who wish to come in to beg for charity, and drives them away. I have often rescued poor men from this dog's teeth. The Germans say that this dog is a proof that as he is the implacable foe of the Italians, so German men can never agree with Italians from the bottom of their hearts, nor Italians with us, because each nation has

hatred of the other rooted in its very nature. The animal being irrational, and governed only by its passions, quarrels with the Italians because its nature bids it do so ; but human beings restrain their feelings by the aid of reason, and keep down the feeling of hatred which is engrained in their nature. We found in the inn many noblemen from various parts of Germany, and some from Hungary, all of whom were bound by the same vow as ourselves, and intended to cross the sea to the most Holy Sepulchre of our Lord Jesus at Jerusalem. In other inns were more Germans, and they had all formed themselves into companies, some large and some small. Now, in our company there were twelve pilgrims altogether, counting both nobles and serving-men, whose names are here set forth :

The Lord John Wernher, Baron von Cymbern, a man handsome and wise, remarkable for the grace of his manners, and learned in the Latin tongue.

The Lord Henry von Stoeffel, Baron of the Holy Empire, a strong and active man, of a manly character, as a true Suabian nobleman should be.

The Lord John Truchsess von Waldpurg, a nobleman of tall stature, a man of respectable and lofty character, serious, and deeply concerned about the salvation of his soul.

The Lord Ber (Ursus) von Rechberg, a noble of the Hohenrechberg family, who was the youngest of them all, and the liveliest, bravest, tallest, most cheerful, kind and liberal of the party.

These four noble lords had with them their attendants in waiting on them, whose names, together with their offices and duties, are here set forth, to wit :

Balthazar Büchler, a sensible man of great experience, by whose advice all their lordships were guided and governed, and whom they regarded as their father.

Artus, their lordships' barber, a man who could play so

sweetly and so well on musical instruments, that one cannot believe that his like could anywhere be found.

John, surnamed Schmidhans, a man-at-arms who had fought in many wars, and who came on this pilgrimage as servant to their lordships.

Conrad Beck, a respectable and sensible man, a citizen of Merengen, who was their lordships' manciple and steward. [33 *a*]

Peter, a good simple fellow, patient under hardships, who came from the town of Waldsee, and who was cook for their lordships and for the entire company.

Ulric von Rafensburg, who once had been to sea as a galley-slave, and had undergone much misery, who was by profession a trader, and was their lordships' interpreter.

John, a man of peace, eager to serve their lordships, who was a teacher of boys and schoolmaster in Babenhusen.

Brother Felix, priest of the Order of Preaching Friars at Ulm, a pilgrim for the second time to the Holy Land, chaplain to their lordships and to all the others aforesaid.

These twelve held together inseparably, and lived at the common expense of the four lords aforementioned. Wherefore the four lords called the host to them and made an arrangement with him for their lodging, their table, and all the other things of his of which they made use. When this arrangement had been made before us all, I thought of another plan for myself, and without the knowledge of my lords, I went in a boat to the convent of St. Dominic, and asked the prior of the convent to receive me as a guest until the pilgrims' galleys should leave the port, which, after much importunity, I prevailed upon him to do. For it was unpleasant for me, and very distracting to my thoughts, to live entirely among secular persons. So I returned to my inn and packed up my baggage, and then

waited on my lords and told them of my intention. Howbeit, this proposal did not please them; indeed, it displeased them much, nor would they on any terms consent to my leaving them. So, in order that I might be more willing to remain with them, they made arrangements with the landlord, and he let me have a cell of my own, wherein I could be quite alone, and could sleep, pray, read and write, and escape from all the noise of the inn as well as if I were in my own cell at Ulm. So I remained with the rest of our party all the time that we were at Venice; but I often, indeed, almost once a day, used to visit the convent of the brethren of our order.

On the 28th we went out of our inn in the morning through the streets of the merchants¹ and went to St. Mark's to hear service there. When service was over, we walked about the open square in front of the Doge's palace. In this square, before the great door of St. Mark's Church, there stood two costly banners, raised aloft on tall spears, white, and ensigned with a red cross, and they were the banners of pilgrim to the Holy Land. By these banners we understood that two galleys had been appointed for the transport of pilgrims; for when the lords of Venice beheld a number of pilgrims flocking together there, they chose two nobles from among their senators, and entrusted the care of the pilgrims to them. The names of these were, of the first, Master Peter de Lando, and of the second, Master Augustine Contarini. The servants of these two noblemen stood beside the banners, and each invited the pilgrims to sail with their master, and they endeavoured to lead the pilgrims, the one party to the galley of Augustine, the other to that of Peter; the one party praised Augustine and abused Peter, the other did the reverse. Hence it followed that these two lords,

¹ *Merceria.*

Augustine and Peter, had become [*b*] deadly enemies, and each abused the other and defamed him to their worships the pilgrims, and each tried to make the other odious to the pilgrims, and suborned men to do so. From this there began to grow another evil, namely, that the pilgrims themselves had, as it were, taken sides with the factions of these two captains, and each of them were zealous for their own captain and master. So my lords were at a loss, not knowing to which of these captains they had better entrust themselves, since they heard such different accounts of each. I myself approved of Master Augustine Contarini, whom I knew to be a wise and trusty man, because in my former pilgrimage I had crossed the sea on board of his ship; but others abused him and praised the other. So for peace's sake I did not interfere in the matter, but declared that they were both good pilots if they would take us quickly to the port for which we were bound, adding that if I knew which of the two would be the quickest and soonest ready to sail, that would be the one whom I should recommend pilgrims to choose. Both, however, promised that they would begin their voyage directly, which I knew to be a lie.

On the 29th, which is the feast of St. Peter Martyr, of the Order of Preaching Friars, I took my lords to the church of St. John and St. Paul, where there is a great and exceeding stately convent of Preaching Friars, and there we heard service, which was performed with great solemnity. There is an exceeding great rush of people on that day to the church of these friars, because there is a festival there, and people are crowded together even up to the horns of the altar. The people run thither from the whole city to hear service, to kiss the relics of the holy martyr, and to drink the water of St. Peter, which water, after being blessed in the name of God, and touched by

the relics of the holy martyr, is believed to be of value as well for the body as for the soul. Wherefore in most parts of the world the faithful take this water of St. Peter, and give it to women in their time of peril to drink, and they are saved from their peril. It is likewise given to those sick of a fever, that they may be made whole. Mariners also carry it to their ships and pour a little of it into the vessels wherein water is kept, and by its virtue the other water is preserved from becoming foul, and however old the water may be, it does not stink or become corrupt if some of this be poured upon it. This mariners learn by daily experience to be true. So after we had heard service, and kissed the relics of the saint, and tasted a draught of his life-giving water, we returned to our inn for a meal. After dinner we took a boat and rowed through the streets of the town as far as St. Mark's, and there we rode to the palace of the Doges of Venice on the Grand Canal, whereon lay the galleys of both captains, in order that we might see [34 *a*] them both. So first we rowed to the galley of Master Peter de Lando, climbed on board the galley out of our boat, and at first sight both their lordships and I were pleased with the appearance of the vessel, for it was a three-banked¹ galley, large and broad, and besides this new and clean. While we were walking about the galley Master Peter Lando, the captain, came on board in a boat, and welcomed us with great respect, and set out a collation on the poop of the vessel, where he offered us Cretan wine, and comfits from Alexandria, and in all respects treated us as persons whom he would wish to take with him as passengers. After this he led us down some steps into the cabin to the place where the pilgrims were installed, and put so large a space in the cabin at our disposal that we might choose berths for twelve persons on whichever side

¹ This means that there were three men to each oar.

we pleased. Having inspected this galley, we told the captain that we would let him know on the morrow whether we meant to sail with him or with anyone else, and so got into our boat again, and rowed away to the other galley, that of Master Augustine Contarini, whom we found sitting on board of it. He received us with great humility, and led us round his galley, and gave us our choice of a place for twelve people, and also gave us a collation of wine and sweetmeats, and assured us that he would deal loyally with us. He knew me well, and referred to me as a witness to his good faith and honesty, saying, 'Lo, here is Brother Felix, your chaplain, who knows how I deal with pilgrims; I beg of him that he speak the truth, and you will make up your minds to stay with me.' We looked all through the galley, and she did not please us as much as the other, for she was only double-banked, and less roomy, and withal old and stinking, as I knew from having myself crossed the sea on board of her and suffered many hardships in her. After viewing this galley we returned in the boat to our inn.

On the 30th and last day of April we heard Mass in our inn, because a great lord from Austria, not a pilgrim, was lodging there, and his chaplain said Mass in the house. After Mass we twelve all assembled together to consider with which of the two shipmasters we should sail, and what terms we should make with them. My lords decided that they would go with Master Peter Lando in his treble-banked galley. For my own part I should have liked the other shipmaster, Augustine, better; but I shrank from his double-banked galley, because of the great hardships which I had endured on board of her. We decided therefore to go with Master Peter; moreover, we drew up twenty articles by which we defined the limits of our contract, and stated what the captain was bound to do for us

First Article.—That the captain shall take us pilgrims from Venice to Joppa, a port in the Holy Land, and shall bring us back again from thence to Venice, for which purpose he shall be ready in fourteen days at the outside, and shall not stay here more than fourteen days after this day.

Second.—That he shall well and properly provide a galley with experienced mariners who understand the [d] art of sailing with whatever wind may blow, and shall have on board a sufficient armament for the defence of the galley from the attacks of pirates and enemies, if need be.

Third.—That the captain beware of putting into unusual or strange ports on his way, but that he shall touch only at those in which he is wont to obtain provision for his galley, and that as far as may be he shall avoid putting into harbours, but shall go on his way. We especially desire him to avoid the kingdom of Cyprus, and not to touch there, or if he does so, not to remain in harbour there for more than three days, because we have a traditional belief that the air of Cyprus is unwholesome for Germans. If, however, any of our company should desire to pay his respects to the Queen of Cyprus and wait on her at Nicosia and receive from her the ensigns of her Order, the captain shall be bound to wait for his return, seeing that this was an ancient custom among all noblemen as long as there was a king in that kingdom.

Fourth.—That the captain shall give the pilgrims two meals of food and drink every day without fail. If for any reason any one of us shall not wish to attend the captain's table, or to come to supper in the evening, or if all of us choose to stay in our own berths, nevertheless the captain shall be bound to send food and drink to us without making any dispute.

Fifth.—That the captain shall be bound to provide the pilgrims, during their voyage from Venice to the Holy

Land, and from thence back to Venice, with a sufficiency of good bread and biscuit, good wine and sweet water, freshly put on board, with meat, eggs, and other eatables of the same sort.

Sixth.—That every morning before we eat our food he shall give to each of us a bicker or small glass of Malvoisie wine, as is the custom on shipboard.

Seventh.—If the pilgrims shall ask to be put ashore at any port near which the galley may be, but which it does not desire to enter, for any reasonable purpose, such as to obtain water, or medicines, or other necessities, the captain shall be bound to give us a boat and boat's crew to carry us into that port.

Eighth.—If the captain shall touch at any uninhabited harbour, where the pilgrims will not be able to obtain necessities for themselves, he shall be bound to supply them with food just as though they were not in harbour; on the other hand, if he shall put into a good port, then they shall be bound to provide their own meals.

Ninth.—The captain shall be bound to protect the pilgrims, both in the galley and out of it, from being attacked or ill-used by the galley-slaves, or from being thrown off the galley-slaves' benches, should the pilgrims wish to sit upon them with the slaves. He shall also be bound to prevent the slaves from molesting them on land, as far as he is able, and he shall not place any article in the pilgrims' berths.

Tenth.—The captain shall let the pilgrims remain in the Holy Land for the due length of time, and shall not hurry them through it too fast, and shall lead them to the usual places and go with them in person. We especially wish him to raise no objections to leading them to the Jordan, which pilgrims always find a difficulty in doing, and he shall save them from all troubles with the infidels.

Eleventh.—All dues, all money for safe-conducts, and

for asses and other expenses, in whatever names they may be charged, [35 *a*] or in whatever place they have to be paid, shall be paid in full by the captain alone on behalf of all the pilgrims without their being charged anything, and he shall likewise pay the great fees ; the smaller fees we will see to ourselves.

Twelfth.—In return for all these expenses to be incurred and things to be done by the captain, each pilgrim shall be bound to pay him forty ducats of the kind called *de Zecha*, that is, newly minted. On condition, however, that the pilgrim shall pay one-half of this sum in Venice, and the remainder at Joppa.

Thirteenth.—Should any one of the pilgrims happen to die, the captain shall in no wise interfere with the goods which he leaves, but shall leave them all untouched in the possession of that person or persons to whom the deceased left them by will.

Fourteenth.—Should any one of the pilgrims die before reaching the Holy Land, the captain shall be bound to restore one-half of the money which he had previously received, to be dealt with by the executors according to the instructions of the deceased.

Fifteenth.—Should any pilgrim die on board the galley, the captain shall not straightway order his body to be cast into the sea, but shall cause it to be taken ashore and buried in some graveyard. If, however, the galley be at a distance from the land, then the body of the deceased may be kept on board until either some port is reached or the comrades of the deceased agree to have it cast into the sea.

Sixteenth.—If any of the pilgrims wish to go to St. Catharine's, on Mount Sinai, the captain shall be bound to deliver over to every person expressing such a wish ten ducats of the money previously paid to him.

Seventeenth.—That the captain before leaving Jerusalem

with the pilgrims shall loyally help those pilgrims who are setting out to St. Catharine's, and shall draw up a friendly agreement between them and their dragoman.

Eighteenth.—That the captain shall assign to the pilgrims some convenient place on board of the galley for keeping chickens or fowls, and that his cooks shall permit the pilgrims' cook to use their fire for cooking for the pilgrims at their pleasure.

Nineteenth.—Should any pilgrim on board of the galley happen to fall so ill as not to be able to remain in the stench of the cabin, the captain shall be bound to give such a person some place to rest in on the upper deck, either in the castle, the poop, or one of the rowers' benches.

Twentieth.—That if in this instrument of contract anything has been left out or insufficiently expressed and provided for, which, nevertheless, by law and custom it is the captain's duty to do, then it shall be held to be expressed in this instrument, and shall be held to have been written down therein.

Having drawn up these articles and written them out, we sent for Master Peter the captain to wait upon us in the inn, and read to him the articles as thus drawn up, telling him that if he was willing to act towards us in the spirit of them, and would swear an oath to do so, we were ready to enter into a contract and agreement with him as aforesaid. [*b*] On hearing this, the captain took the schedule of articles and read them over one by one with great attention. As to the first article, he said that as far as the first clause went he was willing to accept it, and would take us to Joppa and bring us back again ; but that as for the second part of the article, he could not agree to it, and alleged many reasons on account of which it is impossible to sail during the month of May. Therefore he could not set out

with us in fourteen days, nor yet in twenty-six days ; but when twenty-six days were past, he would start at any hour when he had a fair wind. With regard to the twelfth article, he said that he would not take less than forty-five ducats for each pilgrim, for which he alleged many reasons. With regard to the fifteenth article, he said that he was willing to suffer a dead man to remain on board the galley, but he declared that the sea would not allow it, and that it would hinder our voyage. But the reader may see how much truth there is in this on page 198 *b*. With all the other articles he declared himself content. So at last, after a long talk, we made a contract with him. When we had made our contract, he took us all to St. Mark's, to the Doge's palace, and brought us before the protonotaries of the city, who, when they heard the reason for which we were presented to them, wrote down our names and stations in life in a great book, on which my name had been written before, when I went on my former pilgrimage; and so our contract and agreement was ratified. When this was done, we went in a boat with the captain to the galley, and chose a space for twelve persons on the left-hand side, which space the captain divided into twelve berths or cots, and wrote each man's name upon his berth with chalk, so that no one else should take those places. In this I had a stroke of good luck, and got a better berth or cot than any one of our company. A berth or cot is a place for one man, reaching in length from his head to his feet, which is assigned to him for sleeping, sitting, and living in, whether he be sick or well. So, having arranged these matters, we rowed home to our inn, very well satisfied with everything, except that we should be obliged to stay so much longer and so many more days in Venice, which was very grievous to us.

Here endeth the first chapter.

THE SECOND CHAPTER, CONTAINING THE
DOINGS OF THE PILGRIMS DURING THE
MONTH OF MAY.

THE delightful and joyous month of May offers for our devout worship on its first day the holy Apostles St. Philip and St. James. Wherefore, very early in the morning, when the lords and the rest of our company had risen and were making themselves ready for going to church and hearing Mass, they asked me in which church we should hear divine service to-day. I replied, 'Lo, now, my lords, we have set out upon a pilgrimage in the name of God, and [36*a*] it is not fitting that a pilgrim should stand idle. Now we must remain in this city for a whole month longer. And seeing that we are set about on every side by waters, we cannot solace ourselves and pass our time by visits to flowery gardens or smiling plains, to shady woods, green meadows, or delightful plantations of trees and flowers, roses and lilies ; nor can we employ our leisure in hunting, while it would not befit us to attend tournaments or dances ; therefore my advice is that, while we remain here, we should every day make a pilgrimage to some church, and visit the bodies and relics of the saints, whereof there is a great multitude in this city, and that thus throughout this month of May we may be plucking flowers, the roses and lilies of virtues, of graces and indulgences.' When they heard this, my advice was approved by all, and it was unanimously agreed that we should row or walk every day to one of the churches ; and if not all of

us together, that at least some of our company should do so, that they might afterwards tell the rest what they had seen. So on that first day of May we hired a boat and rowed to the church of the holy Apostles St. Philip and St. James, and attended service there. After service we went up to the altar and kissed the holy head of St. Philip, which is kept there, and the holy arm of St. James. There was a great crush of people to see and kiss the holy relics. When service was over the people went away, but we waited until we could have a better view of the relics without being jostled, and could touch them with our jewellery. For pilgrims to the Holy Land are wont to carry with them to the holy places choice rings of gold or silver, and beads of precious stones for 'paternosters' or rosaries, or the rosaries themselves, little gold or silver crosses, or any of the like precious and easily carried trinkets, which are entrusted to them by their parents or friends, or which they buy at Venice or in parts beyond the sea for presents to those who are dear to them ; and whenever they meet with any relics, or come to any holy place, they take those jewels and touch the relics or the holy place with them, that they may perchance derive some sanctity from the touch ; and thus they are returned to the friends of the pilgrims dearer and more valuable than before.

I myself was the least of all, and the poorest of all our company, yet had I many precious jewels which had been lent me by my friends, patrons and patronesses, in order that I might touch with them the relics and holy places to which I came, and bring them back to them, receiving a reward for so doing. Among others, his worship, Master John Echinger, at that time Mayor of Ulm, entrusted me with his most cherished ring, which ring his father, James Echinger, had drawn from his thumb in his last moments and given to his son, even as he himself had received it

from his father before him : I verily believe it was of more value to him than a hundred ducats, and that now he values it at more than two hundred. So, after the people had retired, we drew near and, as I have described, touched the relics of the holy Apostles. It was my duty [b] to take all the jewels belonging to the secular pilgrims at holy places, or places where relics were kept, and with my hands I touched the holy things with each of them, and then gave them back to their owners. But some of the nobles left their jewels in my hands throughout the pilgrimage. Thus we did at all the holy places and with all the relics which we found during our whole pilgrimage, beginning with the holy child Simeon at Trent. So when we had done all this we went home to our inn for dinner.

On the 2nd of May we went in the morning to St. Mark's, and attended Masses in the great church of St. Mark. When the Masses were over, we went into the palace of the Doge of Venice, to wait upon the Doge himself with the letter which the most illustrious Sigismund, Archduke of Austria, had entrusted to my lords for them to present to him, as aforesaid, page 26, in the account of the 17th day. So we went up the stone stairs from the court of the palace to the portico, and standing outside the hall of judgment, we asked to be admitted to an audience of the senate. We were at once admitted into the place of the consuls, and placed in the presence of the Doge and the senate. Now, the Lord John, Baron von Cymbern, holding aloft the letter of the Archduke of Austria, walked forward in a most gallant fashion into the midst of the hall, went up to the Doge, presented the letter to him with a courtly reverence, and retired. The Doge looked at the seal, and on recognising it, kissed it, and handed it to the senators who sat with him, that they also might kiss it. He then caused the letter to be read

in the hearing of all present. When he had heard it, the Doge arose, and through an interpreter offered his services to the pilgrims, and calling each of them to him severally, gave his hand to each man, drew him towards him, and kissed him in the Italian fashion. After this my lords begged for letters commendatory to the Captain-general of the Sea, and to the governors of the islands, in order that, if need were, they might invoke the protection of these persons aforesaid. This request was straightway granted, and the letters were written and delivered to us.

On the 3rd, which is the feast of the Invention of the Cross, we rowed to the church of St. Cross, and after hearing service there, we saw and kissed the body of St. Athanasius, which rests there; and we touched it with our jewels, as has been described in the account of the day before. This saint, a most mighty champion of the faith, wrote for the confusion of heretics the creed: '*Whosoever will be saved,*' etc. After this we returned to our inn for dinner. After dinner we went by water to the greater convent of Minorites, and saw the buildings, which are very grand. In a chapel attached to the church stood a horse, built together with wondrous art. The Venetians, imitating the customs of the heathen nations, once determined to reward one of their captains who had fought bravely for the republic, and gained much new territory for it by his valour, by setting up an everlasting memorial of him, and placing a brazen statue of a horse and his rider in one of the streets or squares of the city. In order that this might be done as splendidly as possible, they sought out sculptors throughout their country, and ordered each of them to make a horse of any material he chose, and they would then choose one out of the three best [37 *a*] horses, and have a horse cast in brass on the model of that one. Besides the price of his statue, they proposed to bestow

especial honours upon the artist who made the best-shaped horse.

So three sculptors met together at Venice, and one of them made a horse of wood, covered with black leather, which is the horse which stands in the aforesaid chapel; and so life-like is this figure, that unless its unwonted size and want of motion betrayed that the horse was artificially made, a man would think that it was a real living horse. Another sculptor made a horse of clay, and baked it in a furnace; it is admirably formed, and of a red colour. The third moulded an exquisitely-shaped horse out of wax. The Venetians chose this latter, as being the most cunningly wrought, and rewarded the artist. But as for what will be done about casting it I have not heard; perhaps they will give the matter up. So, after we had seen this convent and the aforesaid things, we returned to our own place.

On the 4th, which was the Sunday called '*Vocem jucunditatis*,' and was the feast of the most holy virgin, St. Catharine of Siena, we crossed from the penitentiary of St. Dominic to the church of St. John and St. Paul, and there saw a solemn procession and attended divine service. The whole church was crowded with people, and many women were there habited as Beguines. When service was over, I went to the cloister of the brethren, and there I found a brother of my own order who was staying there on his way. He bore the badges of a pilgrim to the Holy Land, and came from the country of France, and from the convent of our order in the Isle of France, and intended to sail with us. I therefore made his acquaintance, and we agreed to bear one another company. Howbeit, he did not embark on board of my galley, but on the other; yet at Jerusalem he often visited me, and I often visited him there, and we bore one another company. After

dinner I went away alone by boat to St. Dominic's to see the fathers there, and they showed me an entire hand of the most blessed virgin, St. Catharine of Siena, very large and beauteous, with all its flesh and bones, which hand I kissed many times. In the same convent I found another brother of my order who came from Naples, and bore the badges of a pilgrim. But he also did not sail in my galley. After this I rowed back to my inn.

On the 5th day we went by water to the island of St. Helena the Empress, and there I read Mass to my lords. After Mass the monks opened the tomb of St. Helena for us, and we saw her entire body, with many other relics, and after kissing them and touching them with our jewels, we returned home. After dinner we went in a boat to the galley which we had hired, and found that the captain had caused planks to be put along the lower part of our berths, so that some of them came just by our feet, where we wanted to put our shoes and chamber-pots. We therefore told the men in charge of the galley that, unless on the morrow they took down those planks, we should hold our contract void, seeing that their doing this was contrary to article *nine*. Upon this there arose a dispute between the pilgrims and the captain. Howbeit, if he wanted to keep us, he was bound to destroy the work which he had put up. So, having thus arranged our berths, we returned to our inn. [6]

On the 6th we rowed to St. Lucia's, and there, after hearing Mass, we saw and kissed the body of that virgin, which is kept in a tomb there with great honour. On the same day we went to the market and bought all that we should need on our galley for the voyage out—cushions, mattresses, pillows, sheets, coverlets, mats, jars, and so forth, for each berth. I bade them buy a mattress for me stuffed with cows' hair, and I had brought woollen blankets

with me from Ulm, that I might sleep on board the galley just as I did in my cell, for I thought it unbecoming for me to lie softer on board a galley than in my own cell.

On the 7th, which is the feast of the translation of St. Peter Martyr, we went in a boat out of Venice to the island of Murano, and heard the Dominican service in the church of St. Peter Martyr¹ there. After we had seen the convent and the brethren there, we rowed to the parish church, wherein the parish priest showed us the entire bodies of many of the Holy Innocents, all lying in one tomb, which we kissed, and then crossed over to the furnaces of the glass-workers, in which glass vessels of divers forms are wrought with the most exquisite art—for there are no such workers in glass anywhere else in the world. They make there costly vases of crystal, and other wondrous things are to be seen there. After we had seen all these we went back in our boat to our inn at Venice.

On the 8th day, which was the feast of our Lord's Ascension, we went up to the church of St. Mark, both to attend service there and to see the grand sight, for countless folk flock thither together on that day. When they are all gathered together the Patriarch with his clergy and the religious from all the convents, and the Doge with the Senate and all the guilds of Échevins each in their appointed order, and wearing their peculiar badges, with banners, torches, reliquaries, and crosses, walk in procession from the church of St. Mark to the sea, and there embark upon ships which are prepared for them. The Patriarch with the Doge and Senate go on board of the *Bucentaur* (in Latin *Bucephalus*, so named after the horse of Alexander the Great), which is a great ship fashioned like a tabernacle, painted, covered with gilding, and shrouded with silken hangings; and all this takes place with pompous cere-

¹ He was a Dominican saint. See p. 75 of MS.

monial, with the ringing of all the bells in the city, the braying of trumpets, and the singing of various hymns by the clergy. When the *Bucentaur* is moved away from the shore by the stroke of its oars, which number more than three hundred, it is accompanied by above five thousand vessels. They sail as far as the castles which form the harbour of Venice, and when all the ships have passed outside the harbour into the sea, the Patriarch blesses the sea, just as it is customary in many places to bless the waters on that day. When the ceremony of blessing is over, the Doge takes a gold ring from his finger and throws the ring into the sea, thereby espousing the sea to Venice. After the ceremony of the ring many strip and dive to the bottom to seek that ring. [38 a] He who finds it keeps it for his own, and, moreover, dwells for that whole year in the city free from all the burdens to which the dwellers in that republic are subject. While all this is being done all the ships crowd round the *Bucentaur* with great press and jostling, and make such a noise with the cannons which they fire off, trumpets, drums, shouting and singing, that they seem to shake the very sea. We were present at this sight in our own hired boat. After the blessing and espousal of the sea is over they row the *Bucentaur* towards the monastery of St. Nicholas on the Lido, and on reaching the shore there all disembark from all the ships and enter the church, which not a hundredth part of the people is able to enter, though it is a great church; and in all that multitude there is not one single woman, but the whole ceremony is performed by men alone. When the Patriarch, dressed in his pontifical robes, and the Doge, with all his retinue, are walking towards that church, the Abbot of the monastery, wearing his mitre, and all his monks dressed in their sacred vestments, comes out to meet the multitude, takes the Patriarch and Doge by the

hand, and leads them into the choir of the church, where they hold the service for the day with great solemnity. After this they return to their ships, and each man sails home to his own place to dinner. I have sometimes seen such sights elsewhere, with regard to which see page 210, part 2. Throughout the entire octave¹ of the Ascension a fair is held, and there are wondrous shows in that week.

On the 9th day we rowed to the monastery which is called after the Crutched Friars,² and after hearing Mass there we were shown the body of St. Barbara, with many other relics, which we reverently kissed, and returned to our inn. The same day we all went together to a house wherein stood an elephant, a huge and terrible animal, which we viewed, and were astonished to see so ungainly a creature so well taught, for he did wondrous things before our eyes at a sign from his keeper. This man had bought the beast for five thousand ducats, and from Venice he took him into Germany, and made much money, for he would not let anyone see him without paying for it. Afterwards he took him to Britain, and there being at sea in a storm, he was cast overboard by the mariners and so perished.

On the 10th, which was Saturday, we went by water to

¹ The week following 'Ascension Day.

² Ughelli, in '*Italia Sacra*,' after describing the translation of the body of St. Barbara the Virgin and Martyr from the cathedral of St. Mark to the church of the convent of St. John the Evangelist at Torcello, goes on to say : *Alterum D. Barbarae corpus exstat Venetiis in ecclesia S. Mariae olim cruciferorum, nunc Patrum Societatis Jesu, Constantinopoli Venetias a Raphaelo Basilio, anno 1258 delatum. Sed hoc alterius D. Barbarae Virginis, non Martyris, putat Fantinus Dandulus, Episcopus Patavinus, etc., etc.* '*Italia Sacra*,' 2nd edition, Venice, 1720, vol. v., p. 1366. The whole passage, which was kindly pointed out to me by F. Bickley, Esq., of the British Museum, is worth reading. The word in the text is *cruschechirii*, evidently a corruption of the name of the Crutched Friars, in the Venetian dialect Fabri did not speak Italian : see p. 10 of this work.

the church which is called St. Mary of Grace, and heard Mass; and thence we rowed to St. Mary of Miracles, where they are building a church of wondrous beauty with a very fine monastery. At the time of my first pilgrimage folk began to flock to that place, and at that time there was no chapel there, [b] but merely a portrait of the Blessed Virgin on a panel affixed to a wall, and it was said that miracles were wrought there. And such a concourse of people came thither, and so many offerings were made, that a costly church now stands on the spot, and is called St. Mary of Miracles. I shall say more of it in Part II., p. 208 *b*.

On the 11th day, which was the Sunday within the octave of the Ascension, we heard Mass in the nearest church, which was over against our inn, and after dinner went by water to the church which is called the Church of the Castle, where the Patriarch of Venice dwells, and where every Sunday plenary indulgences are to be had. We obtained these indulgences and viewed the place. The church is large and ancient, and we found therein a brother of the order of Preaching Friars, who was preaching, though we could not understand his sermon. When the sermon was over we returned home.

On the 12th, which is the day of the martyrs Nereus, Achilles, and Pancratius, we went by water to the church of St. Zacharias, and attended Mass there. After Mass we sent a message to the Abbess of the monastery which joins the church, asking to have the relics shown us. These nuns are rich and noble, and are very lax in their rule, which is that of St. Bene't. They opened for us a tomb in which lay the bodies of the three martyrs whose feast day it was, to wit, Saints Nereus, Achilles, and Pancratius. In another tomb, made of silver, we saw the entire body of St. Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist, with his mouth open, and by his side the body of St. Gregory

Nazianzen, and the body of St. Theodore the confessor, and the body of St. Sabina, virgin and martyr. I was astonished at the wealth of this church in relics, and was told that the daughter of some Emperor was once Abbess thereof, and that he, out of love for his daughter, brought these bodies thither. So after we had seen and kissed the relics we returned to our own place.

On the 13th, after dinner, we went by water to the Carthusian¹ church of St. Andrew, where there is a great and very grand monastery, on an island of its own, with four cloisters and large and beautiful cells. There we saw many relics, such as the finger of St. Andrew the Apostle, the arm of St. Laurence the martyr, and so forth. After this we went home.

On the 14th we went in the morning by water to the monastery of St. George,² opposite the palace of St. Mark, beyond the Grand Canal, and made the monks of that monastery sing for us a Mass of St. George. After Mass they showed us their relics, that is to say, the head, left arm, and hand of St. George; the head also of the Apostle St. James the Less, the entire body of St. Paul, Duke of Constantinople; a piece of the sponge offered to our Lord, and many other things. When we had seen these things we returned home.

[39 *a*] On the 15th, which was the octave of the Ascension, and was kept as holy as the first day thereof, we went early to St. Mark's, and after we had heard Mass we were shown the treasure of St. Mark, which is of inestimable value, in gold, silver, and precious stones. There we saw the tomb and body of St. Isidore. The body of St. Mark,

¹ 'We went by Gondola beyond S. Pietro di Castello to an island (not far from the castles), where the Carthusians have a cloister, which has a large meadow and vineyard before it.'—'Sir Philip Skippon's Travels.'

² S. Giorgio Maggiore, on the island of that name.

which the Venetians brought from Alexandria to their city, we did not see, because it is said that a monk stole it and carried it away into Germany to Owia Major,¹ about all which matters a more complete account will be found in Part II., p. 206.

Then from the church we went to the Doge's palace, and were conducted by some one belonging to the Doge's court round all the inner chambers of the Doge, even to the Doge's treasury, which we saw. That day is an especial festival of women, and we beheld a display of women's worldly ornaments so costly that it was a wonder to behold them.

On the 16th, while we yet lay in our beds, we heard the family of the house weeping and wailing, for our landlord, Master John, had died in the night, and they were making ready for his burial. Wherefore some of us, thinking that he might have been plague-stricken, hired vessels and sailed up to Padua, where they stayed for some days. Howbeit, I and those who stayed behind went by water to the church of St. Roch, in the city of Venice, and invoked the aid of the aforesaid saint, who is the especial helper of those who fear the plague, lest we should take the infection.

On the 17th, which was the eve of Pentecost, we rowed to the monastery of St. John, of the order of White Monks, and there attended service, and kissed the relics. After dinner we went to the storehouse of arms of the city, which they call the Arsenal, and begged to be admitted. When admitted we saw therein a wondrous amount of apparatus for war, and stores belonging to the state to equip men for fighting at sea, on horseback, or on foot, as is described hereafter, Part II., p. 205. After this we went likewise to

¹ The Isle of Reichenau, on the Lake of Constance.—See Bucelini's 'Germania Sacra.'

the house of the bakers, who bake biscuit for use at sea, and we shuddered at the great furnaces and the fires, and the labours of the workmen. And after all this we went home.

On the 18th, which was the Sunday, and feast of Pentecost, we went in the morning to the church of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, which is the parish church of our inn, and there I heard the confessions of some pilgrims, and after obtaining leave from the parish priest of the aforesaid church, I administered the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist to them, and we remained in the church throughout the whole service. After dinner we went by water to the church of the Holy Spirit, to which many people flocked to obtain indulgences, and to see a solemn procession of the guilds, which they call schools.

On the 19th we went by water to the church which is called St. Mary of Pity, which is most beautiful, and is richer and more ancient than any other church in the city, where we attended service, and admired the painting and sculptures with which it is adorned. On our return to our inn we visited many other churches, in which we obtained indulgences ; but it would weary me to write down all their names.

On the 20th we went in the early morning, before the sun became hot, to the church of St. Mary the Beautiful¹ ; and indeed the church is large and beautiful : so there we heard Mass, and then returned to our inn. During the rest of that day we did not venture out of doors because of the excessive heat, for the heat was greater than had ever been known at Venice before. By it the wells were dried up, and fresh water became very dear, for there was no drinkable water to be had there, except what was brought in ships from the river Brenta, and this was sold very dear,

¹ Sta. Maria Formosa.

and was poured round about the wells, that it might be strained through the earth and filter into them.

On the 21st we went in a boat to St. Antony, near St. Dominic, and there attended divine service. After service we went round and looked at the great buildings which the lords of Venice are raising in that place, and wondered at the great cost of such works, for they are raising up huge walls out of the very waters of the sea, and it is very expensive to make foundations there. On account of this building, the Doge and the other senators of Venice were very angry with my brethren of St. Dominic, because they asked the brethren to give them half the ground of our convent garden to enlarge the monastery of St. Antony; but my brethren would not consent, and withstood the Doge and the Senate with a bold front, which raised great indignation against them. In order to obtain the consent of the brethren they offered to give them as much ground in the sea to the eastward as they would choose to accept, and offered to lay the foundations at the expense of the State; but the then Prior, a fearless man, refused altogether to give his consent. The lords of Venice are building this place thus magnificently with fine houses and many rooms, for the reception of pilgrims to Jerusalem therein; for they deem it unbecoming that pilgrims bound on so holy a pilgrimage should be lodged in public inns, and that in so great a city they should have no place of their own save in public taverns. For among them the public inns are not well famed, and therefore when great magnates visit them, they assign private houses to them, to prevent their lodging in inns. Moreover, they are very unwilling that the dinners which they send at the public expense to strangers of importance should be taken into inns, and if they do send them to an inn they send small and scurvy ones. My lords were told,

when they received [40 *a*] a dinner presented by the State, that if they were in any place but a public inn, the lords of Venice would send them dinners more often, and would deal more liberally with them. For this reason they are building this house at so great an expense, that honourable pilgrims may dwell therein, and may receive honour at their hands. From hence we rowed to our galley, and found many men at work on her, fitting her with rowing benches, oars, masts, and other things needful, and ballasting her with sand. When we saw this we rejoiced, hoping that we should soon set out.

On the 22nd day we went by water to the church which is called the Church of the Apostles, and attended service there. After Mass they showed us the body of St. Mary the Virgin, whereof there is so glorious an account in the first part of the 'Lives of the Fathers' (p. 49 *b*). After dinner we went again to the galley, and took some boxes and chests to our berths. We rowed also to the place where ships of the largest size lie, and went on board some of them. We were astonished at what we saw, and wondered how the water could support such huge structures and such vast weights.

On the 23rd we went by water to the church of St. Jeremiah, where, after Mass, we were shown the body of St. Magnus the Bishop, who was the first Bishop of the city of Venice. From thence we went to the monastery of St. Mary, which is called St. Mary of the Virgins, and saw many relics of the saints there; and we visited many other chapels on that day, whose names I pass over.

On the 24th, which is the translation of St. Dominic, we went by water to St. Dominic's, the church of the Preaching Friars, and attended service there; and thence we passed to St. Anne's, which is close by, where we were shown many relics. On our way home we went to St.

Mary of the Vineyard,¹ where the Minorite Observantine Friars have a very fine convent, which they are daily making still more precious. There we saluted the glorious Virgin, and returned to our own place.

On the 25th, which was a Sunday, and the feast of the Blessed Trinity, we rose early and crossed the Grand Canal to the church of the Holy Trinity, where is the house of German Canons, where we attended a procession and divine service, and were invited to dinner by their lordships. On that day there is a great concourse of people thither; and all day the canal is full of boats with people who are coming and going. When we returned to our inn we heard that the Lords Consuls of Venice had given orders [*b*] to both the captains to start with their pilgrims that week, and wait no longer. On hearing this we rejoiced, because we were beginning to be exceeding weary of Venice.

On the 26th we crossed the canal to St. Stephen's, where there is a convent of Augustines, and heard Mass there. After service the brethren showed us some stones, which are believed to be those wherewith St. Stephen was stoned in Jerusalem. On that day our captain gave orders that we were to bring all our chests and baggage on board the galley, which we straightway did with great joy, for we were eagerly looking forward to our departure.

On the 27th we rowed to St. Cartianus, where there is a parish church, in which we heard Mass. After service the clerks showed us the body of St. Maximus the Bishop, which is kept with great honour in a silver case. We also went to a church wherein rests the body of St. Saba the Abbot. After having kissed these relics we returned to our inn. On that day we worked hard at making our preparations on board of the galley, and it seemed to us

¹ Frari (?).

that the days which we had left of our stay at Venice would hardly suffice to complete our preparations.

On the 28th we went early by water to St. Mary of Carmel, where the Carmelite Friars have a convent, and after hearing Mass returned to our inn quicker than was our wont, for my lords had made an appointment with a physician who was to dine with us. From him they received written rules to be followed at sea, each man according to his own condition of body; and he gave them prescriptions for medicine, and many of us took purgatives from him, for it is necessary that those who are going to sea should be previously purged.

On the 29th, which was the feast of the most holy 'Corpus Christi,' we went up to St. Mark's and attended the solemn procession. Never had we seen such magnificence on that day as at Venice. The procession was marvellous, and contained a vast multitude of priests and religious of all orders, all of whom, wearing their sacred vestments, and carrying most precious reliquaries of every kind, walked in regular order all round the great square of St. Mark, which was covered with linen cloths all round the great circuit along which the procession moved from one of the doors of the church of St. Mark to another. The Patriarch bore the Host, and by his side walked the Doge in his costly ducal cap. After them came the Abbots, wearing their mitres, and the entire [48 *a*] Venetian Senate. Besides the ecclesiastical display, which was magnificent, it was interesting to see the gravity of the lords senators, and their very becoming robes: after them came many guilds, and then the common people. The religious, both regular and secular, walked first, with singing and every kind of musical instruments, interludes and spectacles of all sorts. In this procession no college, no monastery, no guild appeared without some

pageant of its own for the admiration and delight of the beholders. The Friars Preachers of St. John and St. Paul embellished the whole procession by their droll and beauteous pageants: we saw there so much gold and silver, so many precious stones and costly dresses, that no man could reckon their value. There is nothing but a confused crowding, running, and pushing multitude. After dinner we went by water to the monastery of Corpus Christi, where dwell rich and noble Venetian ladies, who are nuns of the Order of St. Dominic; and, indeed, after dinner almost the whole city came by water to that church, and there was great crowding and crushing to see the procession: for the Preaching Friars of three convents, namely, St. John and St. Paul, St. Dominic and St. Peter Martyr, all come thither and make a superb procession with the Corpus Christi, reaching a long way, upon the Grand Canal, with many pageants. Among these holy solemnities how many vanities are to be seen, how much extravagant dress of women and dissolute behaviour of laymen, and disorderly conduct of both regular and secular clergy, may be conceived by anyone who considers what an enormous multitude is there gathered together. Whether the honour thus profanely bestowed on the most holy and divine sacrament is acceptable, God, who knoweth all things, alone can tell. So when all this was finished we went home to our inn to supper.

On the 30th we went by water to the church of St. Daniel, and heard Mass there. After Mass they showed us the entire body of one St. John, a martyr. We kissed these relics, and returned home. On that same day, after dinner, many of the pilgrims packed up their bags, and went by boat on board of the galley, from whence they returned no more into the city, but remained on board of her until we all set sail.

On the 31st, which is the last day of May, we rose early and went to hear Masses at the church of St. Saviour, where there are regular Observantine Canons. After this we hired a boat, and caused ourselves to be taken to those churches whose patron saints are of peculiar service to those who are about to go on a pilgrimage; for now our time of departure was drawing near, and we wished to call upon the saints for their aid. First, therefore, we went to the church of St. Raphael the archangel, where we prayed to God that He would send us His holy archangel for our guide, even as He did to Tobias. Thence we rowed to the church of St. Michael the archangel, and begged him [*b*] to trample beneath his feet every evil thing that might assail us, whether from visible or invisible enemies. From thence we rowed to St. Christopher's, and begged him to bear us safely across the great sea. For between Venice and the Isle of Murano there is an isle, whereon stands a new and fair church of St. Christopher, with a monastery of White Friars. In that monastery is painted a very fine map of the world. From that isle we rowed to the church of St. Martha, the hostess of the Lord Jesus, and begged her that she would take care to provide us with good and honourable inns, or at all events provide us with patience to bear the shortcomings of our inns during our long journey. Round about this church dwell nuns who wear a white habit. When we had done this we returned to our inn. See how even when dwelling in a city we could not keep ourselves from making pilgrimages! I have written down only the holy and honourable wanderings which we made in the city of Venice. As for such as were undertaken out of curiosity, or worse motives, I pass them by, albeit they were made also. Here, then, endeth the account of our Venetian wanderings. Now, all that day we were busied in making ourselves ready for going on

board our ship on the morrow. We settled with our physician, paid the reckoning of Dame Margaret our hostess, entrusted those things which are useless at sea to the charge of Nicholas Frig, a German, who was the cellarer of the inn, and awaited the morrow.

Here follow certain things necessary to be explained for the understanding of our wanderings on the sea.

Before beginning to recount our wanderings at sea, I have thought it necessary to preface them by a few necessary explanations to clear up the many difficulties which must arise in describing a pilgrimage by sea. For a pilgrimage to the Holy Land is for the most part performed at sea, and the greater part of the time is spent in the sea-voyage. I have therefore determined to write three prefaces to it.

First, about the many kinds of seas, their natures, and their perils.

Second, about a three-banked galley and its arrangements.

Third, about the discipline and mode of life on board of a galley, and advice to those who sail therein.

When these three are properly understood, even he who has never beheld the sea may rest satisfied [that he will understand my story]

OF THE THREEFOLD NATURE OF THE SEA.

The sea is by nature threefold, consisting, that is to say, of the great sea, the greater sea, and the greatest sea. The great sea is the Mediterranean Sea, which is called 'our sea'; the greater sea is the Pontic Sea; the greatest sea is the Ocean, which runs round the world. We will first briefly consider the Ocean, and then the other seas.

[42 a] The Ocean, or greatest Ocean sea, is that which encloses the round world, running round about it like a ring. It is called Ocean both by the Greeks and the Latins, because it runs round the world ; either from its swiftness, because the ocean runs *ocius*, that is to say, fast, or by connecting its middle syllable *ce* with *coelum*, the heaven, because this sea hath a likeness to the heavens in colour, and of whatever colour the heavens may be, of that the Ocean will be likewise. This Ocean groweth out of the world, and hath its root and beginning therein ; moreover, the end of the one is at the end of the other. It is likewise the origin of all the waters in the world, which flow from it and to it. Wherefore the Ocean is named the home of rivers and the fountain of showers ; yet it is not increased by the influx of the one, nor decreased by the efflux of the other, because it gives back as much water as it receives. Yet it seems marvellous, seeing that there are so great a number of rivers running thither and so continual, so almost infinite a pouring in of waters, that Ocean should not wax greater thereby. Nor is it less wondrous that though many rivers flow from it underground, and the stars draw a great part of its waters away, because the sun and the other stars do by their fierce fires draw away a very great abundance of water, and pour it round about all the stars, to temper the fiery parts of them, yet by these copious draughts of the stars the Ocean is nowise minished, because, as aforesaid, it takes in again as much as it loses by these draughts. How this is brought about is known to God alone, for the world is the work of His hands, and He alone knows all the parts thereof. This sea beyond all others follows the courses of the moon, and is therefore a whirlpool which sucks in waters and ships, and casts them up again ; and it draws its waters in and out with a stronger current when there is a new moon. This whirl-

pool is called 'the great deep,' whereof we read in Genesis, chapter vii., verse 11: 'All the fountains of the great deep were broken up.' Over against this are cavernous places and wide-open caves, wherein the winds take their rise from the breath of the waters, and those caverns are as it were the nostrils¹ of the world, and that breath is called in Scripture the spirit of the storm. The winds by their breathing through these open caverns drive the waters of the sea inwards into the great deep, and force them to gush forth again with a more violent current. These matters are discussed at large by Vincentius in the '*Speculum Naturae*.' The waters of this sea are salt, as also are those of the other seas, as will be explained hereafter. Now, the size of the Ocean is such that nothing can be compared therewith, and its breadth is such as cannot be crossed, and beyond it there is no land; but that sea is bounded only by air thick with clouds; howbeit, there is land beneath it. According to the regular order of nature, the whole surface of the earth would be covered with water, but God of His infinite mercy was pleased to keep a portion of the earth dry for a dwelling for men and beasts, when He said: 'Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear.' This part which stands above the waters is meant when it is said of the world itself that 'He hath founded it upon the seas' (Psa. xxi. 2), so that it would be covered thereby were not the waves kept back by the power of the Creator. Wherefore saith the Psalm: 'Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over, that they turn not again to cover the earth' (Psa. civ. 9). And also Job (xxxviii. 8): 'Who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth.' Whosoever wishes to have a clear understanding of these things,

¹ The text reads *mudinæres*. The interpretation was pointed out to me by F. Bickley, Esq., of the British Museum.

let him read the commentaries of Paulus¹ of Burgos on the 'Postilla' of De Lyra, concerning the works of the third day, where we read: 'Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place.' From this sea and into it flow other seas, the Mediterranean, the Pontic Sea, [b] and the Red Sea, like branches from one stem.

The Pontic Sea is called the Greater Sea, not that it is really larger than our sea, but because it is divided by no islands, or scarcely any. It is called the Pontic Sea because all that collection of waters flows through the narrow channel where Xerxes crossed by a bridge (*pons*) made of ships, which strait is called the Hellespont. Or it may be called the Pontic Sea because it is without a bridge, and cannot be crossed by a bridge. Or it may be called Pontic from 'point,' because it is said to be round like a point or spot. Or it may be called Pontic because it is short. This sea is commonly known as Pontus Euxinus, from the morals of its inhabitants, as we are told by Isidorus; for according to Ptolemaeus the people of the Euxine had the worst possible character for morals, so that no one meddled with them, and they were as an asylum to which the people of other countries fled for refuge. Moreover, the river Euxes, which flows from Mount Caucasus, empties itself into this sea, and gives it its name; or perhaps the river takes its name from the sea. At the back of Pontus is the very wide Maeotic marsh, which receives the river Tanais, the boundary between Europe and Asia, which flows from the Rhiphaean Mountains. And this Pontus Euxinus is a sea of sweeter water than other seas, from the number of rivers of fresh water which run into it. Indeed, our own river Danube,

¹ Paulus de Sancta Maria was first Bishop of Carthagená, and subsequently Bishop of Burgos. He wrote a commentary on De Lyra's 'Postilla' in 1473.

swelled by sixty other great rivers, runs through seven mouths into the Euxine Sea.

The Great Sea is that which is called 'our sea,' and 'the Mediterranean Sea'; and it is my purpose to speak of this sea rather than of the others. In the first place, it is called 'the Great Sea' because in comparison with it other seas and lakes are smaller. Secondly, it is called 'our sea' because it is known to us, is near to us, and is used by us. Thirdly, it is called 'the Mediterranean' because it flows through the midst of the earth, from the west even unto the east, seeing that it lies between the principal parts of the world, namely, Europe, Asia, and Africa, and divides and marks off each of them from the other by itself and its arms. For on the west and north it has Europe, on the east Asia, on the south Africa. Wherefore the pilgrim who goes to St. Catharine's touches by sea at each one of these three parts of the world. He begins his voyage in Europe; at Crete, Rhodes, and Cyprus he reaches Asia, and when he arrives at Alexandria in Egypt he will be in Africa; for the Nile divides Asia from Africa, on the African side whereof is Alexandria. Now, our sea joins the two afore-mentioned seas, and the waters of the Pontic Sea, the Ocean and the Mediterranean are all the same, seeing that they flow from the kingdoms of Spain past Gaul, Italy, Sicily, and Crete as far as Egypt. That branch by which it joins the Ocean near Spain is properly termed the Strait of Morocco, and divides the kingdom of Morocco, which is in Africa, from Spain. Between these two countries the Mediterranean Sea flows in from the Ocean through the aforesaid strait, which is scarce a quarter of a mile in width. For washerwomen stand on either bank, pagan women in Morocco, Christian women in Spain, and abuse one another, and there Africa is divided from Europe.

Its other arm, which is called the Hellespont, or the arm of St. George, joins it to the Pontic Sea, and this arm divides Europe from Asia Minor, which is now called Turkey, because the Turk has taken the whole thereof. Vulgarly this arm is called the Gulf of Constantinople, for that the city of Constantinople stands upon its European shore. At the place where this arm begins to leave the Mediterranean, on the shore of Asia Minor, the ancient and powerful city of Troy is said to have stood: howbeit, it has not been proved with complete certainty that Troy stood there. Thus our sea is rightly called the Mediterranean, because it lies in the midst of the land, and holds the middle place between the two other seas. All rivers known to us run into these three seas. Our river Danube leads to the eastward along with itself into the Pontic Sea, which is otherwise called the Euxine, all the rivers which run from the Rhaetian Mountains. [43 *a*] The Rhine rises in the Rhaetic Mountains and runs to the westward, and takes innumerable rivers into the Ocean along with itself. The Rhône, whose source is close to that of the Rhine, runs to the southward, and takes the remaining rivers with it into the Tyrrhenian Sea. So, too, the Adige, the Po, and the Brenta, which rise in the Alps, run into the Mediterranean Sea. There are also other seas well known to us from Scripture, which are all connected with some one of the three aforesaid seas, albeit by channels which we cannot see—it is believed by subterranean rivers: as, for instance, in the east there is the Caspian Sea, which is solitary and has no apparent connection with any other, yet is said to flow secretly beneath the earth into the Pontic Sea. Moreover, the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea are said to flow by hidden channels into the Red Sea, which flows from Ocean, and is a tongue of Ocean whereby Persia and

Arabia are bounded, and whereby men sail to India, as we are told by Jerome in his letter to Fabiola.

Furthermore, it should be noted that this Mediterranean Sea, being one, has nevertheless various names according to the various countries whose shores it washes, even as the earth, which is one, has various names. Sometimes it borrows its names from countries, as, for example, it is called the Asiatic Sea, the Syrian Sea, or the Iberian Sea ; sometimes from islands, as the Balearic, the Sicilian, the Cretan, or the Cyprian Sea ; sometimes from promontories, as the Malean or Aegean ; sometimes from nations, as the German, Gaulish, Italian, Dalmatian Sea ; sometimes from the neighbouring cities, as the Adriatic, Tyrian, Joppa, Alexandrian, or Venetian Sea. Wherefore, when you read in my wanderings of different seas, it must be understood that it is but one sea, which has different names.

This sea, like the Ocean and the other seas which flow from it, contains water which is salt, bitter, distasteful, unwholesome, and altogether unfit for drinking, and more loathsome than urine, both for man and beast. The reason of this saltiness is a great mystery, as we may learn from the fact that the ancient philosophers took great pains to find out the cause of it, and seem to have erred very far from the truth in assigning causes to it, even as they have erred in the matter of the Nile and its rising, as may be seen in Part II., p. 119, *a*, *b*, throughout. Even so they have fallen into mere folly when they discuss the causes of the saltiness of the sea. For the most ancient Demogorgonists, being unable to rise above sensual ideas, told a fable that Demogorgon, whom they thought to have been the first parent of all things, tore away a great fiery mass from the mountain Acroceraunus, and after having pressed it together into a solid globe, dipped

it six times in the Ocean, in consequence of which immersion the whole collection of waters began to boil and be hot, so that, had he not straightway drawn that globe out again, the whole enormous mass of waters would have been turned into solid salt; but since he wished that there should be sea, it remained water, but salt water. Moreover, Aristotle in his second book of *Meteorics* has a long discussion about why the sea is salt; but besides what Aristotle himself says, some declare that, as the earth is warmed by the sun it sweats out the moisture which is in it, and that thus the sea is formed by the collecting together of this sweat, and that, seeing that sweat is salt, even so the sea, being the sweat of the earth, is salt. Wherefore these men say that the sea is nothing more than the sweat which is always flowing from the surface of the earth. Others say that because the sea lies above the torrid zone of the earth, it is thickened by its heat, and, like fresh water, is made into salt through heat. Others say that some part of the earth is salt, and that when the sea mixes with it it is made salt by this earth, as, for example, water which has been filtered through ashes becomes salt. Others say that the saltiness arises from the mixture of warm vapour with the particles of water; for sweat and urine, both of which are acted upon by heat, are known to be salt. Others say that the water of the sea is dried up by the heat of the sun; for the sun dries and drinks up everything, and thus the savour of salt is infused into the sea because it lies widely open to receive its heat, so that the water, being decocted by the heat of the sun and the stars, is made salt, even as fresh water by decoction becomes solid salt, and a man who drinks sweet wine and sweet water voids salt urine, because heat produces bitterness. Others say that the sun draws away all the sweet and thin particles, which are easily attracted by the power

of fire, and that all the harsher and thicker particles are left behind ; wherefore the surface of the sea is sweetest, [b] and the bottom is bitterest. Now, the moon is fed by fresh water, but the sun by salt water. Sea-water freezes less readily than fresh water, but becomes warm sooner ; wherefore sweetness and saltness are mixed in the sea, as may be proved thus : If a vessel be made of wax, and closed on all sides, so that the water cannot enter it, and then this vessel be placed in the sea, then the sea-water, as it filters through the sides, will, when inside, become sweet and drinkable, and all the thick salt particles will be removed from it as though by a colander. Moreover, if a man digs a pit on the beach near the sea, the water which percolates into it from the sea through the sand becomes sweet and drinkable.

Others refer the saltness of the sea to a more theological cause : for it is more reverent to say that the sea was created salt as it now is, by God, and that just as each of the other elements has its own special nature, even so saltness is the nature of the sea, which, unless it were thus seasoned with salt, would grow putrid like other stagnant waters, and some foul lakes : for which cause also it has been ordained by God that the sea should be in continual movement, that by the motion of its substance it may be preserved from corruption ; for by continual movement it is refined and saved from corruption. This saltness also has been ordained by the Divine wisdom in order that ships may more easily sail upon it, and that those who cross it may incur less danger. For salt water is much thicker and heavier than fresh, because the fresh is filtered and refined ; wherefore salt water is better for carrying ships. For ships which would not sink in salt water often sink in fresh, as may be proved, because an egg sinks in fresh water, but swims on salt. Moreover, the saltness of

the sea is of great service to men's health, for if the sea were drinkable men could hardly cross it alive, because through the heat of the sun, and the toils of the sea, mariners are usually exceeding thirsty; and if they had sweet water to drink as much as they would, they would destroy themselves. It is therefore useful for the saving of the lives of those who sail upon the sea that it should be salt. Sea-water is thick and loathsome; wherefore when drawn out of the sea and poured upon stones it straightway is converted into salt by the heat of the sun. From this natural saltiness the sea derives its name, and is called the sea (*mare*) because of its bitterness (*amaritudo*). Of this sea mention is made in Amos v. 8: 'Seek Him . . . that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth; the Lord is His name.' Upon which passage Jerome (Book VI., p. 3, *b*) comments as follows: 'God calls the waters of the sea when He raises them up, bitter as they are, by the heat of the air, and clarifies and purifies them into the sweet waters of rain.' With regard to the saltiness of the sea, see the 'Speculum Naturae,' Book VI., chapter 9. Sea-water contracts divers qualities, which is brought about as follows: Whereas the earth is cavernous, the water, being liquid, runs into it down below, and there passing through watercourses, is filtered and thinned, and contracts divers qualities from the nature of the earth. For if it passes through sandy and stony earth, it obtains from thence a sweet savour, and becomes clear, and hard, and cold. If it passes through salt earth, it is salt; if through muddy earth, it is vapid to the taste; if through beds of sulphur, or chalk, or copper, it is bitter; if it runs through pits full of alum and sulphur, it contracts from them [44 *a*] heat and a foul smell. Thus it obtains different qualities according to the varieties of the earth through which it

flows, even as it changes its colour according to the varieties of the wind: for at one time it is yellow, at another white, at another black; now muddy, now dark, now clear, now thick; sometimes golden, sometimes ruddy; whatever colours are to be seen in the sky may be seen in the sea also; albeit to one who looks at both together, and compares them, they will often appear different. Often it seems that though the sky is bright, yet the waters look black like coals. This is brought about because it takes its colour sometimes from the blowing of the winds, and sometimes from the radiance of the firmament.

OF THE VARIOUS PERILS OF THOSE WHO TRAVEL
BY SEA.

A journey by sea is subject to many hardships. The sea itself is very injurious to those who are unaccustomed to it, and very dangerous on many accounts; for it strikes terror into the soul; it causes headache, it provokes vomiting and nausea; it destroys appetite for food and drink; it acts as an alterative on the human body; it excites the passions and produces many strange vices; it causes extreme and deadly perils, and often brings men to a most cruel death. And the most terrible danger is that it is the wise who are most afraid of it, while fools hold it cheap. Wherefore when the great philosopher Aristippus was in a storm at sea, suffering from nausea and upsetting of the stomach, and racked with headache, he feared for his life. When it grew calm, and all were become as well as before, a chattering fellow said to the philosopher: 'What is the reason that we laymen are brave, and you philosophers are frightened?' He replied: 'Because we have not the same sort of life to take care of. It would be unbecoming for you to show any solicitude about the life of a detestable scoundrel like yourself; but I when in

danger had a right to fear that a philosopher should die. For rich men fear thieves more than paupers. I bear about me a soul full of virtues ; I am justified, therefore, in fearing that most subtle thief, that most hardened brigand, that most cruel robber, the sea.' All these afore-mentioned perils of the sea can be proved by no one so well as by one who has endured them, who has not learned them by reading books, or listening to travellers, but by his own feelings and experience. See Ecclesiasticus, chap. xliii., v. 26 (24): 'They that sail upon the sea tell of the danger thereof, and when we hear it with our ears we marvel thereat.' As a rule, those who cross the sea suffer perils caused either by the sea, the wind, or the ship: albeit there are special perils without number, arising either from a man's own disposition, or from evil companionship, or from want of food and drink, or from bad steersmen, or excessive heat or cold, or bad equipment, and the like, of which perils there are so many that words would fail me should I attempt to tell them all. Wherefore I will say somewhat about the general dangers of the sea, and the especial ones will be shown in the course of my story, and some of them have to some extent been shown in the account of my first pilgrimage.

The first danger which mariners incur arises from the sea. For if the sea be thickly studded with rocks and crags, as it is among the isles called Cyclades, and in the Athæan Sea, and off the coast of Illyria and Dalmatia, it cannot be crossed without peril. In these parts it is impossible to sail at night because of the rocks, capes, and crags. This danger was feared by the sailors who carried St. Paul, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, xxvii. 29. I myself have often been in this danger. Or, again, if the bottom of the sea be not level, but at one place raised up by heaps of sand, in another sinking down like a whirlpool, or at any rate uneven, with deep pits and

valleys, in such a place it is hard for ships to pass, for albeit the sea looks level everywhere (wherefore it is sometimes called *aequor* in Latin), yet, when a ship comes to the place where the bottom is uneven, [b] it stops short, and unless there be a wind to drive it along, it is hard to move it away from thence. This I learned by experience, as appears on page 17.

Secondly, they incur peril from the air; for a very moderate wind renders the sea unquiet, stormy, rough, boiling and tumultuous, wherefore the sea is often called *fretum* in Latin. It is perilous to put to sea in stormy, cloudy, wet and dark weather, especially when the ship is being carried into danger and the danger can(not) be seen. What is dreaded above all is an exceeding violent wind, especially when the wind is contrary, and rises suddenly; then shipwreck is dreaded. This danger is common, and I have often been in it myself.

The third peril arises from the weakness and insufficiency of the ship itself; for it is not safe to entrust one's self to a ship which is too small, or which is weak, or damaged, or old, because such a vessel is not safe in a raging storm, for it either is overwhelmed by the waves by reason of its small size, and oversets, or else, owing to its weakness, is crushed by the force of the winds and waves. Sometimes through the steersman's want of skill a vessel takes longer than it should do to reach its port; wherefore a fourth general peril may be added to the list, which peril arises from the ignorance, or laziness, or carelessness and sleepiness of ship-masters; and this also I have experienced.

It is horrible to see the danger that there is in getting into a small boat from a galley, or from a galley into a small boat when it is blowing fresh. One must then make one step or leap, and if by chance a man's foot does not reach the galley or the boat, he must fall into the sea, and perish without hope of aid. See page 60.

Moreover, there is another danger, of which the inexperienced would never think; nor is it to be found in the books of writers about the perils of the sea, and yet it is most distressing, though it does not cause terror. When all the winds are silent, and the sea is dumb, and it is calm everywhere, I declare of a truth that such a calm of the sea and silence of the wind is more distressing to travellers by sea than any of the aforesaid perils, except actual shipwreck. For when no winds blow, and the sea is without motion, and the ship stays fixed in its place, then everything that is on board becomes putrid, and foul, and mouldy; the water begins to stink, the wine becomes undrinkable, meat, even when dried and smoked, becomes full of maggots, and all of a sudden there spring into life innumerable flies, gnats, fleas, lice, worms, mice and rats. Moreover, all men on board become lazy, sleepy, and untidy from the heat, fretful from the evil passions of melancholy, anger, and envy, and troubled with other like distempers. I have seen few men die on board ship during storms, but many I have seen sicken and die during these calms aforesaid. All this will appear in the course of my story. There are perils of the sea known by other names; for example, there is a peril called *Bythalassium*,¹ another called *Syrtis*, another *Charybdis*. *Bythalassium* is when two seas rush together, and by that rush endanger a ship. *Syrtis* is a place where there are heaps of sand, and where the bottom of the sea is not level, so that in one place the water is deep, and close by it is shoal, or where there are hidden rocks upon which a ship might strike. *Charybdis*, according to the fables of the poets, was a very greedy old woman, who, because she had stolen the oxen of [45 a] *Hercules*, was struck by *Jove* with a thunderbolt, and cast into the sea, and who, even

¹ ἐιθάλασσον, Acts xxvii. 41.

to this day, prowls about the bottom of the sea, and strives to draw passing ships down to herself, that she may rob them as she was wont of old. Wherefore those places in which ships are sucked down, and where there are hidden whirlpools, like the place among the Isles of Gozapolis mentioned in page 13, are called Charybdises, and the danger itself is called a Charybdis, from the old woman Charybdis, who, the ancients believed, drew down ships in such places as these. There is also another peril, which some name Gulf, which is incurred by sailors when winds burst forth from caves among mountains with such force that the ship is thrown over upon its side. Another peril is named Grupp, and happens when two winds fight one against the other, and a ship between them is lashed by gusts from opposite quarters. Yet another peril is to be met with, which is called Troyp, from the fish Troys, which, when it becomes aware of a ship, comes forth from the depths, and pierces the ship with his beak; for he has a beak fashioned like an auger, and unless he be driven away from the ship he bores through it. He cannot be forced away from the ship save by a fearless look, so that one should lean out of the ship over the water, and unflinchingly look into the eyes of the fish, while the fish meanwhile looks at him with a terrible gaze. If he who looks at the fish grows terrified, and begins to turn his eyes away, the beast straightway rises, snatches him down beneath the water, and devours him. Let this suffice about the perils of the sea.

ABOUT THE SHIP IN WHICH THE PILGRIMS CROSS THE
SEA, WHICH IS NAMED A GALLEY; HOW GREAT
AND OF WHAT SORT IT IS.

The sea hath various and different ships, which are great, middle-sized, and small ones. At first there were none but

small ships on the sea, up to the time of Jason, for whom Argus built a great ship, wherein he and his comrades the Argonauts sailed to Colchis. Afterwards Aminodes built triremes for the Corinthians to use against them of Corcyra. The first inventor of ships is said to have been Athlas in Libya, who sailed on the sea. Howbeit, I intend here to speak only of that sort of ship in which pilgrims to the Holy Land are wont to cross the sea, which is called a galley, which name this kind of vessel hath even in the canonical books of Holy Scripture, as is shown in the accounts of Jews and Saracens. A galley is one of the middle-sized kind of seagoing ships, and is not of the greatest, nor yet of the smallest sort. This vessel is named in Latin a *bireme* or a *trireme*. Isidorus, in his nineteenth book of Etymologies, calls it a *dorma*. Howbeit, common people, whether they be Germans or Italians, call it a galley. The vessel is given this name because the prow has the shape of a helmet (*gulea*), when viewed from the front, and because it meets the waves like an armed man. A galley is an oblong vessel, which is propelled both by sails and oars. All galleys are alike, or very nearly so, in shape, but differ in size, because some galleys are great ones, which are called triremes, some small, which are named biremes; and there is a further difference, in that some galleys are ships of war, and others are ships of burthen. In my first pilgrimage I went across the sea in a bireme, but in my second in a trireme. Now, a bireme is one which is rowed by pairs and pairs of oars; but a trireme is one which is rowed by threes and threes of oars, because on each bench it has three oars, and as many rowers. Now, the galley on board of which I crossed the second time had sixty cross-benches, and upon each bench three rowers with their oars; and if it be equipped as a war-galley it has an archer with his bow on every bench

together with the rowers. The length was thirty-three cubits, understanding by a cubit as far as a man can reach with both his arms stretched out. This length is the measurement from the prow even to the stern, and the breadth thereof is seven cubits, measuring across the ship just by the mast. But if we were to measure the entire breadth which it has when the oars are put out on either side, then it will be thirteen cubits in width. In height, measuring from the well to the *keba*, or truck, which is on the top of the mast and [b] in the round top, it measured more than eighteen cubits.

Now, all galleys of the same size are so much alike in all respects that a man who passes from his own galley on board of another would hardly find out that he was on another, except from the officers and crews of the vessels being different, for Venetian galleys are as like one to another as swallows' nests. They are built of the stoutest timbers, and fastened together with many bolts, chains, and irons. The first and foremost part of a galley, which is called the prow, is sharp where it meets the sea, and has a strong beak, made somewhat like a dragon's head, with open mouth, all of which is made of iron, wherewith to strike any ship which it may meet. On either side of the beak are two holes, through which a man can put his head, through which are passed the cables of the anchors, and through which the anchors are pulled up; nor can the sea run in through those holes except in great storms. The beak of the prow reaches high up, and from it the belly of the ship begins to swell round against the sea. The prow likewise has a sail of its own, named *dalum*, which is commonly called *trinkutum*; and it has beneath it a small chamber, wherein ropes and sails are stored, and therein sleeps the captain of the prow, who has a crew of his own, who dwell there and nowhere else,

and do the work of that part of the ship ; and it is also the place of the poor wretches whom the slaves of the prow pick up. Also on either side of the prow hang great iron anchors, which at fitting seasons are let down into the sea. The stern, which is the other and hindermost end of the galley, is not sharp where it meets the sea, like the prow, nor has it a beak ; but it is wide and curves from above downwards to the water, and is much higher than the prow, having upon it a building which they call the castle. From it there hangs down into the sea the rudder, or rudder-post, above which, in a latticed chamber, is the steersman, holding the tiller in his hands. The castle has three stories : the first, wherein is the steersman and the compass, and he who tells the steersman how the compass points, and those who watch the stars and winds, and point out the way across the sea ; the middle one, wherein is the chamber of the Lord and captain of the ship, and of his noble comrades and messmates ; and the lowest one, which is the place wherein noble ladies are housed at night, and where the captain's treasure is stored. This chamber receives no light save through the hatchway in the floor above it. On either side of the poop hang the boats, one large, and one small, which in harbours are lowered into the sea, and used for landing people. On the right-hand side are the steps, down which one goes to the boats at sea, or up which one comes from them. The poop also has its own sail, which is bigger than the sail at the prow, and which they call *mezavala*, that is, 'the middle sail' : its Latin name is *epidromus*. Upon the poop also the flag is always hoisted, to show which way the wind is blowing. Two benches beyond the house on the poop, on the right-hand side, is the kitchen, which is not covered in : beneath the kitchen is the cellar, and beside the kitchen is the stable for animals for slaughter, wherein sheep, goats,

calves, oxen, cows and pigs stand all together. Further on, on the same side, are cross-benches with oars all the way to the prow. On the left-hand side there are rowers' benches [46 a] all the way from the poop to the prow, and on every bench three rowers and an archer. Between two benches on the edge of the ship on either side there hangs a *bombarda* in a movable iron swivel, and on either side there is a *bombardana*, from which, in case of necessity, stones are shot forth. In the midst of the ship stands the mast, a tall, thick and strong tree made of many beams fastened together, which supports the yard with the *accaton*, or mainsail. On the top of the mast is the chamber which the Germans call 'the basket,'¹ the Italians the 'keba,' the Latins 'carceria.'² On deck beside the mast there is an open space wherein men assemble to talk, as in a market-place; and it is called the market-place of the galley. The mainsail has in its width fifty-three cloths, each of which cloths measures more than an ell; but to meet different kinds of weather different sails are hoisted, not so large as the *accaton*. In storms they set a square sail of stout canvas, which they call *papafigo*. Now, on this upper deck of the galley dwell the officers of the galley, and the galley-slaves, each man upon his own bench, and there they sleep, eat, and work. Between the benches along either side is a pretty wide space, wherein stand great chests full of merchandise, and above those chests there is a walk from the stern to the prow, on which the officers run up and down when the oars are being worked. Close to the mast is the main hatchway, through which one descends by seven steps into the cabin, which is the place where the pilgrims live, or where the cargo is put in galleys of burthen. Now in length this cabin reaches from the cellar in the stern to the small chamber in the prow, and in

* 'Korb.'

* 'Carchesia.' See Facciolati, *s.v.*

width from one side of the ship to the other, and it is like a great and spacious chamber. It receives no light save what comes through the four hatchways by which it is entered. In this cabin every pilgrim has his own berth or sleeping-place. The berths of the pilgrims are so arranged that all along the ship, or rather the cabin, one berth joins the next one without any space left between them, and one pilgrim lies by the side of another, along both sides of the ship, having their heads towards the sides of the ship, and their feet stretching out towards one another. As the cabin is wide, there stand along the middle of it, between the berths, chests and pilgrims' trunks, reaching from the cellar to the chamber in the prow, in which the pilgrims keep their own private property, and the feet of the sleepers on either side stretch out as far as these trunks. Beneath the pilgrims is a large space reaching deep down to the bottom of the galley, which space is called the belly of the galley, for a galley is not flat-bottomed like other ships, but is sharp from the bows to the stern, so that a galley ends in a sharp foot below, so sharp that when it is not in the water it cannot stand upright on the land, but must lie on its side. This sharp hold is filled with sand right up to the deck-beams, whereon the pilgrims lie; and the pilgrims lift up the deck and bury in the sand the bottles wherein they keep their wine, and eggs and other things which need to be kept cool. Down below, in the place where the pilgrims live, is the well for bilge water, just by the middle of the mast, and this well does not contain human filth, but all the water which visibly or invisibly enters [*b*] the galley filters through and collects in that well, and a most loathsome smell arises from it, a worse smell than that from any closet of human ordure. This well has to be pumped out once in every day, but in rough weather the water has to be drawn out of it without cessa-

tion. Along the outer sides of the galley are places arranged for necessary purposes.

The whole galley, within and without, is covered with the blackest pitch, as are even the ropes, planks, and everything else, that they may not easily be rotted by the water. The ropes for working the sails and anchors take up a large part of the galley, because they are many, and are long, thick, and of manifold kinds. It is wondrous to see the multitude of ropes and their joinings and twinings about the vessel. A galley is like a monastery, for the place of prayer is on the upper deck beside the mast, where also is the market-place; the middle part of the poop answers to the common refectory; the benches of the galley-slaves and berths of the pilgrims are the dormitory; the chapter-house is over against the kitchen; the prisons are beneath the deck of the prow and poop; the cellar, kitchen, and stable are all open to the sky on the upper deck. Thus in brief, passing over many things, you have the portraiture of a galley. St. Jerome, in his epistle to a sick friend, compares the world to the sea, and the cloister to a ship, and moralizes thereon, pointing out how the world is like the sea because it is by nature restless and boisterous without wind, raising even in time of calm fierce and dreadful waves, and even if it hurt not those who float upon it, yet its vastness, even when doing no harm, strikes somewhat of terror into the heart; nor do those who sail thereon lack terrors often, and blows from the waves, yet after them the steersman may sometimes spread abroad all his sails without fear. In the world, as at sea, prosperity is rare, disorder is common; both are full of alarms and terrors; distempers, too, are not lacking; the only safe harbour is death.

OF THE CONSTITUTION BY WHICH A GALLEY IS
GOVERNED.

The constitution of a ship is of all constitutions the most exactly arranged; wherefore Aristotle and other writers on politics all alike take their examples from naval systems, and draw inferences from it, as appears in the beginning of the first book of 'Ethics.' For in a ship more than anywhere else there is the household community which includes all other communities, for without it neither a kingdom, nor a city, nor a village can exist, and it is the first of all. Now a perfect house contains three communities: that of husband and wife, of master and servant, of father and son. The household of a ship does not include the first of these; the second it has in perfection, and it contains a sort of likeness of the third. In it there is the master and captain, with many servants; and he likewise is the father and protector of the pilgrims, who are, as it were, his sons. Aristotle, in his first book of 'Politics,' defines three forms of household rules, the first being the rule of a husband over his wife, which again exists in a ship, and whose meaning is that by means of generation the community of the house may be perpetuated; but no one tries to perpetuate the community of a ship, but rather to break it up as soon as possible by arriving at the desired haven. The second is the paternal rule, that, namely, whereby a father rules his sons; and this connection exists between the captain and the pilgrims, as far as obedience goes, seeing that it is their duty to obey the captain. The third is the despotic rule, being that whereby a master rules his servants, and this kind of discipline is most elaborate and orderly in a nautical [47 *a*] household, wherein the noble captain, who is the first mover and teacher, appoints for the rest different orders and

degrees of authority over one another, but remains himself immovable as the king and governor, at whose bidding a ship is carried whithersoever he will. He does not interfere with the art of navigation, nor does he understand it, but merely orders the ship to be sailed hither or thither. All who are in the ship stand in awe of him, and all grave disputes either between the pilgrims or the crew are referred to him. No one is appointed captain of a galley, especially of one which carries pilgrim knights, unless he be noble, powerful, rich, wise and honourable. When appointed he takes with him some wise and tried friends, with whom he takes counsel, and to whom he tells his secret thoughts. Moreover he chooses and hires a brave and warlike man, experienced in naval warfare, and appoints him chief of the armament, or, what they call, 'master-at-arms.' He provides the galley with cannons, catapults, bows, spears, clubs and swords, corslets and shields. The captain has likewise a steward, who provides everything connected with victuals, and whom they call the *Schalk*. He manages the cellar and kitchen, and sees after the bread and the wine, and the beasts for slaughter, and every day gives orders to the cooks and the cellarer to make such and such arrangements about food and drink; and should food or drink fail, it is no one's fault save his, and he alone bears the blame of it. Wherefore *Schalks* are generally hated on board ship. Moreover the captain has another powerful officer, whom they call the *Caliph*, who rules the galley and all her parts in so far that he watches whether anything is wrong, whether any part of her is broken, or anything hinders her sailing. He trims the cargo, refits and repairs damages, and looks after the galley from her well to her mast-head, from her prow to her poop. Another powerful officer of the ship is called the *Pirate*, by which we Germans suppose is meant the

Pilot. He knows the safest and nearest routes across the sea, and the ship's course is directed according to his orders and advice. Should he come into a part of the sea with which he is unacquainted, he causes them to put into the nearest port, and there lays down his office, while the captain engages another pilot who knows the paths of the sea, lest through ignorance the ship might meet with a Bythalassium, a Syrtis, or a Charybdis. With this same pilot are certain cunning men, astrologers and sooth-sayers, who watch the signs of the stars and the sky and decide what winds will blow, and give advice to the pilot himself. These men are all alike so learned in their art that by looking at the heavens they can foretell storms or calms, whereof they can also read signs in the colour of the sea, in the flocking together and movement of the dolphins and flying fish, in the smoke of the fire, the smell of the bilge water, the glittering of the ropes and cables at night, and the flashing of the oars as they dip into the [b] sea. At night they know all the hours by looking at the stars. Beside the mast they have one compass, and another in the uppermost chamber of the castle, and a lamp always burns beside it at night ; nor do they ever turn their eyes away from it when sailing at night, but one always gazes at the compass, and chants a kind of sweet song, which shows that all is going well, and in the same tone he chants to him that holdeth the tiller of the rudder, to which quarter the rudder itself ought to be moved : nor does the steersman dare to move the tiller any whither save by the orders of him who looks after the compass, wherein he sees whether the ship be going straight or crookedly, or sideways. See more about this subject hereafter. They have also other instruments by means whereof they learn the courses of the stars, the blasts of the winds, and the paths of the sea ; for instance,

they have a chart, which is an ell long, and an ell broad, whereon the whole sea is drawn with thousands and thousands of lines, and countries are marked with dots and miles by figures. In this chart they observe and see where they are, even when they can see no land, and when the stars themselves are hid by clouds. This they find out on the chart by drawing a curve from one line to another, and from one point to another with wondrous pains. They have also many other instruments with which they find their way over the sea, and they sit together every day conferring about them. Next to these the chief officer of the galley, who does the actual work, and who first receives the orders of the navigators, is called the *Cometa*, and is, as it were, the mate of the galley. His place is below the castle between the rowers' benches on the upper deck. To him the captain confides his wishes, and he thereupon sets the whole crew in motion. He carries hanging round his neck a silver whistle, with which he gives the signal for what nautical labours are to be performed; and at whatever time of the day or night that whistle is heard, straightway all men run making a whistling noise in answer. This officer orders them to put into or out of harbour, to let go or weigh up the anchors, to set or furl the sails, to work at the oars or to cease working, to heave the lead, to plant mooring-posts ashore, or to let go moorings. All his subordinates fear him as they would fear the Devil, because he strikes with staves, and punishes whomsoever he will with his fists and with ropes' ends; nor dare any murmur against him, because all would rise and attack the murmurer if the signal were given. I have seen most inhuman cruelties practised by these mates on the poor galley-slaves. Under him there is another who is called the *baron*, or boatswain, of the galley, who moves and is moved by the mate's

orders, and always lives in the middle of the galley near the mast. He also carries a whistle to give orders with hanging round his neck, and where the mate cannot be, thither runs the boatswain whistling, shouting, and encouraging the men to work. His special charge is the ropes, sails, and anchors, that they shall always be fit and ready for use, and he has especial privileges and rights on board the vessel. Under him there is another officer known as the *sub parono*, who takes his orders and gives them [48 a] to others. After these come some men who are called *compani*, that is, comrades, about nine in number, some of whom, however, are superior to others in station, and these are the men who know how to run about the ropes like cats, who ascend the shrouds very swiftly up to the cap, run along the yard standing upright even in the fiercest storms, who weigh up the anchors, diving into deep water if they stick fast, and who do all the most dangerous work on board. They are in general very active young men, who are quite reckless of their lives, and are also bold and powerful in the galley like a baron's armed followers. Under these again there are others who are called mariners, who sing when work is going on, because work at sea is very heavy, and is only carried on by a concert between one who sings out orders and the labourers who sing in response. So these men stand by those who are at work, and sing to them, encourage them, and threaten to spur them on with blows. Great weights are dragged about by their means. They are generally old and respectable men. Lowest of all are the galley-slaves of the first and second class, whom in Latin we call *remiges*, or rowers, who sit on the cross-benches to work at the oars. There are a great many of them, and they all are big men; but their labours are only fit for asses, and they are urged to perform them by shouts,

blows, and curses. Just as when horses are drawing loaded carts up a steep road, the harder they pull, the more they are urged on, so these wretches, when they are pulling with their utmost strength, are still beaten to make them pull harder. I am weary of writing, and shudder to think of the tortures and punishments of those men: I have never seen beasts of burden so cruelly beaten as they are. They are frequently forced to let their tunics and shirts hang from their girdles, and work with bare backs, arms and shoulders, that they may be reached by whips and scourges. These galley-slaves are for the most part the bought slaves of the captain, or else they are men of low station, or prisoners, or men who have run away, or been driven out of their own countries, or exiles, or such as are so unhappy that they cannot live or gain a livelihood ashore. Whenever there is any fear of their making their escape, they are secured to their benches by chains. As a rule they are Macedonians, and men from Albania, Achaia, Illyria and Sclavonia; and sometimes there are among them Turks and Saracens, who, however, conceal their religion. I never saw a German galley-slave, because no German could survive such misery. They are so accustomed to their misery that they work feebly and to no purpose unless someone stands over them and beats them like asses and curses them. They are fed most wretchedly, and always sleep on the boards of their rowing benches, and both by day and by night they are always in the open air ready for work, and when there is a storm they stand in the midst of the waves. In general they are thieves, and spare nothing that they find; for which crime they often are most cruelly tortured. When they are not at work they sit and play at cards and dice for gold and silver, with execrable oaths and blasphemies. I never have heard such terrible swearing as on board of

the aforesaid vessels, for they do nothing, either in jest or in earnest, without the foulest blasphemies of God and the Saints. Sometimes there are [b] among them some respectable merchants, who subject themselves to this most grievous servitude in order that they may ply their trade in harbours. Some are mechanics, such as tailors or shoemakers, and in their seasons of quiet make shoes, tunics, and shirts on board the ship ; some are washermen, and wash shirts on board for hire.

Indeed, in this respect all galley-slaves are alike ; they are all traders, and everyone of them has something for sale under his bench, which he offers for sale when in harbour, and trading goes on daily amongst them. Moreover they generally know at least three languages, to wit, Sclavonian, Greek, and Italian, and the greater part of them know Turkish as well. Even among the galley-slaves there are orders and degrees ; for some of them are put in authority over the others, and those who are most trusted are placed as guards round about the gangways of the galley, and are called 'guardians.' Some are in command of the prow ; some on the right-hand side, others on the left-hand side ; some serve in the stern, and these are the best treated. There are also on most galleys three or four strong youths who are learning to run about on the ropes, and who practise themselves in other labours which need courage. Besides the galley-slaves there are some cannoneers, some trumpeters, who always sound their trumpets in the morning and in the evening, before dinner and after dinner, and in all harbours. Some, too, are employed in cleaning and decorating the galley. There are also on board of it at least two barbers,¹ who also are physicians and surgeons,

¹ ' For a long time surgery was only an empirical art, carried on by monks and Jews, till the Council of Tours, in 1163, prohibited the

and there are withal torturers of malefactors, who, like 'lictors' ashore, torture whomsoever the captain may command. There is also another officer of great power in a galley, whom they call the 'scribe' or 'clerk,' who has all the names of the persons on board the galley written down in his books, and takes the names of those who come on board, or who leave in ship in each harbour. He arranges all disputes which arise about berths, and makes men pay their passage money, and has many duties. He is, as a rule, hated by everyone alike. So much for the officers of a galley.

OF JUSTICE AND JUDGMENT, WHICH ARE CAREFULLY
OBSERVED ON BOARD OF A GALLEY.

Now to the end that the peace may be kept among such a multitude, a place is set apart for justice, and strict justice is observed on a galley. There are on board judges, who every day, and as occasion arises, sit in judgment, hear both sides, and decide causes. The procedure is very strict on board. Moreover, if any persons have a dispute about anything which takes place in the galley, unless they settle it by the judgment of the naval court, they are not permitted to plead against one another in any court not held at sea, nor is anyone obliged to abide by a contract made with another after leaving the vessel; nor will any judge ashore interfere with

former from operating, and then it fell into the hands of barbers and smiths. No one doubts that much useful experience was acquired by them; and their empirical experience assumed the character of a system at the time when Edward IV. allowed none but barbers to practise in London. It was not till the eighteenth year of George II. that barbers and surgeons were finally separated from each other.'—Lecture on 'Industrial Instruction on the Continent,' delivered at the Museum of Practical Geology by Mr. (now Sir) Lyon Playfair, C.B., F.R.S., 1852. Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

covenants made at sea. If a man lends ten ducats at sea, and after they have gone on shore the other says that he has never received them, no judge will compel him to repay, nor will any witnesses be listened to against him. So mariners say: whether it be so in truth, and, if it really be so, whether it is reasonable, anyone who pleases may determine. For this cause, however, strict justice is observed. Thieves are punished, but lightly. No one is condemned to death, but the harshest sentence on shipboard is that he who has committed any grave offence should be lashed to the shrouds and flogged, and that after this punishment he be rowed to the nearest [49 a] land, and there let go, after which the ship sails away. I once saw them deal thus with a homicide. So much for this subject. Now follows that of

DIVINE SERVICE, AND HOW IT IS CELEBRATED ON
BOARD OF A GALLEY.

We must not omit to observe how those who go to sea behave themselves towards God in their acts of service; for indeed amid such risks and perils they ought not to be forgetful of God. On shipboard God is worshipped three times a day, first in the early morning at sunrise, when one of the servants of the captain, standing aloft on the top of the castle, commands silence with his whistle, after which he lifts up a wooden board, whereon is painted the Blessed Virgin, holding her child in her arms, on beholding which all kneel, and say the *Ave Maria*, and other prayers if they choose. As soon as he takes away the picture the trumpeters begin to sound their trumpets, and then everyone betakes himself to his usual work. Secondly, about the eighth hour before mid-day the signal for prayer is again given, and a chest which stands on the upper deck near the mast is covered

with a fair cloth, and thereon are placed two candlesticks, and between the candlesticks a figure of the crucifixion, and a missal, just as though Mass were about to be celebrated ; and all the pilgrims come on deck and stand round about the mast. Then comes the priest wearing a stole about his neck, and begins with the *Confiteor* and from thence he reads the service which follows, leaving out the 'canon,' which he does not read, because he does not consummate ; thus he performs the Mass without the sacrifice, ending it with the Gospel 'In the beginning was the Word.' These Masses are termed 'dry,' or 'torrid.' I do not remember to have read anywhere whether this method of reading Mass is founded on the canon law, but this I know, that some learned men are displeased with it, and say that to read that part of the service which is openly sung by the choir is unobjectionable, but that to read that part wearing a stole, with all the accompaniments and priestly solemnities of the Mass itself, is a deceit. They chant such masses as these on feast days, but the sacrifice of the Eucharist is never consummated on shipboard. Before I had carefully considered the matter I was often surprised at this, and ascribed it to the carelessness of our Prelates, who seemed to me to have taken less heed of the salvation of the children of the Church than was due and right, especially when we read that in the days of St. Gregory Masses were celebrated on board ship, or at least the Host was preserved on board, as may be seen in his Third Dialogue, where we read that some who were in danger in the Adriatic Sea partook of the Lord's body and blood. See also the legend of St. Louis, King of France. It indeed appeared to me to be a great piece of negligence on the part of the Church that provision had not been long ago made for administering the sacrament to men who

are in the midst of such great perils, and more especially to pilgrims, who are enduring those perils for the love and honour of God. But after I had carefully weighed and reasoned upon this matter, I found that our wise and holy mother Church doth not desire the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist to be consummated, nor yet to be preserved on board ship, and that for several reasons. First, because this sacrament is not a sacrament of necessity, but it suffices to salvation if a man has the intention of partaking thereof at a fitting time and place. Now on shipboard there is no fitting place, as will be seen hereafter, even if there be time, [b] albeit the time also is at every instant unfitting. Secondly, because there is on board ship no proper priest whose special duty it is to celebrate the Holy Communion, as the law directs; for no one knows to what parish the ship belongs, wherefore it is omitted. Thirdly, the Host cannot well be preserved there, for big, solid, well-baked loaves of bread do not last long on board ship, but straightway after a few days become watery and mouldy; how much less then would bread of the thinnest kind, and not thoroughly baked, exist there? In damp weather the Host could not last three hours without melting away into liquid paste. This same thing happens to wafers, which are quite unfit for use in damp weather. Fourthly, the Eucharist ought to be preserved in a church, and in a holy place. Now, a ship is not a church, nor is it a consecrated place, nor is it meet for keeping it in. Fifthly, near the sacrament of the Eucharist a light ought to be always burning, which cannot be on board of a galley; for such is the force of the winds and the rushing of the waters, that often the whole galley is covered with water, and no light can be kept burning, either in lanterns or in lamps. Sixthly, Mass ought not to be celebrated, nor ought the Host to

be kept on board of galleys, because of the uncertainty of the perils which beset them; for of a sudden, in the twinkling of an eye, storms arise, at whose coming the ship is violently tossed, so that if a priest were standing at the altar, he could not keep his feet, nor could the cup, or the crucifix, or the altar table remain in its place, but in an instant everything would be overthrown. Seventhly, because of the violence of the winds, for when it was blowing the lights could not burn, and the corporalia and the other altar cloths would be cast down from the altar. Eighthly, because of the uncertain movement of the water, which runs now hither and now thither, even when there is but little wind, when no one is expecting it or fearing it, the water splashes abundantly over the galley and upsets whatever it touches; wherefore Mass is not said on board ship. Ninthly, because of want of due reverence, for there is no place on shipboard to which at some times an irreverent rush is not made. The sailors when running about as their business requires would show no respect to a priest in the act of celebrating, or to the sacrament itself, but would overturn everything, priest, altar, and sacrament together. For work at sea must be done suddenly, and as it were with lightning speed, and is pressing, and cannot be delayed. Moreover, in every part of a galley men sleep, eat, drink, gossip, lie, and perjure themselves, all of which is destructive to the respect due to the sacrament. Tenthly, Mass ought not to be celebrated on shipboard because of the presence of unworthy persons; for there are often on board of these ships Jews, Turks, Saracens, Schismatics, heretics, men outlawed by law and judge, and excommunicate: and if all these unworthy persons be not found together, yet some of them are always to be found there, in whose presence Mass ought not to be celebrated. Eleventhly, on

account of the great and enormous sins which are committed on board ship, for there men daily play at dice and cards, and horribly blaspheme God and the Saints, perjure themselves, lie, pick and steal, gormandize, stuff themselves, and get drunk. I have often heard—I pray God it may not be true—that the Eastern galley-slaves commit the most unspeakable sin [50*a*] of sodomy on board of galleys; wherefore the place wherein such vices are exercised is unworthy to have so great a sacrifice performed in it. Twelfthly, the foul stench and dirtiness of both the galley and the men on board of her make the place unfit. Thirteenthly, Mass ought not to be celebrated because of the derision of the infidels, and the scandal of their presence; for if they heard that our God was present on board in the sacrament, as we believe according to our religion, and yet they saw us nevertheless live sinfully, or come into trouble, it would cause a grave scandal, and they would hold the most holy sacrament in derision. Fourteenthly, on account of the folly of bad Christians. For if the sacrament were on board of a galley, and a storm came on at sea, and the ship were to become endangered, and relief or help did not come straightway, those foolish Christians would at once turn this into a reproach against the holy sacrament, and would say in their hearts, if not with their lips: ‘If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us.’ I have seen a case of this kind with my eyes, for once when a storm had lasted long and was growing fiercer, I and other priests and persons in holy orders turned ourselves to the Lord and sang litanies, and invoked the aid of the Saints of God, because the storm was dangerous; but while it was at its height, some noblemen who had received knighthood at Jerusalem, but yet were faithless, said that we must cease praying, because they believed that on

account of our prayers the storm was raging all the more fiercely ; and they said, as they put a stop to our singing of psalms and litanies : ' If your prayers found any favour with God, we should long ago have been saved from this danger.' So, beyond doubt, if the Holy Communion were celebrated on board ship, the same thing would happen ; for ignorant and unbelieving secular people would imagine that when the sacrament was present among them no evil ought to befall them, and should anything befall them it would be attributed to its presence. So did the children of Israel when they took the Ark of the Lord into battle with them, thinking that so they would suffer no harm at the hands of their enemies. But in spite of it they were overthrown, and the Ark of God was taken, as is told in the fourth chapter of the first book of *Kings*. For an unworthy and irreverent handling and carrying about of holy things provokes the wrath of God more than a humble and timid letting them go. Thus some peasants make their curates carry the sacrament through their fields, that the crops may not be destroyed by hail ; and if the crops do well they are ungrateful, but if they fail they are scandalised, and murmur against God. The fifteenth reason why the Eucharist is not to be partaken of on shipboard is because of the ease and suddenness with which men vomit there ; for if a storm should arise immediately after a priest had finished the celebration of Mass, he would be compelled by the force of nature to vomit forth the sacrament, nor could he retain it ; which thing is horrible to be told. Therefore it is through piety that this sacrament is withheld from those at sea.

The third time at which men praise God on board of a galley is at sunset, for then all assemble about the mainmast, which is the place of meeting on a galley, and

there they kneel and sing *Salve, Regina*, prefacing it with [b] litanies when they are in exceeding great straits. After the *Salve* the captain's chamberlain blows a call on his whistle, and straightway, standing aloft on the poop, wishes everyone good-night in his master's name, and again, as in the morning, shows the picture of the Blessed Virgin, on seeing which all say *Ave Maria* thrice, as is wont to be done on shore later at the sound of the bell. After this is over the pilgrims descend into the cabin to their berths. Now, after the pilgrims have gone below, the clerk of the galley stands on the castle and begins a long chant in the common Italian tongue, and joins thereunto a litany, to which all the galley-slaves and officers of the ship reply on their bended knees; and they use many words, and this prayer of theirs lasts for about a quarter of an hour. I have frequently been present during this prayer. At the end thereof he begs everyone to say one *Pater Noster* and one *Ave Maria* for the souls of the parents of St. Julian. This they do every night, and never omit it. Moreover, I inquired why prayer should be made for the parents of St. Julian, because that prayer is offered every evening on board ship, and to this question I received a double answer. Some told me that this prayer was offered in praise of Simon the leper, who was first named Julian, and who hospitably received our Lord, and that it is said in order that by his intercession mariners may reach a good harbour and be hospitably received. To this I answered that the prayer is made not in praise of the saint, but for the souls of the parents of St. Julian; and if they said a prayer that they might meet with hospitality, why, I asked, did they not pray rather to the blessed Martha, who received our Lord with especial hospitality? This they were not able to answer. Others said that they

said this prayer for the parents of the St. Julian of whom we read in the 'Speculum Naturae of Vincentius,'¹ Part II., Book 10, ch. 115. He, when a young man, in ignorance slew his father and mother in their bed, imagining that his mother was his own wife, and that his father was in the act of adultery with her, as may there be read. How this custom was established no one knows. The above, then, is the order of Divine service in use at sea; but in addition thereto many prayers are said by pilgrims both by day and by night. As soon as they arrive at any port, all run to church with the utmost devotion to hear Mass. But as for the celebration of Sundays and saints' days at sea, I declare that they are most infamously kept. I have no doubt that the devil takes especial pains to throw hindrances in the way of keeping feast days holy. I have often observed that on solemn feast days there is always a greater disturbance on board ship than at other times; and sometimes when we have lain four or five days in some harbour, as soon as Saturday evening comes we make ready to set out, and, having started, sail all night, so that on Sunday no Mass can be held. This took place on board of the ship on which I have sailed as often as if it were done on purpose. Indeed, the holier the day, the harder is the work done at sea, as will be seen in the course of my story. It was my custom on board ship to preach a sermon on holy days, but I will tell briefly what befell me in this pious work. During my first pilgrimage, while I was preaching, a certain son of Belial many times interrupted the Word of God by his laughter, and neither entreaties nor blows would keep him quiet, but he laughed all the more. Wherefore I held my peace, and after that would preach the Word of

¹ Vincentius of Beauvais, a Dominican monk, and one of the most prolific writers of the fifteenth century.

God no more, although many begged me to do so. For the wise man says in Ecclesiasticus xxxii. 6: 'Pour not out words where there is none to hear.'¹ And our Lord says, St. Matt. vii. 6: 'Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine.' Howbeit, in my second pilgrimage there were more noble and respectable men on board, who were very pleasant companions, and who were wont to ask me to preach the Word of God to them, which I did on all holy days. Yet I gained by my preaching the dislike of many noblemen, who believed that I marked them and held them up in my sermons as examples of certain vices. For as obsequiousness gains friends, even so truth begets hatred.

The burial of the dead also is a part of Divine service, and is conducted in the following manner on board of a galley. When anyone falls sick, he confesses to whatever priest he pleases, because in such a case there seems to be the article of necessity, in which any priest is able to give absolution. When he draws near to death his comrades take care of him by watching over him and waiting upon him; for, as I have said, there is no Eucharist there, neither is there any extreme unction, for there is no provision made for this also; yet it seems as though this rite might be observed, since it is not the oil itself, but the use which is made of it, in which the sacrament consists. The sick man, therefore, dies after confession only, and when he is dead, and rolled up in his shroud, they put him into the boat and row him to the nearest shore, if they are near land, and there they bury him in the cemetery if there is a church there; if not, they commit him to the earth elsewhere. If they are near

¹ In Eccclus. xxxii. 4 are the words, 'Pour not out words where there is a musician.' Fabri probably quoted from memory.

land, but it is a land of infidels, they do not take him ashore, but cast his body into the sea. If they are at a distance from land, they take the shroud and bring up sand from the hold of the ship, pour the sand upon the shroud, lay the corpse upon the sand, and roll it up, tying a bag of stones to the feet. Then in the presence of the whole ship's company, the priests chanting *Libera me, Domine*, the galley-slaves take up the body, and let it fall into the sea in the name of the Lord; and straightway the body, thus weighted with stones, sinks into the depths, and the soul climbs to heaven. This I have often seen; but I have never seen that mode of burial which some say that they have seen, in which the body is wound about with its shroud and is then bound to a plank, and thrown into the sea, together with the plank. Yet it is true that when the deceased has any friends they do what they please with his body, and put it into the sea either without stones or with stones, or with a plank. When the body has been laid out the clerk of the galley makes a list in writing of all the property left by the deceased, and presents it to the captain, and pays the deceased's debts, if he has no friends. If he has friends they manage this for him, and have him buried in the next port at which they touch; and unless pilgrims previously make a covenant with the captain, as we ourselves did, the captain receives the bed and bedding, and clothes, of the deceased. Many think this to be the noblest kind of burial, and preferable to being crushed by the weight of the earth. So at the present day the Aethiopians throw their dead into the river Nile, as we are told by Diodorus, because they hold the river to be the best of all sepulchres, for whether the body be eaten by beasts, or whether it rots there, it defiles neither the air nor the earth. If one of the

Venetian grandees dies at sea, they bury his body in the sand which is within the ship, and bring it to Venice; this I have seen, as will appear on page 165, Part II.

HOW MEN PASS THEIR TIME ON BOARD OF A GALLEY.

The mode of life among pilgrims on a galley differs according to their several dispositions. They employ themselves in various occupations that they may pass the time while they are afloat, and unless a man knows how to redeem the time on board of a galley, he will find the hours very long and very tedious. Wherefore some, as soon as they arise from table, go about the galley inquiring where the best wine is sold, and there sit down and spend the whole day over their wine. This is usually done by Saxons, Flemings, and other men of a low class. Some play for money, some of them with a board and dice, others with the dice alone, some with cards, others with chess-boards, and one may say that the greater number is engaged at this pastime. Some sing songs, or pass their time with lutes, flutes, bagpipes, clavichords, zithers and other musical instruments.

Some discuss worldly matters, some read books, some pray with beads; some sit still and meditate, some shout aloud for lightness of heart. Some laugh, some whistle. Some work with their hands, some sleep out of laziness; some pass almost the whole time asleep in their berths. Others run up the rigging, others jump, others show their strength by lifting heavy weights or doing other feats. Others accompany all these, looking on first at one and then at another. Some sit and look at the sea and the land which they are passing, and write about them and make books of travel, which was my daily employment out of the aforesaid canonical hours, for busy men are not weary of life even on board ship. Jerome wrote a

very beautiful letter to Asella about false friends when he was on board ship, on his return from Rome to Jerusalem. Finally, there is among all the occupations of seafarers one which, albeit loathsome, is yet very common, daily, and necessary—I mean the hunting and catching of lice and vermin. Unless a man spends several hours in this work when he is on a pilgrimage, he will have but inquiet slumbers. In the ‘Lives of the Philosophers’ we read of the philosopher Homerus, that one day he was walking on the seashore and a ship put in thereto, upon which sat men hunting for lice, and laughing. When the philosopher asked them why they laughed, one of them answered him : ‘We laugh,’ said he, ‘because all that we catch we have not got, and those which we do not catch we keep.’ Now, Homerus turned his thoughts to the catching of fish, and he could not understand this puzzle ; wherefore he became so embittered in spirit that he went mad, and put himself to death by hanging. All these occupations are pursued more or less according to the state of the weather, for men’s dispositions vary remarkably at sea, more than they do on land, according to the influence of the heavenly bodies, the effect of the air, and the motion of the sea. I have often seen days when we were all joyous, happy, and good comrades, when no one slept, but everyone was glad at heart. On the other hand I have seen days on which there was such deep silence, such stillness, that no man’s voice could be heard, and all were either dozing or sitting sorrowful. Often I have seen the pilgrims united together in as great peace and concord as though they had all been brethren, the sons of one mother. But, again, I have sometimes seen so many quarrels and disputes arise from the most trifling causes, that the galley was like hell with their curses and blasphemies. I have marked it for a fact that

the movement of all human passions is more violent on the water than elsewhere. So this is how they pass the hours of the days on shipboard. The day always failed [52 a] me before I had finished my work.

HOW PILGRIMS EAT ON BOARD A GALLEY.

When the hour of dinner or supper draws near, four trumpeters rise up, and with their trumpets sound a call to table, on hearing which all those who sit at the captain's table run with the utmost haste to the poop; and they run that they may get a place where they can sit comfortably, for he who comes thither late gets a bad seat. There are three tables well and orderly set out on the poop, and he who can sit at them is well off; but he who comes late must sit outside the poop on the galley-slaves' benches, uncomfortably, in the sun, the rain, or the wind. In sitting at table there is no order, but he who comes first sits down as he pleases; nor does the poor man make way for the rich, the peasant for the noble, the working man for the priest, the layman for the learned doctor, or the worldling for the monk, unless anyone shows honour to another out of especial friendship. The reason of this want of order and respect I imagine to be this, that all pay the same money to the captain, great and small alike.

I well believe that if personages of high rank paid sixty ducats, and simple plebeians paid twenty, or if the captain took money from each man in proportion to his station then honour and respect would be shown to the great by the small. For this reason noblemen who have their own servants with them always eat near the mast (on deck), or in their berths (below), with lights, even at mid-day, since the air is dark there. Now, always before beginning a meal everyone is served with malvoisie, and

the food which follows for all the guests is dressed in the Italian fashion. First there is a salad of lettuce with oil, if green herbs can be come by; and at dinner mutton, and a pudding, or a mess of meal, or of bruised wheat or barley, or panada and thin cheese. On fast days, when flesh is not eaten, the little fish called *zebilini* are served, salted, with oil and vinegar, or a cake made with eggs, and a pudding. Fresh loaves are served out when the ship is near a harbour, for fresh bread will not keep on board of a galley after the fifth day. When fresh loaves fail, they serve out twice-baked cakes, which they call biscuits, and which are as hard as stones, but straight-way become soft if water or wine be poured over them. As much wine is given as one can drink, sometimes good, sometimes thin, but always well mixed and baptized with water. The pilgrims' dinner is quickly served, everything is brought to them hurriedly, and when their dinner is at an end, the trumpeters again sound their trumpets. When the tablecloths have been removed, the tables are again solemnly laid for the captain and those of his council. His table is more frugal than that of the pilgrims, but his food is brought to him in silver dishes, and his drink is tasted before it is presented¹ to him, as is done to princes in our own country. Women pilgrims do not come to the common table, but remain in their berths, and both eat and sleep there. My lords had their own cook and their own eating-place. The galley-slaves eat in messes of three each, on their rowing-benches, and prepare their own food. I have often seen them eat [b] meat while still red with blood. If pilgrims wish to have anything especial from the kitchen, they must show money to the cooks, for there are three or four

¹ See Hilpert's German-English Dictionary (London : Williams and Norgate), *s.v.* '*Credenzen*.'

very hot-tempered cooks, who cannot be appeased unless money be given them; they care nothing about promises of it. Yet it is no wonder that the cooks should be so ill-tempered, seeing that the kitchen is narrow, and there are many pots, many different things to be cooked, a small fire, and a great shouting going on outside the kitchen, many men asking to have things done, besides that the labour of cooks is always such as moves one to pity. Lords and knights always loathe the food provided by the captain, and give the cooks great sums of money to have separate meals of their own food, while they hand over the captain's food to the poor galley-slaves. The meat provided by the captain is particularly disgusting, because they slaughter those animals which they see cannot live any longer, and diseased sheep. They slaughter any animal which they see is sick and will soon die of itself. Except at the hour of dinner, no wine is served out from the captain's cellar, but the galley-slaves themselves sell excellent wine, which is bought of them by the pilgrims. In stormy weather eating and vomiting go on at the same time.

HOW UNQUIET THE SLEEP OF PILGRIMS IS ON BOARD SHIP.

After supper the pilgrims sit down to talk with one another on the upper deck, near the main-mast, and never go to bed save with lights. When they go below to take their rest there is a tremendous disturbance while they are making their beds: the dust is stirred up, and great quarrels arise between those who are to lie side by side, especially at the outset, before they have become used to it; for one blames his neighbour for overlapping a part of his berth with his bed, the other denies it; the first persists that he is so doing. Then each of them call on their

comrades for aid, and sometimes whole companies of pilgrims quarrel one with another. During these quarrels I have seen pilgrims fall upon one another with naked swords and daggers, and shout, making a horrible riot. During such a quarrel as this, if the clerk of the galley, whose business it is to divide the berths equally, should have interfered, he would have been torn to pieces by the pilgrims. When this quarrel comes to an end, or supposing that it does not arise, some come down to bed late, and make themselves disagreeable to the rest by their lights and their too long protracted talk. I have seen some hot-tempered pilgrims throw their chamber-pot at burning lights to put them out, and then for a second time there arose great quarrels. Some, after all lights are put out, begin to settle the affairs of the world with their neighbours, and go on talking sometimes up to midnight; and if anyone should chide them, and bid them hold their peace, they shout all the more, and begin a new quarrel: so that unless there were some virtuous and respectable men there to settle these quarrels, the night would never pass in quiet, especially when there are drunken Flemings there. There are many hindrances to sleep beside those aforesaid. Monks who are accustomed to sleep alone in their cells find it hard to sleep on shipboard because of their restless or snoring neighbours. During many nights I never closed my eyes. Moreover, the narrowness of the place for one's bed, and the hardness of the pillows, makes one restless. A pilgrim can hardly move without touching his neighbour; moreover, the place is enclosed and exceeding hot, [53 *a*] and full of various foul vapours. Wherefore one must needs sweat all night, which greatly mars one's rest. Fleas and lice swarm there at that time in countless numbers, also mice and rats.¹ Oftentimes,

¹ *Glires.*

I may say every night, I have risen silently and gone up into the open air, and have felt as though I had been freed from some filthy prison. Rest, too, is hindered by men who are restless while sleeping, and snore and talk in their sleep, and by the moans of the sick, their coughings and cursings. I was once for some time on board a galley where horses and mules stood on the deck above us, and kept up a continual noise with their feet upon the planks all night and all day. Besides this, the running about of the sailors overhead, and the noise of the sea, and many other things, take away a pilgrim's rest : and so much for this subject.

* * * *

Besides all this there is the heat of the sun on deck, and in the cabin darkness, crowding, foul heat and tainted air. And although the blowing of the wind is essential to those who sail in a ship, yet is it very unpleasant, because when the ship is tossed by it the pilgrims are made dizzy and sick, and all within them is shaken so that they vomit up all that is in their stomachs, and their bowels are entirely upset. Nor is it possible to stay on deck because of the force of the wind, and the water which it throws over the ship, and the labours and running to and fro of the crew ; nay, they cannot even stay in their berths if the sail hangs over that part of the ship where their berth is, but they must cross to the other side, and sometimes [b] one must shift one's bed, so as to put the feet where the head was, and the head in the place of the feet, by reason of the leaning over of the ship on one side through the power of the sails. Moreover, the smoke from the kitchen is blown into the ship when there is a wind, and sometimes troubles the pilgrims much. Healthy men become weak during a storm, and sick men grow weaker still, while the continual pumping out of

the bilge water is a nuisance to pilgrims, both because of the stench arising from it, and because they are forbidden either to go on deck, or to come below from the deck while pumping is going on. The fleas, too, of which the ship is full, are a great trouble, and so are the lice and flies, and misery from perspiration, which troubles a man more than living vermin. In the course of time mice and rats breed in a ship in great numbers, and they run about all night long, nibble at men's private larders, and gnaw their way into them and befoul the food, spoil pillows and shoes, and fall on men's faces while they sleep; and this they do more or less at different times, for they do not always come abroad, but only in their own season. When certain winds blow all living things on board perish and disappear, both fleas, flies, mice, and the like, so that not one can be found; but when that wind or air changes they breed again. Gnats also in their season annoy pilgrims much by their buzzing and their stings. Moreover, the damp on board ship breeds fat white worms, which crawl everywhere, and come by stealth upon men's legs and faces, and when a man becomes aware of them, and puts his finger to them, thinking them to be flies, they burst, and befoul the place where they hung with blood. Yet albeit there are many filthy things bred of putridity on board of a galley, nothing venomous can be bred or can live thereon. In it there are no scorpions, or vipers, or toads, or poisonous snakes, or spiders. For the sea-water drives away poison, heals the stings of scorpions, cures the bites of vipers and serpents, and is a foe to venom of all kinds. And unless Divine Providence had thus ordered it, no man could live on board of large old ships.

Another great trouble to pilgrims is the laying down their beds at night and packing them up in the morning for in the morning each man rolls up with a rope his

bed, with his sheets, pillow, and blankets, and hangs it on a nail driven into the ship's side above his head, to the end that during the day there may be a free passage (through the cabin), and in the evening he takes it down, unrolls it, and makes his bed ; and this causes great fatigue. Lastly, the untrustworthiness and thievishness of the galley-slaves is a trouble to pilgrims, because they cannot be sure of anything, for a galley-slave steals whatever he can lay hands upon. Wherefore the crew are forbidden to go below to the berths of the pilgrims, nor does any of them dare to do so ; nay, even when the pilgrims call for them they dare not go below.

WARNINGS AS TO WHAT THINGS A PILGRIM OUGHT TO BE
ON HIS GUARD AGAINST WHEN ON A SEA-VOYAGE.

A pilgrim to the Holy Land ought to be on his guard, not only against becoming sinful in his mind, and incurring perils to his soul, but also against carelessness, lest he receive hurt to his body and life. [55 *a*] Wherefore in this place I mean to set down needful warnings for a pilgrim when crossing the sea ; not indeed advice, which it belongs to a physician to give, but the warning of a friend, and what I have learned by experience. For in general physicians advise pilgrims to beware of fruit, of drinking water, of sea air, and of fish ; they give this advice against heat, and other advice against cold ; while for thirst and constipation, and excessive purging, they advise many different remedies, as also for dizziness, and to encourage appetite, and to counteract poison ; and many more remedies and much more advice they give to those who are going to sea, which things certainly are wholesome and good, and in which matters it is but reasonable to follow the directions of physicians. Yet I confess that this is what I myself have seen : I have known pilgrims who were so careful and exact in following the

advice of their physicians, that they did not dare to swallow or to do anything unless it was recommended by them, who nevertheless became sick and weakly during their pilgrimage, and some of whom died. On the other hand, I have seen men who ate, drank, and did whatever they pleased, both at sea and on land, who kept no rule of diet, and often exceeded, yet with all this never took to their beds, and always were cheerful and happy. Yet I do not write this as wishing to hint that the former died because of their carefulness in taking medicine, and that the latter remained alive owing to their intemperance, but rather to show the uncertainty of fortune. Let a pilgrim first commit himself to the care of God, and next to that of physicians in a moderate degree. In other respects let him observe the following cautions. Let the pilgrim beware of plunging into the deep sea for a bath, because therein are manifold perils even to those who well know how to swim. Let him be wary, withal, when on board ship, as he goes from one cross-bench to another, lest he fall, for to fall anywhere on shipboard is dangerous; and let him always go up and down to and from the place where the berths or sleeping places are with due deliberation. I myself have had two falls down these same steps, and it is a wonder that I was not dashed to pieces. After these falls I always went up or down deliberately, and with caution. I have seen some men fall there and nearly kill themselves. Above all, let him be most careful when going to the private closet, seeing that the way down thereto is dangerous; and when walking along the ship's side, let him not trust to any ropes without pulling them with his hands and proving them to be firmly stretched; for should the rope give way when he tried to hold by it, he would fall into the sea. Let the pilgrim beware of insulting and angering the wretched galley-slaves, because it may chance

that they may be of the greatest use to him, or, again, they may do him the greatest hurt and injury. Let him bear himself towards the rest of the ship's company so as not to stir up hatred against himself: it is a ruinous thing for a man to have enemies on board ship. I once saw a haughty pilgrim, who insulted and angered many people; this same man came to misery on board, and was forced to beg the help of those whom he had insulted: and even when some of the more pious [b] performed offices of charity for him, he nevertheless suspected that they despised him, for he knew that he deserved to be despised. Let the pilgrim beware of occupying a place either on deck or below which belongs to another man, save with that other's full consent. By day he has a place to stand in near the mast, which is common to all; but by night he has no right anywhere save in his berth. For if anyone at night frequents any place besides his own berth, those who know him not take him for a thief. Howbeit, if for any cause he cannot stay quiet in his berth, let him go on deck and seat himself upon the woodwork¹ at the sides of the galley, letting his feet hang down towards the sea, and holding on by the shrouds which support the mast. Experience will teach a man much about these matters, which he would hardly believe when first told of it. Let the pilgrim beware when sitting down on deck, not to sit upon any ropes, lest the wind should change of a sudden and he be thrown overboard or hurt by the ropes. And let him on no account touch the ropes with his hand when they are pulling them, lest his hand or his fingers be forcibly torn off, as often befalls, for they pull with the greatest violence, and move enormous weights. The pilgrim should also beware of

¹ The text has *onera*. I conjecture *opera*, meaning the projecting 'channels' to which the shrouds are fastened.

sitting in any place where pulleys are hung above him, where in the time of an arrow's flight he may be either grievously hurt or killed outright, as befell that steersman whose story I have told on page 16 *b*. Let him also beware of getting in the way of the crew of the galley when they are about to run to their work, for, however noble he may be, nay, were he a bishop, they will push against him, overthrow him, and trample on him, because work at sea has to be done with lightning speed, and admits of no delay. Neither let him take part in their work, for this is displeasing to them; and above all, let him not stay on deck with them at night during a storm. He should also be cautious as to where he sits down, lest he stick to his seat, for every place is covered with pitch, which becomes soft in the heat of the sun, and whosoever sits thereon goes away with his clothes dirtied. He must beware, too, when he sits resting himself on the side of the galley, not to hold anything which he values in his hand, and not to let it fall into the sea. A nobleman who was sitting there once with me let fall a rosary of precious stones which he valued exceedingly, and would not have parted with for many ducats, and it was hopelessly lost. So also when I was sitting there reading the service of vigils for the dead, the book fell from my hand into the sea and perished; and many things slip in this way from careless people's hands, especially the hats from their heads when there is a strong wind. Let the pilgrim beware of carrying a light upon deck at night, for the mariners dislike this strangely, and cannot endure lights when they are at work, wherefore in storms they are careful to put out all lights, or cover them with bushels, even in the cabin. The pilgrim should watch carefully over his own property, and never let it lie unguarded even among

his own friends, because no sooner does he turn his face away than it is gone. He should not leave his money in a box in his berth [56 *a*], but should carry it always about his own body, and trust it neither to his servants nor to his comrades. For men are strangely apt to play the thief on board ship, even though they may abhor thieving when not at sea, and especially in the matter of trifles, such as kerchiefs, belts, shirts, and the like, which even comrades will steal one from another, because a man often wants things on board ship, and, being unable to do without them, takes any means, right or wrong, to supply himself therewith. For example, while you are writing, if you lay down your pen and turn your face away, your pen will be lost, even though you be among men whom you know ; and if you lose it you will have exceeding great trouble in getting another : and so with various other things. It seems as if the naval code still retained that most ancient law of the Egyptians, which did not forbid theft, but which ordered all those who wished to become thieves to write down their names in the house of the chief priest, and straightway carry thither everything that they stole. In like manner those from whom anything was stolen were bidden to send him a written account of the time, day and hour when they lost their property. In this way theft was easily detected, and the property was given back less one fourth part thereof, which was given to the thief. Since it is impossible to forbid thieving, the lawgiver thought it better that men should suffer the loss of a part of their goods rather than that of the whole. This may be read in the second book of the ancient history of Diodorus, chapter 3. So likewise saith Proverbs vi. 30¹ : ‘There is no great sin in theft.’

¹ ‘Men do not despise a thief, if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry. But if he be found, he shall restore sevenfold,’ etc.

Indeed, in the old law the thief was not punished with death, as appears from Exodus xxii. 1,¹ but was fined in his substance. Now, however, when the law is perfected, thieves are put to death in ordinary human society. But on shipboard it seems to be different, because a passion for theft, especially for petty theft, grows up among men on a voyage. When in ports let the pilgrim beware of leaving his galley and straying hither and thither, especially to lonely places by the seashore, lest he be suddenly seized by pirates, and made a most miserable slave for all his days, a thing which often befalls men. I knew a knight who was caught alone near the sea under the walls of a city, and was robbed of his money and valuables by the inhabitants thereof. Let him also beware of entering any house when beckoned thither by women, for there is great danger in so doing, not *only* to his honour and goods, but *even* to his life. Whosoever will seek after uprightness and honesty, and will keep this holy pilgrimage undefiled, ought, when in harbours, to walk abroad in the day, but as evening draws on let him return to his galley and sleep therein safe in his berth. For the inns on the isles of the sea are houses of ill-fame, as appears from page 15 *a*. And no one receives German pilgrims into his house save the keepers of houses of ill-fame, who for the most part are Germans, who dwell there with courtezans; albeit they send them away when pilgrims enter their houses. Wherefore a good and godly pilgrim may abide in a house during the day with his companions, but may by no means sleep therein. Experience will teach a man many other things to be avoided and shunned. Now I must return to the performance of our Wanderings.

Here endeth the second chapter.

¹ 'If a man shall steal an ox or a sheep, and kill it, he shall restore five oxen for an ox, and four sheep for a sheep.'

THE THIRD CHAPTER, CONTAINING THE ACTS
OF THE PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY LAND
DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE, WHEREIN
THEY REACHED THE BORDERS OF THE
HOLY LAND.

[*b*] ON the first day of the month of June we began our sea-voyage. This day was the first Sunday after the Feast of the Blessed Trinity. On the morning of that day we arose very early, before sunrise, and carried all our property into a large boat which we had hired, and which lay at the door of our inn. After bidding farewell to everyone in the house, we embarked, and passing through the Grand Canal beyond the city, proceeded to St. Nicholas on the Lido. Here we left one to guard our things in the boat, and entered the church. It is a great church, with a monastery of Benedictine monks adjoining it. I inquired for the sacristan, and asked him for the wafer bread which he had promised us, and also asked him to supply us with a bottle of good wine besides the sacramental wine, and to place it on the altar. I then put on my sacred vestments and went to the altar, where I said the Mass appointed for Sunday, in the presence of the pilgrims. After Mass I blessed the wine which had been brought in the bottle with the blessing of St. John the Evangelist, and gave it to my lords the pilgrims to drink for the love of St. John, that our journey might be happy and successful. After this had been devoutly performed, we again embarked in our boat, and sailed out

of the harbour of Venice between the two castles which guard the entrance to that port ; for our galley lay in the sea about a mile beyond the harbour. As we were going a foul wind got up, and so hindered us that we took nearly two hours in getting to the galley, and that with great difficulty. When at length we came thither, we went up the steps, and found her full of people, and our companions, whom we had sent thither in advance four days before, were very weak, because the ship, which, as she lay at anchor, was tossed about in various directions by the force of the wind, had made them sick. However, when they saw us they rejoiced, and began to get better, and they told their lords about the bitter hardships of the sea, of which they had had a small taste. On that same day a knight begged me to come back with him in a boat to the city to fetch a long chest which he had had made for himself to fit his berth, that he might sleep thereon at night, for he was too proud to lie on the floor, and his berth was in such a place that he could put a chest into it. So we both entered the boat and returned to Venice, and after receiving the chest we brought it to the galley, but with difficulty, because the wind was against us. It was late in the evening when we brought the chest down into the cabin, and the knight placed it in his berth with joy, hoping that he would sleep well thereon. But had he known the future he would by no means have been glad, but would have been cast down, and refused to be comforted ; for upon that very chest did [57 *a*] that knight die a cruel and horrible death. Howbeit, he did not belong to my company, but to another. We now arranged our berths and beds to sleep in, with much disorder and labour and disputing, because we were not yet used to it. When it was dark, and all the lights were out, and everyone silent, lo ! a most violent wind sprung up, which

tossed the ship and made us frightened and uneasy. As we lay silent and asleep in the darkness and terror, of a sudden a nobleman, who was frightened at a dreadful dream, began with a loud voice to scream as horribly as though he had been run through with a sword. At his shouts everyone on board awoke, and being sleepy and in the dark, they fell into disorder, supposing that this knight must have been stabbed by some robber. The nobles rose and tried to find their swords in the dark. Others tried to make their escape, fearing that some evil had been prepared for the pilgrims, and a dangerous riot took place throughout the galley's main cabin. But the man who lay next to him who had cried out, understanding what had happened, cried out with a loud voice, bidding every man lay himself down again in his own place, and so that night passed with its disturbance. The captain had not yet come on board the galley.

On the second of June, before sunrise, the captain came with his servants and all his household, bringing with him some pilgrims whom he had lately received as passengers on board. Among these was a Fleming with his wife. When this woman came on board many were vexed at it, because she was the only one on board, for before her there was no woman among us, but Master Augustine, the captain of the other galley, had gathered together all the women on board of his vessel. There was no one on board of our galley who was not displeased at the coming of this old woman, and at the thought of one woman having to dwell alone among so many noblemen, especially as she seemed when we first saw her to be restless and inquisitive, as indeed she was; for, to tell the truth, those seven old women in whose company I made the voyage before, as you may see on p. 11, made less noise and were seen less than this one old beldame. She ran hither and

thither incessantly about the ship, and was full of curiosity, wanting to hear and see everything, and made herself hated exceedingly. Her husband seemed to be a decent man, and for his sake many held their tongues; but had he not been there it would have gone hard with her. This woman was a thorn in the eyes of us all.

Now, when we were all on board, and day had dawned, some sailors were ordered to dress the galley, and they hung seven large silken banners from the castle on the poop, and from the top, and they adorned the top¹ itself with a piece of tapestry all round it. [b] The first and largest banner was that of the lords pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre, and it was white, with a red cross running from one end of it to the other. The second was the banner of the Lords of Venice, the banner of St. Mark, and it also was white, with a red lion, beneath whose fore-feet was the sea, and beneath his hind-feet the land. The third banner was that of Our Lord Pope Sixtus IV., and was of the colour of the air, with a green oak-tree bearing golden acorns, and the two Apostolic keys. The fourth was that of the captain, of divers beauteous colours. The fifth showed the arms of Venice and those of the captain together; and there were two other banners, both alike, white with a black lion. After the galley was dressed they began to get ready to start, because we had a fair wind, which was blowing the banners up on high. The crew began with a loud noise to weigh up the anchors and take them on board, to hoist the yard aloft with the *accaton*² furled upon it, and to hoist up the galley's boats out of the sea; all of which was done with exceeding hard toil and loud shouts, till at last the galley was loosed

¹ 'Top Arming[s] [in a Ship] are a Sort of Cloaths hung about the round Tops of the Masts for Show.'—Bailey's Dictionary.

² Mainsail.

from her moorings, the sails spread and filled with wind, and with great rejoicing we sailed away from the land: for the trumpeters blew their trumpets just as though we were about to join battle, the galley-slaves shouted, and all the pilgrims sang together '*In Gottes Nahmen fahren wir*,' just as may be read on page 78. Meanwhile the galley ploughed powerfully through the sea, and we soon left the city of Venice, from whose port we started, far behind. We were as glad to leave it as if we had been let out of prison, for we steadfastly desired to go to Jerusalem. The ship was driven along so fast by the strength of a fair wind, that within the space of three hours we were not able to see any mountains, any part of the earth, any shore, or any piece of the whole dry land, but we had only the sky and the waters before our eyes; for we had come so far out on the high seas in that short time that we had risen above and higher than the highest Alps, and could not see them, they being now, as it were, low down with the sea's curvature interposed between them and us. Being now out of sight of the world, the crew took down all the ornamental dressing of our ship, and gave it an everyday look as they made it ready for work. After mid-day, when we had eaten, we saw on our left hand towards the north the mountains of Istria, which is a country belonging to the province of Dalmatia, and we wished to put in thither into the harbour of Parenzo, because our fair wind had ceased to blow. Howbeit, we were not able to reach Parenzo, but passed it by, yet we did not make good way, for as the [58*a*] day ended, the wind ended also, and all night long we remained without moving forward, but uneasily rocking and tossing about.

On the third of June at daybreak there rose a wind which was utterly foul, and we were forced to turn towards the

mountains of Istria. By great efforts we escaped from the contrary wind and drew near to the mountains, bringing our ship into the port of Rubina (Rovigno), two miles beyond Parenzo, where was the other captain with his pilgrims. This port of the city of Rubina is not a frequented one, but is safe and rich. In this harbour the captain did us the favour of refreshing us with dinner, because we came into it at dinner-time, which, nevertheless, he was not bound to do, seeing that we were in a good port, where we might have provided for ourselves. After dinner we went down from the galley into the boat, had ourselves rowed to the city, and went up to the cathedral church, where we prayed to God and St. Euphemia the Virgin, whose entire body lies there buried in a great marble tomb, which tomb the superior of the cathedral opened for us, and showed us the sacred corpse. How it came to pass that St. Euphemia of Chalcedonia was translated hither, and what this city of Rubina is like, and about its harbour, I will tell you as I return. We stayed in the town until supper-time, and supped there at our own charges in an inn. We had a good supper, after which we returned to our galley, hoping that during the night we should set sail; but that foul, I dare not call it wicked, wind blew all night, making it a very restless night for us, and though our ship was fastened both by anchors and moorings, yet the wind tossed it violently and made us very sea-sick.

On the fourth the wind was not fair, so we rowed away from the galley and went to the church of St. Euphemia, where we read and heard Masses, and after Mass dined with our host. Our inn was a tiny hut, which we hired from a poor man, wherein my lords' cook prepared for us the food which we bought for him. There was plenty of all things to be had there, but there are no inns in that

country as there are in ours ; and what inns there are are most wretched, not having either pots or pans or kettles ; nay, not so much as dishes or spoons. Wherefore in large towns noble pilgrims are forced to enter common houses of ill-fame, wherein necessities are to be found, as I have said before, on page 56 *a*. Pilgrims suffer many hardships owing to the want of inns ; especially those who have no furniture of their own to cook with. After dinner we took boat to an islet, that is, a little isle, and to the church of St. Andrew, which stands thereon. Round about the church is a little monastery, wherein once were monks of the order of St. Benedict. When they left the place the Minorite Friars took it, and own it, and have built a fair convent thereon, after the fashion of their order : moreover, they have planted the islet itself, and made it as it were into a paradise. From hence one can get wood and other things needful, seeing that the soil of the islet is rich and fertile, and the land, like that of nearly all isles, is fruitful.¹

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So after we had walked about this aforesaid isle for some hours under the guidance of the brethren, we returned to the monastery and were entertained at a meal there out of kindness, for which the Lord John the Truchsess liberally recompensed them when we left. During the meal I recognised one of the brethren, whom I had seen during my first pilgrimage on Mount Sion, where he was vice-guardian, and he also remembered me, and greeted me with kindness. From him I received some advice. When we had finished eating we re-embarked in our boat, and reached Rubina with great difficulty, for the wind was contrary. We had supper in the town, and intended to stay away from our galley all night, and rather sleep on benches than on board, because we passed miserable nig^hts

¹ Here a dissertation on islands is omitted.—ED.

on board the galley when she was riding at anchor and tossed by the wind. Howbeit no sooner was supper over than the captain had his trumpet (*buccina*) blown, which was the signal for all to return on board. When we heard this we went back on board. That same evening, before sunset, our pilots weighed the anchors, loosed the galley from her moorings, and sailed out of the harbour, although there was no fair wind at sea: for they had seen afar off Augustine with his galley, and feared lest he should get the start of us: wherefore we made this useless attempt. For as soon as we got outside the harbour we were driven a long way out to sea by a contrary wind, and so we passed that night tossing on the waves and uncomfortable enough.

On the fifth, as the same wind lasted, we were carried through the waves into the worst part of that sea, which is called the Cornerus (Quarnero), wherein those who sail are always in danger, because the sea there flows with an exceeding swift current towards Ancona, and ships have to be withheld by their sailors with great care and great labour from following the sea, which, however, sometimes draws them violently along and dashes them into the port of Ancona, with great peril to the ships and all on board. While in that gulf [*b*] we saw the mountains which separate Dalmatia and Croatia from the kingdom of Hungary, and Hungarians, who are going on a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loretto, take ship there and sail to the place of the Blessed Virgin. Now, on that day we made very little way, and yet the ship continued all the time in violent motion; and it is very wonderful to one who is unused to the sea how a ship when running along very swiftly can yet make no way on her course worth considering. As night came on, the foul wind became stronger, and we passed a most unquiet night, wherein most of the pilgrims became very ill; for though dizziness of the head, upsetting

of the stomach, and violent and grievous vomiting was the lot of all, yet some were made weaker than others thereby. As the storm waxed fiercer the sailors wanted to gybe the mainsail, and the yard was already raised up above the 'top' of the mast, with the *accaton* furled round it, but when they let the yard fly round on the other side, the sail came loose, and fell upon the oars on that side. As the wind now suddenly filled the sail, and was raising it up with great force, it stuck among the oars, and the ship leaned over so much to that side that the yard itself touched the water, and the mast, and, indeed, the galley herself, threatened to go over on that side. Wherefore there was much running to and fro and shouting on the upper deck, and we down below in our berths fell over to the opposite side, and the captain in the poop made ready to save himself, and ordered the ropes which held the small boat to be cut, that it might fall into the water, so that when the ship sank he might jump into it. The pilgrims down below did not know this. Had they known it, there would have been terrible confusion, from the hurry with which they would have run up on deck. Howbeit this business, with the help of God, was peacefully brought to an end, the wind lifted the sail clear of the oars, and the ship began to sail along as before. But if the ship had been overthrown upon her side, as she was on the point of being, none of the pilgrims in the main cabin could have escaped death.

On the sixth the wind was still foul, and we were sorry that we had left the port of Rubina. We again headed the ship towards the mountains, that we might enter some port therein, and there wait for a fair wind. On mountains which are near the sea stand marks whereby mariners know where safe harbours are to be found, and where they may come near to the land; and unless they see those

marks they do not dare to bring these great ships near to land. Having seen one of these marks, and being sure of a harbour, and of being able to come close to the land, we pointed our prow towards the mountains, came between two walls of rock, and brought the vessel into a valley wherein we found a safe harbour; so we cast anchor, and moored the ship to the rocks, and so made her fast. A harbour is nothing more than a place in the midst of hills and mountains, in which a ship can lie without being vexed by the wind; yet it is not its security alone which constitutes a harbour, but furthermore it is needful that the sea therein should be deep. To make a harbour there is no need that there should be human dwellings near it [68 *a*], but it suffices that ships should be able to lie there safe from the blasts of the wind, whether the place be inhabited or no. This harbour was in a deserted spot on one of the isles called Assaro,¹ and was surrounded on all sides by precipices and rocky mountains. After having dined on board we asked for the boat to be lowered into the sea, and rowed ashore, where for pastime we walked about the isle. Upon it there grew sweet-smelling herbs, fine small sage without measure, and agnus castus. After crossing some hills we came to fields of barley, and we were glad, hoping that we were near some farm where we should find fresh bread and eggs for sale, and walking farther along the road we came to a miserable hut, wherein dwelt some exceeding poor Slavonians, who had nothing at all in their house save some roots, which they dried in the sun, ground up into flour when they were dried hard, and baked into bread. They gave us some of this bread, but it was tasteless and very black. There was no other house on the isle save this one. When we had seen all this we returned to the shore over against where our galley lay.

¹ ? Cherso.

Many found the shore duller than the ship, and these went on board again. I with several noblemen remained on shore, took pains to give my companions the slip, and climbed up a mountain alone to look about me. Here I saw not far off one habited as a Preaching Friar running towards me; wherefore I ran to meet him, and, greeting him, inquired whence he came, and whither he was going: but this poor friar knew no tongue wherein to speak with me, neither Latin, nor Italian, nor German, for he was a pure Dalmatian or Slavonian. He was on his way to the galley to beg.

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After this I came down to the seashore, where I found one of our crew plucking a herb which grew out of the crevices of the rocks, which he said was most tasty in a salad, and said that it was called *porcella*. It was nice to taste, salt and sharp flavoured (*acetosa*) like a nasturtium, but fatter and of greater substance. I wondered how so good a herb could have grown out of rocks sprinkled with salt, for the whole seashore is sprinkled over with salt, because in storms the salt water is splashed over the rocks, after which the sun shines upon that water and dries it into salt, and the nature of salt is to make land barren: yet this herb, contrary to the nature of all plants, grows in salt. So I collected some of it to take on board the galley. I also found boughs of the finest agnus castus, which I took, that by its scent I might drive away the stench of the ship from my berth. About this plant see an account at greater length in Part II., p. 189. Naturalists, and especially Albertus Magnus, [*b*] *De Veget. Tractatus*, i., c. 5, tell us that this shrub is called agnus castus because its juice, flowers, and leaves are useful for the promotion of chastity, since by their heat they dry up the substance of seminal humours and the wind which extends the generative

organs. Wherefore the Grecian sages caused this herb to be strewn on the floors of their houses, that chastity might flourish among their matrons. This, too, is said to have been the teaching¹ of Pythagoras, because this plant is wont to render a man mild and chaste even as a lamb. For this cause the priests of the Sun and the virgins dedicated to the service of the goddess Vesta, whose religion embraced the vow of chastity, used to strew leaves of agnus castus on their beds and in their houses. I knew this plant from boyhood, for I learned about it at Basle, where it grew in our convent garden, and had been planted there by someone who came from the sea at the time of the Council of Basle. It was said that it could not be transplanted, but would only grow in the place where this man had put it; but this is not true, for at the time when I was *cursor*² there, I plucked off a branch with a part of the root, and planted it in the infirmary garden, where it grew into a great shrub. It has leaves somewhat like a willow, but they are softer and less stiff; its flowers are like lavender, and therefore it is called the 'sea-willow,' and has a nice, sharp, wholesome scent. Some, however, abominate its scent, and cannot endure to smell it. So at sunset I returned on board the galley, taking with me my *porcella* herb for a salad, and my agnus castus for scent and for an ornament to my berth. On my return I did not join my companions at supper, but made myself a salad of the *porcella*, on which I supped, and was content therewith. As night came on, the contrary wind grew stronger, and blew so hard that we were imperilled even though we were in harbour, and the mariners were forced to get out more ropes to moor the vessel, for squalls swept across the open sea and dashed against the precipitous rocks round about us, reaching even to where we lay. About midnight there

¹ *Documentum.*

² See p. 65.

arose a most terrible storm with violent wind, thunder, lightning, and heavy rain, so that the rain-water ran down into our berths: so we had no rest that night, and much fear, though we were in a harbour; for the water dashed so violently against the sides of the galley that it was a wonder that any wood could endure such blows.

On the seventh was no weather for a good voyage, so after dinner we again went ashore in the boat as we had done the day before; not all of us, but some, whereof I was one. But it was only with difficulty and danger that we could get from the galley into the boat, for the sea was rough, and tossed both the boat and the galley up and down. Wherefore the boatmen did not dare to bring their boat near to the galley, for fear that the wind might dash it against the side and break it to pieces; for it was raised aloft by the waves higher than the galley, and then again sank down so deep, that we on board of the galley could not see it because of the waves between us. [61*a*] In such weather as this whosoever wishes to get out of a galley into a boat must stand on the steps of the galley, and watch carefully until the boat comes so near to the galley that he can reach it by a leap, for the men will not allow the boat to come nearer than this; and he must leap the instant it comes so close, for unless he leaps, the next moment it is carried further away from the galley by the waves, and when he does leap into the boat he cannot save himself from falling, either forwards or backwards, on his face or his back, and those on board of it lift him up. This is one of the greatest and commonest dangers to which pilgrims are subject, but though it appears hard at first, yet as soon as a man gets accustomed to it he does, as a matter of course, what before he scarce dared to look upon or to think of for terror. I have seen women who at first were full of fears, and scarcely dared

to look at the sea, who nevertheless became so bold by practice that they would venture to jump from a galley into a boat. At first a man thinks that he had rather stay on board the galley and endure the wretchedness of it than take a dangerous leap, and so get into a good and refreshing harbour; but after a man has been for many days battered by storms and hardships, and starved for want of food on board ship, when he arrives at a good port he will dare five dangerous leaps rather than stay on board. There is the same difficulty, too, when the boat arrives at the shore; for if the shore be rocky and steep, the sailors dare not approach near it if the sea is at all rough; so one must jump a second time, either on to the rocks, or into the sea; and withal one must watch with great care for the reflux of the sea, for when it runs up it covers even high rocks. Wherefore in harbours there are generally serving-men who, when the sea flows back, run to the boat, and carry out those who will give them a penny. These men hurry lest the sea should catch them as it returns. He who crosses the sea sees these things and many more of the like sort. Now let me return to my story. I reached the shore together with some pilgrims and sailors, and we made a fire on the beach, and walked about the hills, and so passed the time until evening, and it was late when we returned to our suppers on board the galley, having overcome the perils of the leap from the boat to the galley.

On the eighth, which was the second Sunday after Trinity, the air still remained dark, and the wind contrary, so after dinner nearly all of us went on shore in the boat, and there some ran about over the pathless hills and mountains, while some sat still and talked, and we had a merry day. It was a blessing beyond compare on board of that galley, that there was peace and concord, friendship

and unity among all the pilgrims. The contrary was the case on the galley of my first pilgrimage, whereon was anger, quarrelling, disputing, and much cursing, as may be seen on page 14 *b*. So when the sun was about setting we returned on board the galley for supper, and that night [*b*] did not move, albeit the strength of the wind was dying away.

On the ninth, God brought forth from His treasures a good, fair wind, with which we were exceeding pleased. We raised the anchors, let go the (mooring) ropes, unfurled the sails and filled them with wind, and had no sooner left the harbour than we were wafted on to the high sea, and before noon we came to a port in Dalmatia called Iadra (Zara). Here the captain furled the sails, let go one anchor, lowered a boat, and sent some sailors to the city with vessels to bring water, because the water which we had brought from Rubina had failed, and on the Assaro isles there was not one drop of drinkable water. The captain would not let any pilgrim leave the ship, as he meant to start again straightway. While we were at anchor here, lo! Master Augustine also came with his galley and passed us by; but for a long way we could see his galley out at sea, sailing before a fair wind. At this our steersmen were much vexed, because they had always intended and used all efforts in order that they might keep our galley in front of his even to the Holy Land, but here their project was brought to naught. When the water was brought on board we straightway followed Augustine, sailing along a very pleasant course wherein we had on either side villages, castles, and cultivated ground, and we came to Old Iadera, and saw its great ruins, and so with the help of the wind we made a fairly long journey that day. Howbeit, at sunset our fair wind dropped, and a foul one sprang up, to which

we yielded, and pointed our ship towards the mountains, lest it should drive us any further from our path. When we came among the mountains we moored the ship in a desert harbour, and passed a night full of storm and terror because of the tempest, lightning and thunder whereof the air was full, which things are more disagreeable to people at sea than to those who dwell on the land. The name of that harbour is Oneum, and it is in Crawacia, which is a province of Dalmatia.

On the tenth there was no wind save a foul one early in the morning at sunrise, and we despaired of leaving Oneum that day; howbeit, two hours later the wind changed, and they unmoored the galley and worked her out of harbour with the oars. When outside at sea we found a sidelong wind which was not of much use to us, which carried us sideways until after dinner. When dinner was over there arose a fair, strong and fortunate wind, which suddenly drove the ship powerfully along her true path over the sea. That she might go faster the sailors hoisted the foresail (*trinketum*) above the maintop, and hung it to the neck of the maintop, above the mainyard. Moreover, they brought out the awning, or covering of the ship, with which sometimes the whole galley is covered from stem to stern to shelter it from the sun and rain, and spread it athwart the galley where the mast stands, under the sheet of the mainsail, reaching from one side to the other, and so caught all the wind from behind that they could to help us on our way. So we ran along very fast, and passed [62 a] the city of Lesina, and Cursola, and many others, about which, with God's blessing, I will tell you as I return. This fortunate wind and delightful run lasted all that day and the following night, during which we slept most peacefully, gliding swiftly and sweetly along, because the course of the galley was not sideways, but straight forward, which

inclined us to slumber. For when the wind is quite fair, and not too strong, there is hardly any motion which those who are in the cabin can feel, because the ship runs along quietly, without faltering, and both the pilgrims below and the galley-slaves on deck sleep quietly, and all is still, save only he who watches the compass and he who holds the handle of the rudder, for these by way of returning thanks for our happy voyage and good luck continually greet the breeze, praise God, the Blessed Virgin and the saints, one answering the other, and are never silent as long as the wind is fair. Anyone on board who hears this chant of theirs would fall asleep, even though otherwise he could not sleep, just as restless crying children are lulled to rest by their mother's crooning song, when if all was still they would cry, and they go to sleep more because the song assures them of their mother's presence than because of its sweetness. Even so the pilgrims are more quiet because by this song they understand that the ship is sailing straight forward, and that all is well, than on account of the song itself; for they call out even as the watchmen of the city of Ulm do when they cry the hours of the night, which cry hinders no one from sleeping, but sends many restless folk to sleep.

In storms, when the wind is fair and strong, a ship runs violently and with uneasy tossing on its course with exceeding great swiftness, so fast that an arrow from a catapult or a bow cannot equal the pace of the ship. This the sailors often prove by standing at the stern with a bow and shooting towards the prow; the arrow falls short, and the ship outruns it. The wind draws the ship along by its sails with such force that the sea-water seems to run to meet the prow, and the beak of the prow seems to be ploughing furiously up against the stream of a river, so that sometimes the water rises above the horns of

the prow ; for the water dashes so violently against the stern, that it often leaps even into the captain's own chamber, and the wind the while fills the sails and draws them so strongly that the water seems to run the contrary way, against the prow, whereas of a truth it runs against the stern with such swiftness that one's sight can scarce follow the speed of the sea. At least it seemed to me that an arrow when shot from a bow could not move as fast as the sea past the galley, and yet the galley moved ten times faster than the sea. Ships run with almost incredible swiftness when the sea and wind are in this posture. I believe that during a day and a night of sailing with a fair wind a ship journeys as far as from Cologne to Venice. [b] For while the ship is making slow way forward, and its progress is counted as almost naught, yet there is no horse so swift as to be able to gallop as fast as that slow movement of the ship, and when she is making scarce any way, no runner could keep up with her though she be only crawling. When, however, it chance that the ship scarce moves at all, or stops altogether, it is very grievous to those on board. So we that night with great swiftness, yet in fair weather, made great progress on our way. During this time there died a noble knight, a Hollander, whose funeral we conducted as described above, on page 51, and buried him in the deep sea.

On the eleventh, which is the feast of St. Barnabas the Apostle, we continued to sail prosperously onwards, passing the city of Ragusa, the chief city of all Dalmatia and Sclavonia, which I shall tell you of when I return. On that day we saw the frontiers of the kingdoms, the place, that is, where the principalities of Dalmatia and Illyria, the duchy of Albania and Morea or Achaia, and the kingdom of Hungary, the kingdom of Bosnia, and Macedonia join Greece. For all these kingdoms reach down to the sea-

shore, and form the boundary of Christendom towards the north, because Achaia, Albania, Bosnia, and Macedonia belong to the Turk. So we passed an enjoyable day, with a fair wind and fine views on every side. This day the sailors fished, because they had seen a countless multitude of great fish, which they have no means of taking save with an exceeding sharp spear with three points. They stand on the sides of the galley, and when they see a fish they quickly run him through and bring him out; and they do indeed hurt many, but they catch but few. Towards evening our fair wind fell light, but after sunset it grew as strong as before, and during the night all went well, and we sailed a great way.

On the twelfth we sailed along with a fair wind, far out at sea, away from the land. We saw the city of Scodrum, which they call Scutarium, which the Venetians last year gave up to the Turks by way of redress for their grievances, and passed Duracium (Durazzo), which is now a great city of the Turks, on whose site Constantine once determined to found Constantinople, as I will tell you on my return. We also passed the city of Lavilone,¹ beside which a river runs out of the Turkish territory into the sea. Down this river the Turks sail from the bowels of their own land to prey upon the Christians. All that day we set all the sail we could to catch the wind, as I have said before that we did on the seventh. As the sun set our good wind grew stronger, and we took in some of our sail lest we should run too fast in the dark; and that evening we were all very merry, rejoicing, singing, and flute playing till it grew dark. [63 a] All night long we had a fair wind.

On the thirteenth, in the early twilight, the wind grew stronger and shifted to another quarter. The steersmen therefore shifted the sails, and when the yard was brought

¹ Valona (?).

round the ship suddenly heeled over on one side, and almost all the pilgrims, who were still lying in their beds, were shot out of them, and there was great alarm in the cabin, but on deck there was no cause for fear. When the sun rose we saw on our left the isle of Corziri, which they call Corphu, which is the beginning of Greece. This island we quickly passed, because the plague was raging therein, and as we went on our way we entered the sea of Epirus, and had Apulia and Sicily on our right hand. On that day we prosperously passed many Turkish islands and left them behind us. But when the sun set our fair wind fell, and that night we scarcely made any way at all, whereat we were vexed, because Sunday was near and we had hoped to be at Metona (Modon) on that day, and to hear Mass there; but the devil was not willing that we should do this.

On the fourteenth we went on our way and saw the mountains of Achaia, close to where is the city of Patras, where St. Andrew was crucified, and here at sunrise we stood still, having no wind to help us. After dinner there came a feeble wind, which made the galley crawl slowly along towards the city of Metona, which they call Modon, whither we wished to go. Towards evening there sprung up a strong fair wind, which took us out of sight of the Samafra¹ isles, and carried us on towards the mountains of Morea to the province of Carenza,² after which we came

¹ Sta. Mavra.

² *Carenza*. 'R.' writes from Southsea to the Editor of the *Standard*, May 30, 1890, to say that he has found the enclosed in an old book belonging to him, and thinks that it may prove interesting at the present time. The British monarch was, of course, William IV.

'From *La Belle Assemblée*, of January, 1831.—The Dukedom of Clarence.—It is singular, as Captain Trant observes, in his "Narrative of a Journey through Greece in 1830," that a wretched village in that country should have bestowed its name on a British monarch. On reaching the Grecian coast, the Captain observes: One of the mos:

to Belventor. When it grew late we saw on our left the rich country of Achaia, which belongs to the Turks. On our right hand we saw an island without mountains, which they called Strivale (Stamphane). On this island dwell Greek monks of the rule of St. Basil, whom the Turks have never been able to drive out from thence, though they have had many battles with them. For, as soon as the Turks come, the monks rush out with arms and put to flight all who attack them; this they have done so often that the Turks no longer dare to go thither to fight them. We sailed towards this island, and passed it, leaving it on our left. When night came on our fair wind fell, and we made very little way that night.

On the fifteenth, which was the third Sunday after Trinity, and the feast of St. Vitus and St. Modestus, when the sun rose, the galley-slaves begun to work the galley along with their oars, because the wind was not fair for the harbour of Metona, [b] from which we were not more than one German mile distant. By great labour we got into it about eight o'clock in the forenoon. Straightway we got into the boat and rowed to the city, where we found the pilgrims who sailed with Master Augustine. I took my lords and some other pilgrims to the church of the Preaching Friars, and there we heard high Mass.

prominent objects was Castel Tornese, an old Venetian fort, now a ruin, but in former days affording protection to the town of Chiarenza, or Clarentia, which, by a strange decree of fortune, has given the title of Clarence to **our** royal family. It would appear that at the time when the Latin conquerors of Constantinople divided the Western Empire among their leading chieftains, Clarentia, with the district round it, and which comprised almost all of ancient Elis, was formed into a duchy, and fell to the lot of one of the victorious nobles, who transmitted the title and dukedom to his descendants until the male line failed, and the heiress of Clarence married into the Hainault family. By this union, Philippa, the consort of Edward III., became the representative of the Dukes of Clarence; and on this account was Prince Lionel invested with the title, which has since remained in our royal family.'

The prior of that place and the other brethren knew me well from my first pilgrimage. After Mass was over we went to the house of the bakers, where biscuits are baked for seafarers, wherein dwells an old German, and there we had our dinner cooked, and dined. The other pilgrims went over to the house of the Teutonic lords,¹ and there provided a meal for themselves. After dinner we went up to the walls of the town and walked round upon them, and admired its impregnable fortifications. It is not an island, but part of the mainland, whereof the whole belongs to the Turks. On my return I shall tell you more about this. In this port lay also the galley of Master Augustine, and all his pilgrims were in the city, so we made a happy and merry fellowship with them, though this displeased the captains, who thought that because they had quarrelled and were at enmity one with another, even so we ought to be tainted with the same venom, and ought to avoid each other's company. But we took no heed of this, and both ate and drank together with them, and we brought them on board and showed them our galley, and they took us to see theirs, and so we spent the day together until vespers, rejoicing with each other at having met in the middle of the sea; for the city of Modon is said to be midway between Venice and Jerusalem. About vespers both patrons blew their horns to call their pilgrims on board, and when we heard this signal we all went on board the galleys. That same evening Augustine and his pilgrims left the port, but we remained there until the morrow. This city I shall describe on my return.

On the sixteenth, before it was fully light, the slaves rowed the galley out of the harbour as far as the corner of the mountain, where we committed her to the wind, and

¹ From what Fabri says in his second part, it is clear that this house was an inn, probably called the 'Inn of the Teutonic Lords,' like the *Fondaco de' Tedeschi* at Venice.

entered the Malean sea, passing by the city of Corona, which stands on a lofty rock. After mid-day there arose a strong wind, and we sailed fast towards the roots (*sic*) of Malea without let or hindrance, and doubled the cape there without any trouble, which does not often happen : for in that place one almost always meets with dangers and difficulties. We sailed all night long with that wind, passing by many reefs and rocks with good fortune : for that sea is very hard to navigate without the good luck of a fair wind. [64 *a*]

On the seventeenth we sighted the isle of Crete, Candia, or Centapolis. In the afternoon of this day the wind fell light, and we were rolled about hither and thither by the waves without making any way, and could not reach Crete that day. The other captain, Augustine, avoided Crete and sailed from Malea to the Cyclades Isles ; but our captain did not like to pass by Crete, because he wished to visit the Lord Patriarch of Constantinople, who holds the archbishopric of Crete. This same patriarch was a Venetian, and was the father of our captain, wherefore he decided to touch at that isle. But lest the pilgrims should make this a ground for complaint against him, he brought out that day a piece of silken stuff, called *atlas*, worth ten ducats, for them to play for at cards. This stuff was won by the Lord Ber von Hohen Rechberg, one of my lords. And there was that day a great deal of secular money-making on board of the galley over different games ; for every day deep and sinful gambling went on among the nobles with cards and dice, and one would lose, and another would win, and there was great debauchery, albeit without quarrels. I know some young knights and noble-men who brought with them so great a sum of money that they meant to go on to St. Catharine's, and they had enough to do so ; but by means of this accursed gambling they

were brought to such need and want, that they could not afford to travel even as far as Jerusalem, and had not their comrades helped them, they must have gone home without receiving their knighthood. On festival days, when I preached the Word of God on board of the galley, I rebuked those gamblers long and bitterly, and some by God's grace I turned away from their sin, while others I rendered all the more hardened therein; and every day from morn till dark they would sit gaming, with fifty, sixty, a hundred or two hundred ducats lying on the table as the stake for one single game. So on that day there was much rejoicing, as fools rejoice, in our company, at our having won that piece of silk.

On the eighteenth after sunrise we got a light wind, which slowly moved the ship towards Crete. About noon we saw an armed galley cruising not far from us, and our master-at-arms called it to us in the following fashion: He shot a cannon towards it; on hearing the sound whereof they who steered it straightway turned its prow towards us, and brought it alongside of us with their oars. They then lowered a boat, and the captain and master-at-arms of that galley came on board of ours and talked for some time with our captain and steersmen; for this galley also belonged to St. Mark of Venice, even as ours did. This is a custom at sea, that when two or more galleys sight one another, that one which holds itself to be chief among them calls the other in the aforesaid manner. If the galley be Venetian, the greater calls the less, and the lesser must come into its presence. If the galley be not Venetian, nevertheless, if it comes when called, it is well; but if it comes not, then straightway that which called it bears down upon it with all speed, and hastens to wage war against it, [*b*] getting ready its cannons, bows, darts, and catapults. When the other vessel sees this, if it is afraid, it lowers its sail

as a sign of submission and friendship. If it does not lower its sail, it is a sign that it means to resist and fight, and then both vessels make ready for battle. Towards evening we arrived at Crete, and sought for an inn wherein we might sup, but we found no inn save one of which I take shame to speak—a house of ill-fame, which was kept by a German woman, the mistress thereof, to whom we were led, and who, as soon as we, being all of us nobles, priests, or monks, had come in, cleared her house, and put it with all its chambers at our service. She was a well-mannered, respectful, and discreet woman, and obtained all that we needed for us in great quantity, and we had a glorious supper, with Cretan wine, which we called malvoisie. And that day we found there ripe grapes, both black and white, in great plenty. But since the wind was fair, we were told that we should start that night, and so when our supper was over we returned on board of our galley and passed the night there.

On the nineteenth, which is the feast of St. Gervais and St. Protais, after we had risen and were hoping to start, we saw the galley-slaves carrying their goods out of the ship into the market-place to offer them for sale. When we saw this we knew that the galley was not going to start, and we straightway landed in the boat and entered the city, where we heard Mass at the church of the Preaching Friars. After Mass we went to our inn and had a good dinner; when we had dined we visited all the churches and monasteries in the city, whereof I will give an exact account on my return. As evening came on we were all recalled to the galley by the sound of trumpets, and no sooner had we gotten on board of her than the fair wind, which had blown all day long, dropped, and so we stayed in port all night where we were, with much weariness and grumbling and impatience.

On the twentieth, before it was light, they rowed the galley out of the harbour of Crete with great labour, and we sailed with a light wind towards the isle of Standia. The isles of Crete and Standia lie over against one another, and we lay midway between them without making any way. Howbeit, about noon there came a fresh and fair wind, which brought us out of the Cretan into the Aegean Sea, to the Cyclades Isles, through which we sailed all this day and all the following night.

On the twenty-first we were in the midst of the Cyclades, striving to reach the isle of Rhodes, which is the first and chief of the Cyclades, and is on the eastern side of them. About noon we were driven out of the circle of the Cyclades to the country which is called Napulia, which country is the first which was attacked by the Turks. After long wanderings [65 *a*] about the world they came into this country, slew and enslaved those who dwelt therein, and began their reign there. Setting out from this country, they have taken the whole of Asia Minor from the Christians and made it subject to themselves. After mid-day the wind fell somewhat for an hour; but afterwards it blew stronger, and drove us away from Napulia towards Rhodes, and we quickly came up to the mountains of Rhodes, towards the city of Colossus, which is the chief city in that isle. Meanwhile, the sun set and night came upon us before we could enter the port of Colossus; howbeit, by the help of the moon's light we sailed into the harbour, where we moored ship and slept that night. In the port we found the galley of Master Augustine, who, with his pilgrims, was ashore in the city.

On the twenty-second, being the fourth Sunday after Trinity, and the feast of the Ten Thousand Martyrs,¹ after obtaining leave from the Grand Master of the Knights

¹ St. Alban.

of Jerusalem—without whose express consent no one is allowed to enter the city—we left our galley, and entered the city of Colossus, which they call Rhodes. Here we went up to the castle of the knights, to the church of St. John, where we heard high Mass. After Mass some knights of St. John, German noblemen, came to my lords, whom they greeted with great respect and pleasure, and showed them their relics; after which they prepared a most excellent dinner for us in a respectable house, and there we dined. After dinner Master Augustine and his pilgrims departed. When our captain, Piro Lando, saw this, he blew his trumpet and recalled us on board; so we made haste on board the galley. Howbeit, we left behind us in that city several good and honest knights, who were too ill to go any further, among whom was the Lord Jerotheus von Ratzenhusen, and some knights of St. John, who had come from Venice with us, and had been merry and loyal comrades to us, at whose loss we were all grieved. For on board ship exceeding pleasant and social friendships are made, just as in places of study and watering-places, and the separation which follows is grievous. There remained behind also the one woman who was with us, because she had strayed away to some church outside the town, not supposing that the galley would sail that day. Except her husband, no one was sorry at the absence of this woman, because she had rendered herself odious beyond measure by her silly talk and her inquisitive prying into unprofitable matters. There was also a poor man whom the captain had taken thus far for the love of God, but whom he would not take further. This man stood on the beach wailing and lamenting that he could not come to Jerusalem. My lords took pity on him, brought him on board, and provided for the expenses of his journey. They also took under their protection

another poor man from our own country, who was unable to proceed further, and provided for him likewise. So that evening we started. [b]

On the twenty-third, the eve of St. John the Baptist, we sailed before a very strong wind, and during the previous night sailed so fast that in the morning we saw no land, nothing but the Adriatic (? Aegean) and Carpathian Sea. When the sun set and it was growing dark, our sailors prepared to make St. John's fire on the galley, which they did as follows: They took many more than forty lanterns made of wood and transparent horn, and hung them one above the other on a long rope, and then, when the lamps were lighted, they hoisted them up aloft to the maintop, in such sort that the burning lanterns hung down from the maintop as far as the rowing-benches, and lighted up the whole galley. To see this sight all men came on deck from the cabin, the poop, and the innermost chambers of the galley, and stood round about it. Thereupon the trumpeters began to blow their trumpets, and the galley-slaves and other sailors sang, rejoiced, chanted, danced, and clapped their hands; whereat all who stood round about were wrought upon by the shouts of gladness and the clapping of hands to rejoice at the respect paid to the most blessed forerunner of our Lord. Before this show I never had beheld the practice of clapping the hands for joy, to which allusion is made in the forty-sixth Psalm, which saith: 'O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.' Nor could I have believed that the general clapping of many men's hands at the same time, when done out of gladness, would have such great power to move the human mind to joy. So we rejoiced greatly on board of the galley until about midnight, sailing along all the while swiftly and quietly on our way. After this we laid ourselves down to sleep.

pilgrims and sailors alike, and let the ship drive before the wind ; but the wind ought never to be thus trusted alone, without man's labour, and watchfulness as well, for in the twinkling of an eye it may change, as will appear in my story.

On the twenty-fourth, which is the feast of St. John the Baptist, we sighted Cyprus early in the morning. On seeing it the pilots of our galley were much vexed, because they saw that they had gone astray from the right path over the sea, and had lost their way while they slept ; for the galley had been carried too far towards the left. Had the steersmen not slept, the galley would this morning have been at anchor in some desirable haven in Cyprus. Wherefore there arose a dispute and quarrel between the captain and the steersmen ; and the pilots quarrelled among themselves, and blamed the sailors. So they turned the galley to the right, away from the course on which she was sailing, and about the hour of vespers we came back to our true course. But no sooner were we in the right path than the wind fell, and that night we scarcely moved at all. [66*a*]

On the twenty-fifth we came over against the most ancient port in Cyprus, which is called Paphos, and is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, ch. xiii., vv. 6 and 13. Near this we saw the mount of Venus,¹ whereof I will tell you on my return, and we sailed very slowly until noon. At noon a fair wind arose, which bore us from thence, and we quickly sailed along the coast of the kingdom of Cyprus, passing the harbours of Piscopi and Limasol, and about the vesper hour we sailed into the harbour of Salinae, and made our ship fast with

¹ Fabri alludes to the legend of Tannhäuser in his dissertation on islands, which I have omitted, and gives it at length in his description of Crete in the second part.—ED.

anchors and mooring ropes. Straightway the captain had himself and his servants put on shore, where he hired horses and rode to the city of Nicosia, the chief city of Cyprus, to the Queen's court, as he wished to see his wife, who was a lady of the Queen's bedchamber. I have mentioned this city on page 16 *a*, and the description thereof will be found on page 143 *b*, Part II.

When the captain had left us, we pilgrims stood on the deck of the galley looking at the shore, and I stood with them, telling those who were near me about the barrenness of this port, and the nature of the country; for I had been there for many days during my former pilgrimage. I likewise pointed out to my lords the pilgrims those places on the shore which I knew, and among other things I showed them the Mount of the Holy Cross, the highest mountain in all the realm of Cyprus, on whose top is a church, wherein hangs the cross of the thief who was crucified on the right hand of Christ; and I told their lordships all the story of that cross, as will be seen hereafter. While my lords and others of the pilgrims stood there, wondering about that cross, and looking towards the mount, which was five German miles distant from us, I said to them: 'Lo! my dearest brethren, our captain has departed to Nicosia, and will scarce return by to-morrow evening, and we cannot set sail ere he returns, and to-morrow we shall have a very long and tedious day. Now, therefore, let him who is willing to follow me to the Holy Mount come to the stern of the galley, and we will visit the blessed cross, and to-morrow we will return in good time.'

Saying this, I went to the stern, and many noblemen followed me thither, thinking that I had said and done this in jest. So in the poop I hired a servant who knew the way to the Holy Cross, promising him that he should

receive a marcella¹ from each of my companions, and I also hired a boatman to take us to the shore. But the noblemen, when they saw that I was in earnest, all went away again and left me; howbeit, there remained with me these pilgrims:

Lord Henry of Schomberg, a noble knight and a brave man.

Master John, the priest, an archdeacon from Transylvania, a man of piety and learning.

Master Caspar Siculi, a knight, a brave and strong young man.

Master Burchard Nusdorfer, a knight, a good and merry man.

One Rudolph, a Swiss from Thurgau, a tall and honest man.

One John, a merchant from Flanders, a man of exceeding great thirst.

And Brother Felix, the moving spirit of all these, and the servant whom I had hired, Andrew by name.

We eight went down from the galley into the boat, and when we were set on shore [*b*] began to discuss how we should manage our pilgrimage; for the hour was late, the sun had set, and it was growing dark. Our guide and servant took us in the dark to a village named Ornyca, one mile distant from the sea, where he roused a countryman whom he knew. This countryman produced wine, bread, and cheese, and we ate and drank. We also hired eight mules in the village, upon which we mounted and set out joyously. Meanwhile the moon had risen, and gladdened our hearts as her light drove away the darkness, for we, the chosen eight, were all comrades. The weather was fine, the country beautiful, the road good, and besides all this the shrubs of that land breathed forth

¹ Probably a 'mark.'

the sweetest fragrance, for almost all the herbs of that isle are spices of divers sorts, which smell by far sweetest in the night time, when they are moist with dew. We continued our journey until the rising of Lucifer, the morning star, which precedes the rising of the sun, when we came to the village which is named St. Cross, where we tied up our beasts and lighted a fire, and my comrades drank, but I abstained, because I meant to celebrate a Mass on the Holy Mount. We also lay down and rested for a little space, and slept until it was bright day, lying on the ground by the side of our beasts.

On the twenty-sixth, which is the feast of the Holy Martyrs John and Paul, when we arose we asked the Greek before whose house we had rested to make ready a good dinner for us, since we meant to return to him from the mount without breaking our fast. So we mounted our beasts and set out, with the Holy Mount before our eyes, shuddering at its height. At the foot of the mount we came into a delicious valley, through the midst of which ran a clear sweet stream of living water, whose banks were full of most beauteous flowers, whose names we did not know, and sweet-smelling shrubs. There were also many trees laden with carob beans, which laymen call 'St. John's bread.' From this valley we made our way up the mount in a very cold shade, because the sun, albeit it was warming all the mountains round about with its rays, yet could not reach us in that valley. Soon we came to the steepest part of the mountain, up which we could not ride our mules, so we tied them to trees, and climbed up on foot with great labour and much sweating; for the mount is lofty and steep, and is said to be in all ways like unto Mount Tabor in the Holy Land, whereon our Lord was transfigured. This I have heard from one who had climbed them both. When we arrived at the

top, we knelt in prayer before the church, and sat down in the open air, before entering the church, that we might regain our breath, and wipe away the sweat wherewith we were covered, and cool the heat in which we were. After we had done this I made myself ready first, as was fitting, entered the church, and tolled the bell, that the sacristan might hear it and come. Straightway there came a priest, ignorant of the Latin tongue, who brought out [67 *a*] most ancient Latin service books and other things needful for Mass. After the bell had been rung I read a Mass for the Holy Cross, with the collects for the Holy Martyrs John and Paul, and for travellers. After Mass I turned me round to my brethren and comrades, and delivered an address to them, telling them how they should pay meet and worthy reverence to the cross, and pointing out in what respects the cross about to be shown differed from that of our Saviour, and in what respects it was like unto it. I, moreover, warned them not to be over-inquisitive when they viewed it, and not to wish to see a miracle therein, because when we were come to the most holy sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem we should see no miracle, and how much less could we look for one here? This I said because we had heard strange and curious tales about the cross which was to be seen there. After this I took a lighted candle in my hands and went to the place where the cross was, and my fellow-pilgrims followed me thither, and the sacristan came with me. When we came to the place the sacristan opened it, so that we had the holy cross plainly to be seen before our eyes. Then I went first up to the cross and kissed it, and viewed it carefully both before and behind. After me came my companions, who paid honour to it, and carefully viewed it, one after another. It is a tolerably large cross, covered in front with plates of

silver, gilded, but on the side looking towards the wall it is uncovered, and is made of fine sound wood, like cypress-wood. They say that this is the cross of Dysma, the thief on the right hand, to whom our Lord Jesus promised Paradise when on the cross. For the blessed Helena found three crosses beneath Mount Calvary, whereof she threw away that one which belonged to Gesma, the thief on the left hand. The second cross, that of Dysma, she kept. The third, which was the cross of Christ, she openly showed to all the world, that it might be duly honoured. She brought her own cross, that which had been Dysma's, entire from Jerusalem to this mount, and here she built a great convent for monks, and a church wherein she placed this cross as an exceeding holy relic. She ordered a chamber or closet to be built in the wall over against the altar, and placed the cross within it; and there it stands unmoved even to this day, albeit the monastery itself has long ago been overthrown even to the ground by the Turks and Saracens, and the monks of the Order of St. Benedict, who once dwelt therein, have been scattered. The position and arrangement of this cross in its place is wonderful. The cross stands in a blind window, and both its arms are let into holes made in the wall, and its foot is let into a hole made in the floor. But the holes which contain the arms of the cross and the foot of the cross are large out of all proportion, and the cross nowhere touches the wall, but is free and clear from contact with the wall on every side. The miracle which is noised abroad about the cross, is that it hangs in the air without any fastening, and withal stands as firm as though it were fixed with the strongest nails, or built into the wall, which nevertheless it is not, because all the three holes are very great, so that a man can put his hand into them and perceive by touch that there is no

fastening there, nor yet at the back or at the head of the cross. I might indeed have searched this thing more narrowly than I did, but I feared God, and [b] had no right to do that which I had forbidden others to do.¹ I climbed this mount to show honour to the cross, not to try whether there was a miracle or not, or to tempt God. That this cross may be the more worthy of reverence, they have joined to it a piece of the true cross of Christ. In this chapel hangs a bell, which we rang both before and after Mass, and I said to my companions that we should hear no more bells until we returned to Christendom, which was true, for hereafter I heard no bell for a space of four months, save this one, which we believe to have been placed here by St. Helena, who also placed the cross here.

Now, when we had finished with the church we came out and entered the house of the sacristan, hoping to find therein something wherewith to refresh ourselves; but the house was void and empty, nor was there so much as a biscuit and cold water therein, [68*a*] nor could the man speak to us, because he was a pure Greek, and Latin was to him a barbarous tongue, Italian was Arabic, and German was Tartar. So we departed unrefreshed, and strolled round the brow of the mountain, where we found some thick ancient walls, remains of the temple of Venus. In whichever direction we looked, whether along or across the island, we could see the sea; but since by reason of the excessive heat the air was somewhat misty and clouded, we were not able to see the Holy Land, nor could we see the mountains of Armenia, of Cappadocia, of Coele-Syria, or of Galilee, all of which we might have seen had the air been clear. After this we entered the church, greeted and kissed the holy cross, hurried down the mount to where

¹ See Abbot Daniel, chap. vi.

our beasts stood, and rode to the village of Holy Cross, where we found our much-longed-for dinner ready, which we ate with giving of thanks. We could not straightway leave the place, because it was exceeding hot, and the sun burned like fire, so we went into a church of the Greeks, which stood near our inn, that we might pray therein and then rest a little in the shade. While we sat there a clerk in orders came and said to us in the Latin tongue, 'What are you doing in the Greek church? Here close by is a Latin church of your rite; it is there that you ought to pray and rest yourselves.' So we arose and went with him to the Latin church. Here he brought out from the archives the arm of St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, which was honoured by being enclosed in silver. He also produced a nail, which was in like manner covered with silver, and this he said was one of the nails of Christ, wherewith he was nailed to the cross. We kissed these relics, and touched them with our jewels, as has been described. I found that this clerk was a monk, which, however, I could not discover from his dress, because he was covered with a camlet cloak, and that he was the parson of both churches, both the Greek and the Latin one, and that in all respects he conformed himself to the rite of each; for on Sundays he first celebrated Mass in the Latin church, and consummated it in the Western fashion with unleavened bread; and when this office was finished he crossed over to the Greek church, and consummated in the Eastern fashion with leavened bread. This displeased me much, and I held that priest to be a heretic of the worst kind, leading the people astray hither and thither: for the two rites cannot be performed by one and the same person; nay, hardly in the same city, because of their disagreement in many important articles. It is true that in old times the Roman Church used to tolerate the

Grecian rite, yet even then it did not permit one to be Greek and Latin at the same time, much less now when the Church condemns the Greeks as schismatics and heretics, and the Greeks renounce us in their offices, and on every Sunday declare to their people that the Roman Church is excommunicate, and hate us of the Latin rite even to the death of us all. How, then, can any honest man and good Catholic be a Latin and a Greek parson at the same time? No one acts thus except to satisfy his avarice or his love of pleasure, for such men as this accept whatever is pleasant in either ritual, and renounce those things which are hard and grievous to be borne whether they be in the one or the other. Many Latin priests transfer themselves to the Greek rite that they may venture upon marriage, yet at the same time they wish to enjoy the liberty of priests of the Latin rite, which is not theirs.

So, in the afternoon, when the sun's heat began to grow less, we mounted our beasts and went down towards the sea as far as the church of St. Lazarus, which stands on the shore, opposite to which was our galley, a long way out in the sea. Here we sent back our beasts to their owners. On the shore was a great market, and a great crowd of people brought together by our galley, from which our sailors had brought out their wares, and were selling them to the Cypriots. So it was in every place where we touched. After we had seen the market we returned to the galley to our lords and comrades, whom we found sorrowful and ill-tempered because the captain had not yet returned, and they had passed a very wearisome day. All the pilgrims crowded round us to hear about what we had seen, and when they heard our story they said that we were fortunate, and that they were sorry that they had not gone with us.

On the twenty-seventh, as we found that the captain was

slow to return, some pilgrims, of whom I was one, again had themselves put ashore to spend the day there. The greater part of the pilgrims stayed on board the galley, for fear of the air of Cyprus, which is in general hurtful to Germans unless they be strong and of a sound habit of body. Wherefore nobles who fear to risk their skin do not land in Cyprus. When on shore we went to the place where the salt works are, where we could see by the ruins that once there had been a city of no small size. Behind the city there is a place surrounded with hills, which sometimes when the sea rises is filled with water and becomes like a lake, and then when the sea ebbs away again all the water which remains therein is turned by the heat of the sun into the finest, whitest, and most valuable salt. This salt is carried into many countries for sale, and the Queen of Cyprus receives much money for it from those who deal in salt. In my first pilgrimage I saw many men working there at separating salt from the water which was not yet dried up, and there were many tall piles of salt standing there like little hills; but now there was not one single man there, and where formerly the piles of salt had stood there was fairly deep water. So about the time of vespers we returned on board our galley, and we were very angry with our captain. That evening came in a boat the woman who had been left behind at Rhodes, at whose return there was but little joy; yet I pitied the poor creature because of the straits to which she had been put by the sailing of the vessel [69*a*].

On the twenty-eighth before sunrise the captain came from Nicosia with certain Cypriots who desired to see the holy places at Jerusalem, among whom was a pious lady of the Queen's court, who meant to end her days in Jerusalem in the neighbourhood of the holy places. We weighed anchor, and sailed very slowly out of the harbour

because the wind was light. At noon it grew strong, and also foul, and we were swiftly driven back towards the rocky coast of Cyprus. When there, we cast the lead, and found that the keel was very near the bottom, wherefore, lest we might meet with any Scylla or Bithalassum, we lowered the sails, took the ship out of the hands of the wind, dropped our anchors and waited there for a fair wind. This delay was grievous to us, because we were burning with desire to behold the Holy Land, knowing that we should sight no other land before we arrived at that for which we longed. Our delay was above all grievous to the captain and his officers, who feared lest Augustine, who had gone before us with his pilgrims, might obtain leave to enter the Holy Land before our arrival there, because if this should happen we should have been obliged to stay in harbour until they had finished their pilgrimage and had put to sea again: this would have been the death of us, and past our bearing. For had we not found them in the port of the Holy Land, we should have been forced to return to Cyprus straightway and there await their return. After sunset there arose a light wind, to which we entrusted the ship, and crawled a little way that night.

On the twenty-ninth, which is the feast of the Holy Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and which was the fifth Sunday after Trinity, a foul wind drove us back again until we came near to the port of Limasol, which we had passed last Wednesday, and there we anchored. Here the sailors took axes, and rowed ashore to a grove of trees, where they chopped wood for the kitchen fire without remembering that it was the feast of the Apostles and Sunday. When it grew late the wind came fairer, and we weighed anchor and swiftly sailed away from Cyprus into the open sea, where we could see no land, whether mainland or island, because we were very far out.

On the thirtieth, which is the Commemoration of St. Paul, and the last day of June, we sailed fast and watched with most earnest longing for the joyful sight of that most desirable and glorious land. Even as Moses, when he had passed through the wilderness of the desert and had drawn nigh unto the Promised Land, in his longing for it, ascended into a mountain to the top of Phasga (Pisgah), whence he beheld the Holy Land, as we are told in Deut. xxxiv. 1; so we, who had been led out of our own land across the great sea, were continually [*b*] climbing to the upper parts of the ship to seize by our eyes that land for which we were making. Whosoever first beheld this land from the sea would have counted himself a happy man. Wherefore we begged and bribed the young sailors who kept watch in the maintop to keep a careful look-out round about the sea, and warn us with a shout as soon as they beheld the Holy Land; and we meant to give a good present to him by whose voice we should first hear the glad tidings. It is not out of any boastfulness, but merely to describe truly what befell, that I confess that, for my own part on both my pilgrimages, during those days when I expected that we should soon see the Holy Land, I cared neither for eating, drinking, nor sleeping; the hours of darkness which are appointed for men's rest were grievous to me; my bed was a thorn to me, my berth a hell. I could no longer read or write, or converse with men as before; but my only pleasure was to sit at the prow of the galley upon the horns thereof, and from thence to look out ceaselessly across the wide sea, that by the toil of my eyes I might quiet the fever of my mind. I was vexed in mind when night came on, and, though I scarce dare to tell it, I have even cursed the night for taking away from me the means of seeing—I mean the light. On all these days I was seated on the prow before the dawn, whose rays I welcomed with joy,

and then awaited the rising of the sun, and most diligently cast my sight over the surface of the sea and fixed it towards the east, which, nevertheless, I supposed to be beneath the water, because of the height of the sea. Wherefore I did not look aloft, but fixed my gaze unflinchingly upon that part of the sky which seemed to join the sea, or to be parted from it by the horizon ; and as the sun rose I used to look earnestly whether I could see any impediment or opaque body between the bright body of the sun and the clear body of the water. Any mass thus interposed could have been nothing else than the Holy Land, which I knew was to the eastward of us. For when a galley is floating on the high seas, and the sun rises, it seems as though he rose out of the water, and there is naught to be seen in between the sun and the water. The same thing happens at sunset also, when the sun seems to plunge into the water. But when the galley is within about twenty or thirty German miles of the land, the sun seems to come forth from the mountains of that land, so that in the brightness of the dawn the mountains can be seen before the sun, because they are between the sun and the sea. But as soon as the sun has risen above the mountains, in two or three hours' time those mountains will be invisible. Therefore I used to stand at the prow in the early twilight, hoping to see the Holy Land before the sun arose ; and I used to greet the rising sun with joy, because without his help I could not see that land. But when I saw the sun risen high above the sea, with no land shown at his rising, I sadly turned away, and for a time busied myself with other matters. Thus was it also with other pilgrims, not, indeed, with all, but only those who loved and longed for the Holy Land. Ach, mein Gott ! how sweet the love of a heavenly country can be to the devout and contemplative, when [70 a] undevout, wretched, sinful,

wandering pilgrims feel so pleasant, so deep, and so keen a longing for an earthly one ! Even as Mary Magdalen, burning with the fire of love, often bowed herself down and looked into the sepulchre where her Beloved lay, so doth the loving pilgrim often rise up in his ship and gaze fixedly toward the east, that he may behold the land wherein is the sepulchre of his Beloved. So all day long we used to sit looking over the sea, trying whether we could see anything save water ; and sometimes, through the power of imagination, some would fancy that they saw land, and would call others to them and ask them to look, and would engage in a pious dispute—one side declaring that they saw land, and the other denying it. Sometimes while they wrangled one would lay a wager with another that he was right, and they would refer the matter to the look-out man who sat in the maintop, and when he had given his verdict, one would pay the other the glass of malvoisie or whatever other thing he had wagered. Meanwhile, we were sailing prosperously, and held a very fair and gentle wind. It seemed to us that the bitter sea itself had begun to turn sweet and grant us pleasant sailing, and that owing to the nearness of that sweetest of lands which flows with milk and honey. Thus passed that day and night, and consequently the month of June came to an end.

Here endeth the third chapter.

THE MODE OF PROCEDURE IN DESCRIBING THE PILGRIMAGE THROUGH THE HOLY- LAND AND JERUSALEM.

NOW that my wanderings have brought me by the grace of God across the sea to the Holy Land, I shall proceed in future to tell of the progress of our pilgrimage day by day, usually beginning each day from the previous evening ; for thus it is that one visits the holy places, as will appear hereafter. Herewith also I shall faithfully describe all the places to which our pilgrimage extended and which we visited. But I shall not meddle with any description of other places to which pilgrims are not conducted, or of the entire Holy Land, or of the ancient condition of the city of Jerusalem, save as far as I may be incidentally forced to mention places which I have not myself seen. Whosoever will see a most beauteous and most ancient description of the Holy Land, let him read the book of Brother Burcard, of the Order of Preaching Friars, which is in the Library of the Dominicans or Preaching Friars at Ulm. From this book my fellow-pilgrim, the nobly-born Lord Bernard von Braitenbach, the most venerable Dean of the Cathedral Church of Mainz, has copied the description of the Holy Land, which he has inserted into his own pilgrim's diary or book of travel.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER, CONTAINING THE
ACTS OF THE PILGRIMS IN THE HOLY
LAND DURING THE MONTH OF JULY,
WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE HOLY
PLACES IN JERUSALEM, AND ROUND
ABOUT THE SAME.

THE month of July, the pilgrim's joy, was the month on whose first day the most venerable of all lands appeared to the pilgrims whose doings are noted in this book. We had sailed swiftly and prosperously from the sea of Pamphylia to that of Syria and Phoenicia, and after being driven from thence towards the south, we came that same night into the desirable sea of Palestine. Soon, when the dawn began to shine, there shone forth also the land which is brighter than the sun—I mean the Holy Land, the land of Canaan, the land whose name is above every name. As soon as the watchman in the maintop beheld it, he suddenly burst out into the cry: 'My lords pilgrims, rise up and come on deck; behold, the land which you long to see is in sight!' On hearing this shout all hurriedly rushed forth from every corner of the galley, men and women, old and young, sick and well, and climbed aloft that they might behold the land for whose sake they had left their native country, and exposed themselves to many hardships and to the danger of death. Howbeit, as it was yet a great way off, we were not able to see anything except the sea; but the sailors declared that they could

see the land, for they are used to the sea, and can make out ships or land while yet a great way off. After an hour had passed, as we drew nearer and nearer, we ourselves began to see peaks and mountain-tops rising as it were out of the sea. Our pilots were still doubtful as to what land it might be. Some said that it was Cappadocia, some that it was Cilicia, and some that it was Syria Phoenice. The greater part declared that we had Cappadocia on our left hands, and had already passed beyond it, so that we were off Antioch, and that land which appeared on our left was Syria Phoenice, and that in front of us, a great way off [71 a], was nevertheless Philistia in Palestine, which joins on to the Holy Land: and so it was. When there was at last no doubt but what we saw the Holy Land, and had the mountains of Israel before our eyes, the captain commanded that all men should hold their peace, and he with the voice of a herald certified to us that this was that blessed land wherein Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Lord, was conceived, was born, lived, was crucified, died, was buried, and rose again from His sepulchre on the third day, as we all declare that we steadfastly believe. Wherefore, he told us it was meet and right that we should give thanks to our Redeemer, and sing a hymn of gladness with our loudest voice. So two pilgrims who were priests and monks, and who had good voices, went along the rowing-benches as far as the mast, to the place where sea Mass is wont to be read, and there in union they began to sing with a loud voice the hymn of Ambrose and Augustine,¹ which was taken up by all the other clergy present as it is sung in church, each man singing it according to the notation of his own choir at home. I have never heard so sweet and joyous a song, for there were

¹ *Te Deum laudamus.*

many voices, and their various dissonance made as it were sweet music and harmony; for all alike sang the same words, but the notes were different and yet sweetly harmonized together, and it was a joyous thing to hear so many priests singing the same song together out of the gladness of their hearts. There were many Latin priests, Slavonians, Italians, Lombards, Gauls, Franks, Germans, Englishmen, Irishmen, Hungarians, Scots, Dacians, Bohemians, and Spaniards, and many there were who spoke the same tongue, but came from different dioceses, and belonged to different religious orders. All these sang the glorious *Te Deum*, in which even the laity, pilgrims, and the crew of the galley alike joined in, shouting aloud for joy at our good fortune. Our trumpeters blew their trumpets loudly, and sounded their shawms, and one Bogadellus, a jongleur, played upon a drum and sackbut, while others blew flutes and bagpipes. Meanwhile some bowed their faces to the deck and prayed, looking toward the Holy Land; others wept for joy while they sang, and so all sang a new song before the throne of God, and the earth and sea rang with their voices. It seemed to us that while we sung thus our galley bounded beneath us and sailed faster, ploughing the waves more freely, that the wind filled the sail fuller, and the water, stirred by the wind, sent us along more swiftly. When we had finished our hymns of praise, the trumpets sounded the call to dinner, and every man with joy made himself ready to sit down at the table. One priest, a heavy, respectable man, well stricken in years, who lay in the berth on my right hand, was hurrying to his berth after the singing, and when his foot touched the first step of the ladder, which was polished with constant walking over it, he stumbled, fell violently down into the cabin, and lay there as though dead. [6] Upon this we

all ran to comfort our brother; but he, with a broken head and shaken limbs, was carried into his berth for dead: yet some hours later he came to himself, was bandaged and medically treated, and some days afterwards grew better. After dinner we stood along the sides of the ship, and could only see the mountains, which looked to us bare and white. In the afternoon we saw lofty mountains to the northward, between which and ourselves, and nearer to the sea, was Mount Carmel, in the province of Phoenicia. When I gazed upon it I remembered how the holy prophet Elisha prayed to God upon that mountain for rain, when it had not rained for three years and six months, and how, while he prayed, there arose a little cloud like the print of a man's foot from this sea, whence there came forth a great rain, as we read in the third Book of Kings, chapter 18. I thought, also, how King Saul set up a vaulted building on that mountain, a triumphal arch after the manner of the Gentiles, whereon he engraved his victories, and raised it so high that it could be seen by those who travelled both by sea and by land, whereby he greatly displeased God, as may be read in the fifteenth chapter of the first book of Kings. I wondered also why the bridegroom, in the seventh chapter of Solomon's Song, likens the head of his bride to this mountain, saying: 'Thy head upon thee is like Carmel.' From this mountain, on account of its fruitfulness, the entire Holy Land was named Carmel, as saith Jeremiah ch. ii. v. 7: 'I brought you into the land of Carmel.'

From this mount the Carmelite friars took their origin, and in the days of old they had a great monastery there. This order was instituted by one Albert, who was Patriarch of Jerusalem at the time when the Latin Christians held Syria, and the aforesaid Albert bade them wear a cope

for an upper garment, made of silk, with several wide gray horizontal stripes: for thus they say the prophet Elias was habited, which thing, however, cannot be proved either from the canon of Scripture or by any trustworthy authority. After a while Pope Honorius III. changed the striped cope into a white one, and confirmed and approved of the order under the title of the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Carmel. They say that the Soldan of Egypt cherished this order with exceeding great respect, devotion, alms and benefits for the sake of the memory of the prophet Elias, whom the Saracens worship; but only so long as they wore their former habit, for when this was changed he drove them out of his own country and all his dominions, wherefore, being forced to leave Mount Carmel, they now are spread abroad over the whole of Christendom. Had they not assumed the white habit, the Carmelites might have dwelt on their mount to this day without hindrance from the Saracens. For among the Saracens white garments are so highly prized that no Christian is suffered to use them; and for this cause the Preaching Friars, because they wear a white habit, were driven out from the field of Aceldama, which they had bought from the Soldan for much gold: and at the present day, if the Minorite brethren were to wear their white mantles, the Saracens would not suffer them to remain in Jerusalem. At the foot of Carmel is the brook Kishon, where the prophet Elias slew the prophets of Baal, as is written in the eighteenth chapter of the third (first) book of Kings. At its foot also are the great cities of Tyre and Sidon, and Acon or Ptolemais, whereof we read much in the Scriptures. At length we turned away our eyes from the north, and turning them toward the east, we saw Judaea with its mountains, and above all the mount Modin, upon which the Maccabees were buried,

above whose sepulchres Simon set up a building which was lofty to look upon, made of polished stone both behind and before ; and there he set up seven pyramids, and placed round about them great columns, and upon the columns were carved arms for a perpetual memorial, and beside the arms were carved ships, which might be seen by those who sailed on the sea, as is written in the third chapter of the first book of Maccabees. I pointed out this mountain and what other places I knew, to my lords, while we were yet at sea. Meanwhile we were drawing near to the Holy Land, and put into the port of Joppa, where we found Master Augustine's galley with his pilgrims not yet landed, whereat we were exceeding glad, for had they been landed we should have been neglected. When we were at no great distance from Augustine's galley we sounded, and finding the bottom, we let go our anchors, and brought up the ship outside of Andromeda's Rocks, which guard that port. We dared not go nearer to the shore, lest we should move the Saracens to anger, for we had received no safe-conduct from them : and to the end that those Saracens who were guarding the Port of Joppa on the towers might know that we came in peace, we lowered our mainyard, furled our mainsail, and made no gallant show, as we were wont to do when in other harbours, hoisted no banners, fired no cannon, lowered no boat, did not dress our galley in any way, nor sound our trumpets, shawms or horns ; but like timid, humble tributaries of the Lord Soldan, needing his safe-conduct, like captives and slaves of the Moors and Saracens, we lay off the towers of Joppa awaiting their good pleasure. Before our arrival Master Augustine, the captain of the other galley, had sent a messenger to the men on the towers of Joppa, to treat with them about getting a safe-conduct for his own galley alone. But when the Saracens understood

that another galley also was coming thither with pilgrims, they would not listen to Master Augustine, and drove him away from them, forcing him to return on board of his galley until the other galley should come; which thing was quite contrary to what the captains had in their minds, for each of them meant to lead his own pilgrims round the holy places by themselves, because of the grudge which they bore one another. Howbeit, the Saracens conformed themselves to the wishes of the pilgrims rather than to those of these two quarrelsome men, for the pilgrims on both galleys were all of one mind, and wished us all to be taken to see the holy places together. So thus ended the first day of July, and that night we slept on board the galley, as we were forced to do.

On the second of July, which is the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, our steersmen lowered a boat into the sea before sunrise, and the captain sent some of his servants, who were able to manage such business, to row ashore and obtain a safe-conduct. The like was done by Augustine, the other captain. This Augustine had a galley-slave, a native of Jerusalem, a baptized Saracen, whom he sent to manage this business for him. So the servants of both captains went up to Ramatha,¹ and notified the arrival of the pilgrims to the Governor of Ramatha, after which they went to Jerusalem and told the news to the Father Guardian of the Mount Sion, begging him to obtain without delay a safe-conduct from the Governors of Jerusalem, Ramatha, Gazara, and to bring the dragoman Calinus with some armed Mamelukes, and to send asses and ass-drivers, and everything else needful for the bringing thither of the pilgrims, as quickly as he could, and to come himself and bring them ashore. Meanwhile, while these things were being done, the pilgrims stayed on board their ships, waiting

¹ Ramleh.

for the time when they might leave them. On that same day, at the hour at which Mass is accustomed to be celebrated, I called together all the German pilgrims and preached them a sermon about the pilgrimage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which she performed after her visitation, when she went into the hill country of Juda;¹ and from her most devout pilgrimage I derived rules for our own pilgrimage, which I recommended to them; and I set forth the praises and glories of our pilgrimage, and extolled the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. But above all I praised the visiting of Mount Sinai, desiring to move some to do so, lest they might be afraid. For I was determined to go the pilgrimage to Sinai, but I had told no man thereof, nor had any man told me that he was going, wherefore I greatly feared that it might chance that [b] in all that great band of pilgrims there might not be one who was going to Sinai, even as it befell me on my former pilgrimage. Thus ended this day, and we again passed the night on board of the galley.

On the third I thought that the time had come for me to declare to my lords my intention of making the pilgrimage to Mount Sinai. Wherefore I called all my four lords to a place apart, away from all the serving-men, and with tearful eyes and a sorrowful heart and countenance, I said: 'Behold, my generous lords, my most beloved children, brethren, and companions, I confess that it is by your kindness that I have been brought thus far, and it is owing to you that I have obtained leave to come, and have had my charges paid for all this time, for which goodness of yours I am exceeding grateful to you. Yet one thing there is which greatly vexes me and renders me anxious and disquieted. I had hoped when we left our own land and country that at least one of you, if not all of you together,

¹ St. Luke i. 39.

after you had visited the Holy Land, would have journeyed further, as far as Mount Sinai, to St. Catharine's, and that with him I also might have had an opportunity of going to those most holy places ; but, alas ! I have been disappointed of my hope in regard of this matter. Moreover, I neither dare to ask you to give me leave to depart from your company, nor is it my duty so to do, since on your return you will incur greater dangers than in coming hither. If, however, you were of your own free will to grant me leave, I should receive this kindness of yours as a most acceptable gift. Should you refuse it to me, I will return with you willingly as far as Venice ; but at Venice I shall fall at the feet of your lordships, and shall beg of you to give me the means of returning hither ; nor will I ever cross the Alps again before I have climbed the mount of God, Horeb and Sinai, and visited the tomb of Saint Catharine the Virgin. For I have long ago bound myself by a vow that I would do this.'

When my lords heard of this intention of mine, and saw that I was serious, they took time to consider it, and after the space of an hour called me back and granted me leave. 'And,' said they, 'lest you should think that you have not been beloved by us as our chaplain, we will give you a proof of our love towards you when we part, and will contribute and subscribe towards your expenses. If, however, this pilgrimage should come to naught, or should you repent of your determination, you shall remain in our company as before, and we will take you home again.' When I heard this, I thanked my lords with all due and proper respect, and declared that in gratitude for this kindness I would ever be their servant ; I promised them also that I would make this pilgrimage just as though I had been stirred up by them to do so, and sent out by them. Indeed, I was as much pleased at receiving their leave to do this as I was at

Ulm when I received leave to go to Jerusalem. So having in this matter obtained just what I wanted, I went about the galley to all the knights whom I knew, to see whether any of them were going on the pilgrimage to St. Catharine's, and I found five chosen noble knights, who had hitherto concealed this intention in the tablets of their breasts. After dinner I left the galley in the small boat and had myself rowed to Master Augustine's galley, as though I wanted to visit some of my acquaintances there. When I was come among them, I made secret inquiries, of the man whom I knew best, about the pilgrimage to Mount Sinai, and he told me that there were twelve pilgrims on board of that galley who had bound themselves by an oath to accomplish that pilgrimage, one of whom, and the chief, was the Lord John, Count of Solms ; but that they did not wish this to be noised abroad, but kept it secret. For pilgrims who mean to visit Mount Sinai always keep their intention secret as long as they can, in order that they may not be laughed at if they cannot accomplish their journey thither. I now took great pains to find out straightway whether any were going to visit Mount Sinai, because I knew by experience that unless I did this while we were still on board ship, I should scarce be able to find out the truth about it when we were in the Holy Land or in Jerusalem ; for in the Holy Land pilgrims are too full of business, and rarely, if ever, all together at the same time, and are disturbed in their minds, so that had I not managed this matter with my lords while still on shipboard, I should have been altogether wanting to myself. When I had learned how matters stood on board of Master Augustine's galley, I returned with gladness to our own galley, rejoicing at having found companions ; but my joy was soon turned into sorrow, for when I came out of the boat on board of our galley, and was

standing talking to someone in front of the poop, the captain asked me to step into his private cabin, wherein I found sitting with him an armed Mameluke, who had come off in a boat from Joppa, bringing news which he had told to the captain, and which the captain wished me also to hear. This Mameluke said that the Arabs had laid waste the convent of St. Catharine at the foot of Mount Sinai, and had slain all the monks there, and that, therefore, this year no pilgrimage could be made to Mount Sinai. Moreover, on that day there came some Saracens from the country, bringing us loaves of new bread, and fresh water, and grapes, which they sold to us, and they also told us the same rumours from Arabia. Now, when I heard these evil reports, I was disquieted at the outset; but after thinking the matter over I took courage, for I straightway suspected that it was by practice of the two captains that these lies were spread abroad, in order that the pilgrims might be frightened and might give up their intention of making the pilgrimage to Mount Sinai, because the captains lose twelve ducats for every pilgrim who goes to Mount Sinai; and this is so grievous to their avarice that they invent cunning lies, and suborn lying Saracens and apostate Mamelukes to bear them out in their falsehoods. Wherefore I took the less heed of their words, and comforted the hearts of my companions, because I knew the falsehoods told by the captains in this matter. I had so utterly made up my mind, that, even if what they said were true, nevertheless I meant [*b*] to go to Mount Sinai, because, even though the Arabs might have been able to destroy the monastery of St. Catharine and lay waste her sepulchre, yet they never could have been able to destroy or take away the mount of God, Horeb and Sinai, which I was more eager to see than I was to see the sepulchre of St. Catharine. So all that day I busied myself in bringing this matter to a conclusion during

this time of quiet, for I knew that after we should have disembarked there would be no time to discuss it. On that day I began for the first time to taste the fruits of the Holy Land, and to drink its water. The aforesaid lying Mameluke, who had spread abroad that news in our galley, sat in the castle with the captain and others drinking wine, contrary to the law of Mahomet, and became so drunk that he could not get off the galley into the small boat for dizziness, and so the accursed brute remained on board and passed the night with us.

On the fourth, when the sun rose, it happened, through I know not what conditions of the air or water or other elements, that the fishes swam on the top of the sea and showed themselves on the surface more than their wont. There we beheld wondrous fishes. Some were large and quite round, like a winnowing-fan. Some had heads like dogs, with long ears hanging down, and we saw many dolphins that morning, and saw them more plainly than ever before. After dinner we beheld a host of armed Saracens who came riding on horses and mules, and pitched tents and put up booths over against us on the shore, and round about the towers of Joppa, and on the mountain. When the captains saw this they rowed towards them, supposing that the lords and governors of the cities had come, but these were only servants sent on in advance to prepare the place, and the Moorish lords were to arrive on the morrow. These men ran to and fro all day on the shore opposite to where we lay, and skirmished with one another in sport, mounted on their mules, as if they were fighting. We also saw the caves above the seashore on the side of the mountains into which we were to be driven, and all day long we watched the Saracens continually going in and out of them, and wondered what they could be doing in our dark abodes. But what they were doing in those caves we could not

guess, until, to the offence of our noses, we discovered ; for they had defiled those places with ordure, as will appear hereafter.

On the fifth there assembled a great multitude of armed men, so that the surface of the earth was covered with them, and our captains and all the mariners and galley-slaves wondered what such a gathering of people could mean, and they were disquieted, because they had never before seen them come with such a force, [74^a] and they feared that some evil was being prepared for us : for three powerful governors were there in person with their armed followers—to wit, the Governor of Jerusalem, the Governor of Gazara, and the Governor of Rama. To them rowed the captains, taking with them presents wherewith they hoped to win their favour, and greeted them, displaying their presents, and begging that we might disembark in peace, each captain pleading for his own pilgrims. They received the presents of the captains, and promised that they would deal loyally with us. The captains asked the Moorish lords wherefore they had come with such a power, and what need there was to bring unarmed pilgrims into the land with so many armed men. To this they replied that the Arabs had come into the land out of the desert in great numbers, and plundered all whom they met, sparing none save those who were stronger than themselves ; that at this very time they had led a great host into the mountains, and that many believed that they had gathered that host together because of the Christian pilgrims who were coming. They therefore had come in force that they might bring us into Jerusalem in safety. Some of them said that there was another cause besides this why so many were gathered together, and told us that in the spring of that year there had been a violent storm in the region of the city of Mecca, where stands the temple of the sepulchre of Mahomet the accursed, during which storm a thunder-

bolt had fallen from heaven and had burned and ground to powder the sepulchre of Mahomet and his accursed body: in which fact his followers had seen an omen of his most unholy law being brought to an end, and feared that the Christians would obtain dominion over them; therefore they had come with a strong force lest any attempt should be made by the pilgrims. Both of these reasons were true; but this second one about the destruction of Mahomet's body they did not openly tell us, but it was told us in secret by a Mameluke. Howbeit, lest the worshippers of Mahomet should lose their faith, and despair, and give up the pilgrimage which they make every year to Mecca, their priests had concocted the following falsehood: They said that God was exceeding angry with them this year, and would have utterly destroyed them, but Mahomet interceded for them, and begged God to turn away His wrath from them, and let the evil fall upon himself; that God hearkened to this prayer, and sent a thunderbolt from heaven which burned Mahomet's body. They preached this falsehood to the people, and now the pilgrimage to Mecca is more numerous attended than it was before. Meanwhile, while our captains were talking with the lords, we saw a new host coming down to the seashore, in which host there were no horses, but [b] only asses, which had been collected in different villages for our use. With this host of asses came also several men of mark from Jerusalem, as the two Calini, our greater and lesser dragomans, and the venerable Father Guardian of Mount Sion with two of his brethren, and with them some Christian merchants *de cinctura*.¹

¹ *Christiani de cinctura*. These were Eastern Christians, who wore a wide girdle and peculiar garments to distinguish them from the Jacobites and other sects. Ducange, *s.v.*, gives the following note: *Christiani de cinctura*. B. Odoricus de Foro Julii in *Chronico*. . . 'In ista autem Babylonia habitant. . . Saraceni et multitudo Christianorum, qui dicuntur Centurini, vel de cinctura, quia cingulum portant

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS FROM THE GALLEY,
AND THEIR ENTRANCE INTO THE HOLY LAND.

The journey to which our eager minds had so long looked forward was now just about to begin. After the captains had talked with the governors and had consented that they should bring us ashore from our galleys, there rowed off to us the venerable Father Paul, provisor of the Latin Church in the East, and Guardian of the Mount Sion, with his brethren, and with the elder Calinus, a Saracen, who was master of the hospice for pilgrims at Jerusalem, and they sat down with our captain on the poop. After we had all been assembled the Father Guardian, who was a respectable and learned man with a long beard, greeted us politely and ornately in a Latin speech, wherein he bade us welcome, urged us to be devout, patient, and exemplary, and promised that at Rama he would give us the rules whereby we should govern ourselves during our stay among the Saracens in the Holy Land. In like manner Calinus, our dragoman, greeted us respectfully, and forbade us to carry any arms, whether sword or bow, out of the ship, but to go unarmed as became pilgrims. After saying this the Father Guardian with his brethren and Calinus went into the boat, telling us to make haste and get ready to follow them. Now, it was the dinner hour,

latum et vestimenta, per quod recognoscuntur ab aliis, Jacobitis et aliis Christianis.' Similia habet Brocardus, lib. ii. Horum etiam meminit Bernardus de Breydenbach in Itinerario Terrae Sanctae, ubi de Japha, 'Ad ostiam vero speluncae praedictae Christiani de cinctura, id est, de fide S. Pauli, de Rama,' etc. Wright in his 'Early Travels in Palestine' has a note, 'The khalif Motawakkel had in A.D. 856 ordered the Christians and Jews to wear a broad girdle of leather; and they have continued to wear it in the East until modern times. From that epoch the Christians of Syria, who were mostly Jacobites or Nestorians, were called Christians of the girdle.'—'Early Travels in Palestine.' London: H. G. Bohn, 1848, p. 189, note.

and when the pilgrims were called to dinner we all ate and drank hurriedly, that we might come more quickly into the Holy Land. During dinner all the officials of the galley came one after another, and went from one pilgrim to another with silver cups,¹ asking for gratuities, which we call drink-money. They begged very insolently, and if anyone refused to give to them, they said that they would not set him on shore in the boat. Much trouble was caused on board by their shameless and importunate begging. When this trouble was over, and we had given our gratuities, we prepared to leave the vessel, and we took two small jars of wine,² which we hid in sacks lest the Saracens should see them, because they will not suffer wine to be openly carried about; but if they see it they break the jars, if they are able. We also took in our sacks cheese and smoked meat, and our bottles and all our pilgrims' gear, [75 a] and came up from the cabin to the poop, from whence we went down on board of the boat, and began to row towards the Holy Land, singing with great joy, and in a loud voice: '*In Gottes Nahmen fahren wir,*' etc., as may be seen on page 10.

This song of ours could not be heard by the Saracens ashore, because between us and the shore were Andromeda's Rocks, on which the sea breaks with a loud and fierce roar, and our song could not be heard by reason of the noise which it makes.

We came close to these rocks, and as we passed between them through the waves which beat upon them, we were splashed with water and wetted, howbeit we escaped dashing our little bark against the reefs, which was what we feared, and arrived at the shore and landed. As soon as we trod the holy land beneath our feet, we cast ourselves down upon our faces and kissed the sacred earth

¹ *Phiale*.

² *Vacula*.

with great devotion. By merely touching the holy land we received plenary indulgences for the remission of sins, which I have decided to mark in the sequel with this sign (††). Wherever one cross is placed, it means a seven years' indulgence: where there is a double cross, it means a plenary indulgence remitting both penance and sin, as the saying is; and the first cross stands for the indulgence for sin, and the second one the indulgence for penance. When we had finished our thanksgiving we went up from the bed of the sea to the higher ground, up the steep rocks with which the sea there is girded, and its shore beset. Above us stood the Father Guardian of Mount Sion and his brethren together, with the governors of the land, and the elders of the Saracens and Moors, and with a scribe; and they had so ranged themselves on either side that the pilgrims must needs pass through the midst of them: nor could two pilgrims pass through them together, but one after the other. Nor would they let us pass in a continuous stream, but they laid hold of each man, looked at him narrowly, and demanded his own name and the name of his father, both of which names the scribe wrote down in his documents. My name of Felix causes I know not what difficulty in their language, for both in my former pilgrimage and in this one I was obliged to repeat my name to them several times, and even then they could neither pronounce it or write it without putting some outlandish diphthong before it, and gurgling its syllables in their throats so as not to say 'Felix,' but some word which I cannot pronounce in the place thereof. I afterwards inquired more carefully into this difficulty about my name, for I became well acquainted with a Saracen, the younger Calinus, who sometimes would ask me in the Italian tongue to tell him my name. But when I told it to him,

he could by no means pronounce it, but said some horrible word in lieu of it, whereat I wondered, seeing that he was well skilled in the Italian tongue. Now, as soon as the name of each pilgrim and that of his father had been written down, there were appointed certain Saracens who straightway seized him and dragged him to the entrance of a darksome and decayed dwelling beneath a ruinous vault, wherein they thrust him even as men are wont to thrust a sheep into a stable to be milked. [b] In this cavern there is a seven years' indulgence (†), which the pilgrim obtains if he enters therein with a devout spirit. These caverns are called 'St. Peter's Cellars.' In order to obtain these and other indulgences, many of the pilgrims had confessed to me previously on board of the galley, and some confessed themselves here as we stood on the sea-beach. Now, when we entered these caverns we found the very place of our abode abominably defiled and befouled with filth, nor was there any place to sit down save upon filth. Wherefore each man was forced to clean a space wherein to lay his body, and to move the filth towards the middle of the room with his feet, the result of which was that in the midst of our dwelling there arose a great pile of filth and impurities. We established ourselves along the walls all round the room, alongside of one another, just as we had lain in the galley, upon the bare and wet ground. Lo, what a wretched inn, what a scanty hospitality, what a foul abode! Might not a devout pilgrim, accustomed to hold converse with his God, complain with pious impatience, or rather wonderment, and say: 'O Lord Jesu, with what strange courtesy dost Thou receive Thy pilgrims, Thy guests in Thy holy land, who are come from beyond the seas and beyond the Alps, and from the uttermost parts of the earth to present themselves at Thy court, to show Thee honour'

and to do homage to Thee even as knights do to their king. O most holy Jesu, oughtest Thou not to have granted to those who are wearied with so long a journey, footsore with such far wanderings, some better couch than among the loathsome ordure of the infidels? Hast Thou no bed for us save the dunghill? To this the Lord would make answer: 'Verily the servant is not greater than his Lord, nor the disciple above his Master, nor is the Apostle greater than Him that sent him: Ye call Me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for indeed I am. If, then, I have patiently suffered these things, and worse things than these, do you also arm yourselves with the like patience. I was a stranger and a pilgrim in this land, and on the day whereon I first landed upon the earth from the sea of the deep counsels of God, and from the ship of the Virgin's womb, it was not in a chamber, but in a foul stable, in a noisy inn, a wretched tavern that I was received: My sweetest mother laid Me in no soft bed, but in a hard manger among the beasts, because there was no room elsewhere for Me in the inn. Throughout My whole life I had no house of My own in this land, for I came to Mine own, and Mine own received Me not. They that dwelt in Mine house and My maids counted me for a stranger, and I was an alien in their sight (Job xix.). In this land foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man had not where to lay His head. I often passed the night in prayer, not indeed beneath a vault of stonework, but on the mountains beneath the sky. Even in the rich and royal city of Jerusalem I had no bed save the shameful gibbet of the cross, nor after death had I a sepulchre of My own, but that of another. For thus it was [76*a*] that the Son of Man was obliged to suffer, that He might enter into His glory. Wherefore, My beloved pilgrim, let it not

grieve thee, if in this land thou hast no soft couch, if thou art laid upon the dunghill, if thy inn be the common sewer. Bethink thee¹ that thy Lord raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill, that he may sit with princes, and occupy the throne of glory. So also He accepted David . . . and made him King of Israel. The noble Job sat on a dunghill poor and stricken with dreadful ulcers, and by his patience won twice what he formerly possessed. For Gregory tells us in his commentary upon Job, that in the dunghill lies hid the pearl of God, that is, the knowledge of his own vileness, and the renunciation of poverty. Do thou then pilgrim, search for this pearl while thou sittest upon the dunghill.' On hearing these words the devout pilgrim giveth thanks for that he hath been held worthy to suffer even as his Lord did.

Now, while we were in this place of abominations there came to us certain Saracens, poor men, who had collected together rushes and branches of trees, which they sold to us, and we covered the wet earth with them and made beds of them. Moreover, merchants who came from Rama and from Jerusalem entered our abode with sweet-scented merchandise, and made a market there. They brought water of roses from Damascus, in glass bottles, very precious, which they sold for one Venetian penny apiece. Some of them had balsam, some musk, some soap, some precious stones, some rolls of the whitest muslin, and mitres and many other precious and sweet-scented things were brought in to us, while both the merchants and the Saracens were anointed with aromatic unguents and distilled perfumes, so that they spread scent far around them. Moreover, the merchants, not being able to bear the stench and foulness of our abode, burned frankincense

¹ Ps. cxiii. 7, 8.

and Arabian gums, whence it resulted that this place of loathly smells became a storehouse of sweet perfume, and they who had defiled it now of their own accord cleansed it, and carried away its abominations on their feet as they walked. In a brief space of time, by their continued walking, the place which shortly before had been abominable, was rendered quite pleasant and fit for mankind, and weak and sickly men, if they had entered it, would have grown strong again by smelling the good smells of a place which but now even beasts would have shuddered at entering. We came into it with great displeasure and bitterness, but within the space of one hour we found repose and pleasure therein. Meanwhile there came some Saracens, who cooked eggs in a frying-pan with oil, and some of them brought loaves of bread, some cool water, some fruit, some salads, and some hot cakes made of eggs, and sold them to us. Of these we bought and ate, and prepared ourselves for rest, because the day was far spent. As soon as every man had laid himself down in the place where he meant to sleep that night, [b] there came to us a fierce Saracen, begirt with arms, and bearing a club in his hands, who exacted from each pilgrim a Venetian penny, which was a thing which I had never seen done before; howbeit, to save ourselves trouble, we each paid a penny for our lodging. When it became dark we hired two Saracens to keep guard during the night at the mouth of our cave, that no one might come in and molest us, because there was a great throng of people of all sorts there. So we passed that night not without fear. I conceive that the aforesaid extortioner must have now become the owner and lord of that cave, and that this encouraged him to levy a tax upon us as his lawful right.

On the sixth, which was the sixth Sunday after Trinity,

before it was fully light, this same fierce extortioner, who had annoyed us the evening before, came back and posted himself with his club at the door of the cave, and would not allow anyone to leave the cave for necessary purposes without giving him a penny. This we all paid with great dissatisfaction ; but we were not angry with this extortioner alone, but with the captains and the Father Guardian and the dragoman—all of whom were sleeping in pavilions higher up the hill, and allowed us to be plagued with unheard-of extortion here in our prison ; albeit, they were bound to help us and defend us from anything of the sort. So after paying our penny, we were permitted to leave the cave, yet we dared not go far from it, only just down to the sea shore, because we were beset on every side by armed infidels. Meanwhile came merchants with their merchandise, and cooks with their gear, and offered their wares to us for sale, not knowing that it was the Lord's day. I had intended to have read the Gospel for the day to the pilgrims in the cave, and to have added a sermon, but there was such a noise going on round about the cooks and the merchants, such a crowding together of Saracens, and such running to and fro of young men, that I could not so much as read my Hours without many hindrances ; for when they saw me reading the book, they stood round about me, laughing and shouting, and looking at the letters and wondering at them. After dinner there came to us in the cave Calinus the younger—that is to say, the sub-governor of the hospice, a Saracen, named Elphahallo, but an honest man, as you will learn from what follows, who knew me well from my former pilgrimage, and who could speak Italian and a corrupt German, which he had learned from the pilgrims with whom he had often journeyed to St. Catharine's. I asked this man what the truth was about Mount Sinai, and told him what I had heard on board of

the galley. He answered that everything that Mameluke had said was false, and that the pilgrimage to St. Catharine's was now as safe as possible, and that, though the previous year the Arabs had troubled the monks of St. Catharine's, yet that now the Soldan had settled the whole matter. On hearing this, I was much delighted, and led the man to my lords, and introduced them to him. The man straightway bade us come with him, and led us forth from the cave and all through the midst of the camp, among the tents of the Saracens, showing us all their gear, and the vast ruins of the city of Joppa. We passed two towers which stand in the sea in ruins; and after we had seen everything, he brought us back to our prison again. We found the cave in an uproar by reason of the young men of the Saracens, who were exercising and irritating the pilgrims in various ways, and offering many insults to them, of which it would take long to tell. They carefully seek an opportunity of putting a pilgrim into a rage, if possible, without giving him any great cause for being angry; and when he is angry, they themselves make his anger a reason for taking offence and demanding money. They go round about the pilgrims, and whatever they find, they steal or snatch openly and run away with it. One nobleman had brought with him from Crete a large flask full of precious malvoisie, and had hung up the flask on the wall beside him. Seeing this, an armed Saracen ran through the midst of the pilgrims, snatched up the flask, and ran away with it. After some time he returned and flung the empty flask into our abode. One beardless young pilgrim from Picardy was much plagued by them with filthy jests, and could neither hide himself from them, however much he cowered down among the other pilgrims, nor obtain any peace. He made complaint about the matter to the dragoman, who made light of it,

saying that if anyone had done him any hurt, struck him, or wounded him, he would protect him and avenge him ; but that he could do nothing because young men made a jest, and he could not prevent their jesting. On hearing this that pilgrim, for fear that he might suffer any stain to his honour, and that he might not be a daily laughing-stock to the Saracens, put off his pilgrimage, and went back on board of the galley, where he lived with the crew until the pilgrims returned from the holy places. For this youth was very fair to look upon, and therefore the Saracens set upon him, more perhaps in order to vex him than because they meant any harm. Those young Saracens devise a thousand means whereby they may subtly provoke the pilgrims to anger, in order that if they forget themselves and strike a blow, they may be mulcted of a money-fine. Here applies that verse in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew : ' I say unto you that ye resist not evil.' Whoso is unable to follow this counsel, he cannot pass through the Holy Land in peace. There is another like passage in the sixth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel : ' Of him that taketh away thy goods, ask them not again.' Moreover, one must keep that saying in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew to the letter : ' Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.' When it was late, and had grown dark, one came and stood at the mouth of the cave, and called me in a loud voice, saying, ' Master Felix, come forth !' At this I was frightened, and answered that I was taking my rest and would not come forth ; whereupon he began to implore me to come, saying that there was great need of me. So I went forth to the man, who was a boatman belonging to our galley, sent to me by one who was lying on board of the galley in the agony of death, and had called for me to hear his confession. Albeit, I was very loath to return on board the galley ; yet, rather than

neglect the soul of a brother, I walked down to the sea in the dark, got into the boat, and make a most dangerous voyage through the rocks to the galley, which lay hardly as far from the shore as Seffingen is from Ulm. I straightway confessed the sick man, and then carried up my own bed from my berth to the deck, where I lay down upon a cross bench, from which I had a view of the shore, so that in case the pilgrims should be brought out of the cave to start on their journey, I might see the movement of the host. I should have been able to see that the pilgrims were leaving the place by the removal of the lanterns which blazed near the tents of the Moorish lords ; for over against each tent there hung six lighted lanterns on a tall pole, in honour of Mahomet, and out of respect for the lords who slept therein, and for the convenience of the people. This I saw from the sea, and felt great compassion for my lords and fellow-pilgrims, who were lying in a foul and darksome cave, without the comfort of any light whatever, while these Saracen dogs were enjoying a plenteous illumination.

On the seventh, before sunrise, I entered the boat and was hurriedly rowed to the shore, through the roaring waters and past the rocks, for I supposed that we should set out straightway. But we were detained because our two captains were at variance. This quarrel had begun at Venice, for which see page 33, and had endured until our arrival here. So each one of them had tried to bring his own pilgrims into the Holy Land without the pilgrims which belonged to the other captain, and they wanted to make two companies, two separate bands, who should never meet at the same times and places. But all of us pilgrims begged to be taken all together, and once for all by one and the same contract, which plan was so far agreeable to the Saracens, that they did not choose that we should be divided from one another, though both the cap-

tains continually urged that this division ought to be made. But seeing that this quarrel between the captains was hindering the accomplishment of the pilgrimage, and was making us a scandal to the Saracens, and rendering them impatient, the Father Guardian of Mount Sion called a meeting of the chief men among the pilgrims and of some respectable and peaceable Saracens, and endeavoured to put an end to the strife. Howbeit, after many speeches and exhortations there still was no word nor thought of agreement between them, and at the end of a long debate, the captains seemed all the more hardened in their wrath and hatred one of another. All that day the question of making peace between the captains was discussed. Meanwhile, the other pilgrims, who took no part in this debate, plucked up their spirits and were bold enough to come out of their cave down to the sea-shore, and to the place where the asses stood with their drivers, and they went to and fro among the Saracen host without fear, and bought what they needed from the Saracens, and made friends with them. I myself with some companions walked a long way along the sea-shore to a fountain of living water which ran down a gorge in the hills, and there we drank of that water without payment, though for many days we had drunk no water save what we had bought and paid for. Below this fountain there stands a rock in the sea, which rises high out of the water, round about which St. Peter the Apostle is said to have fished, and simple men, who know not the Scripture and the Gospels, add that this is the place where our Lord Jesus called Peter himself and his brother from the sea, saying, 'Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men,' as we read in the nineteenth verse of the fourth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew; and lay knights write in their books about their pilgrimages that it happened here; but this is not true,

because this calling of the Apostles took place by the sea of Galilee, nor do we read [78 a] that our Lord Jesus ever came to Joppa in the flesh ; albeit, we read in the ninth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles that St. Peter was once here ; wherefore I do not deny that it is possible for him to have fished here. We found on the sea-shore a countless multitude of oyster shells of every variety of form, whereof we picked up those which we thought the most beautiful and curious. On that same day a knight bought some stones from a Saracen who was selling them in the cave, for five ducats, and thought that they were precious gems ; but while he was showing them to his comrades, he found out that they were not true gems, but false imitations made of coloured glass, wherefore he carried the glass back to the merchant, and desired to have his gold back again. But that knavish merchant would neither give back the gold, nor take back the glass. So the knight told his captain about the fraud, and the captain denounced the Saracen to the Governor of Rama. The governor, when he heard this charge, straightway sent a pursuivant with a staff to our prison, wherein that merchant was sitting with his wares, who took from him by force five ducats, which he restored to the pilgrim, and belaboured him with many blows of his staff, and gave him his glass back again. Thus we passed this day with less weariness than those previous to it. Howbeit, when it was night there came some young Aethiopians, shield-bearers of the Moorish lords, who were very mischievous and vicious, and wanted to come into the cave to pilfer and to plague us ; but the watchmen whom we had hired would not suffer them to come in, and they disputed and strove with one another for some time before the mouth of the cave. When they found that they would not be suffered to enter therein, they sat down before the door and sang all night long—

howling, barking, and grunting like beasts, dogs, and pigs. For all Easterns have most harsh voices; nor can they form any melody, but their singing is like the noise of goats or calves. So with this disturbance we spent that night.

On the eighth the Father Guardian and the pilgrims and Saracens of the better sort strove to bring about concord between our two captains, but had no success. When the Moorish lords and Saracen governors saw this, they declared that unless they straightway became friends they would clap them in irons and send them to prison at Gazara until their master, the Soldan, should determine what was to be done with them. The pilgrims, they said, they would drive back on board of their galleys without allowing them to visit the holy places, and would supply them with other captains and send them back to their own country. By this threat the two captains were forced to end their quarrel, and they shook hands and made peace. Now, according to an agreement entered into with the lords and governors for all of us, Elphahallo, the younger Calinus, came and told us that we must make ourselves ready to start. So we got ready in haste, and stood loaded with our bags and bottles awaiting the signal. Now, after the Saracen lords had drawn themselves up in front of our cave that they might count us a second time as they did when we came up from the sea, and after many pilgrims had been sent away to the asses, lo! of a sudden they fell into a fury about [b] I know not what, and drove us back again into our cave, threatening us with sticks, and spurned us from them into the cave as though we were beasts. They fell upon those pilgrims who had already been counted, and had gone down the hill and were about to mount their asses, beat them with sticks, and forced them to run back into the cave. So we stayed in the cave all

that day, and I never was able to discover for what reason we were thus sent back.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORT OF JOPPA, AND OF THE
ANTIQUITY AND SANCTITY OF THAT CITY.

Before we leave the port it is fitting that we should see when it arose, and in what places in Holy Scripture it is mentioned, especially as we pilgrims are not going to return thither: for on our return we took ship at the port of Alexandria, and never saw this port again. Joppa is the oldest port, and the most ancient city of the province of Palestine, and was the eighth city of the world built before Noah's Flood, which is proved by the finding therein after the Flood of altars to those gods who were worshipped before the Flood. This city has two names: being called Japha from Japhet, the son of Noah, who is said to have dwelt here awhile, and to have rebuilt it after the Flood; and it is called Joppa from Job, a simple and holy man who also is supposed to have dwelt here. When the land was divided among the twelve tribes of Israel, this place fell to the lot of the tribe of Dan. This place is mentioned by St. Jerome in his book on the 'Distances of Places,' where he says Joppa is a city of Palestine in the tribe of Dan, where even at the present day are shown the rocks on the shore whereon the virgin giantess Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus, for her mother's crime, and by the sentence of Amon, was bound to the rock and offered to the sea monster, while her parents stood weeping on the shore. But Perseus, the father of all the nobles of Greece, the son of Jove and Danis (Danæ), had a winged horse, and the shield of Pallas, and the sandals and sword of Mercury. He soared aloft from Mount Ydolum, and, while flying high in the air upon his winged horse, beheld the maiden bound to a rock, in the harbour of Joppa, and

the great sea monster about to devour her. Seeing this, he straightway flew thither, and made a covenant with her parents that if he saved her from the monster she should be his wife. When the parents agreed to this, he slew the hideous monster, set the maiden free, and had her to wife. Now, when Phyneus, the brother of Cepheus, King of Joppa, saw this, because Andromeda had before been betrothed to him, he essayed to take her away by force; but Perseus overcame him, and went away to Persia, where he conquered that land and called it after his own name. That Cepheus was King of Joppa is proved by [79*a*] some most ancient altars whereon the ancients found his name inscribed. The bones of that sea monster which Perseus slew were of vast size, and used to be publicly on the beach over against the city, and were shown to all who visited Joppa; but afterwards they were removed from thence to Rome by Titus and Vespasian, and hung up in a public place for a marvel, for indeed they were worthy of admiration: for every one of its ribs were forty-one feet in length. But Saint Sylvester, and the other saints who consecrated Rome to Christ, broke up those bones and all other marvels, lest pilgrims should come thither to see them, and likewise lest pilgrims who had come to Rome for the sake of honouring God and His Apostles should lose their time, and waste hours which might be spent in prayer in viewing such strange sights. Some declare that these were the bones of the virgin giantess Andromeda, which seems impossible, because Perseus took Andromeda away with him into Persia, and ended his days there, and we nowhere read of his coming back to Joppa. Josephus says that he saw the chains and great brazen hoops with which Andromeda was bound, still hanging on the rocks.¹

¹ Josephus, *Bell. Jud.*, III. 15. See also Pliny, *Hist. Nat.*, V. 13, and Apollodorus de *Diis*, II., p. 95.

Jerome often alludes to this Andromeda, especially in the above-mentioned place, and in the 'Pilgrimage of the Holy Paula.' Boccatus, too, in the twelfth book of his 'Genealogy of the Gods,' and in the twenty-fifth chapter, mentions her, as does also Josephus. Moreover, this port is frequently spoken of in the Canonical Scriptures: for it was hither that Hiram, King of Tyre, sent cedar-wood from Lebanon by sea, and Solomon took it from hence and brought it to Jerusalem to build the temple, as may be seen in the second book of Chronicles, ch. ii. 16; and Ezra iii. 7. Moreover, Josaphat¹ built a fleet in this port, meaning to sail to the isle of Ophir to fetch gold from thence, but the ships were wrecked by the judgment of God, as we read in the third book of Kings. It was to this port that the prophet Jonah fled, as we read in the first chapter of the book of Jonah. Here he went on board ship that he might flee to Tarshish, that is, to Africa, to the city of Carthage, which Jerome tells us was called Tarshish, and when he came outside the rocks the sea wrought and was tempestuous. Wherefore they would willingly have gone back into the harbour, but could do nothing until they had cast Jonah into the sea, whom the fish swallowed, and three days afterwards vomited Jonah out upon the shore. Judas Maccabeus burned this port with all its ships because of the drowning of the Jews, which the people of Joppa had contrived treacherously, as we read in the eleventh chapter of the second book of Maccabees. Saint Peter, the Apostle, came to Joppa when he was driven out of Judaea, and preached there, and there he raised Tabitha from the dead, as we read in the ninth and tenth chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. Moreover, he tarried many days in Joppa with Simon the Tanner, whose house was by the seaside. Some think, and their

¹ 1 Kings xxii. 48, 49.

opinion is reasonable, that those arches and vaulted caves wherein we were shut up were once the dwelling of Simon the host of Saint Peter. This port was fortified by Jonathas and Simon, the Maccabees, as we read in the tenth and fourteenth chapters of the first book of Maccabees; but the Romans twice laid it waste. And there they slew so many Jews that their blood ran down into the sea, and reddened all that part of the sea which lies within the rocks. Afterwards the Christians rebuilt the port, [b] and fought many battles thereat, wherefore at last the Saracens altogether destroyed both the harbour and the city, leaving nothing untouched save two towers to guard the side towards the sea: all else they threw down by digging under the walls.

I have hardly anywhere seen such great ruins as here, and I wondered how they could have thrown down such thick walls. Just at the entrance as one comes up from the sea they have left two vaulted buildings standing, which are cut out of the hill itself, and are covered above with earth and ruins: wherefore it is always damp in those vaults, and water drips down from above, the walls are wet, the foundation muddy, and all the year round the place is used by the Saracens as a common sewer. Into this sewer they thrust Christian pilgrims, as has been said; but what especially troubles the pilgrims who are confined there is that as you enter the cave the vault is broken, and great stones hang threatening to fall upon their heads, so that a push of one's finger would bring down a great heap of stones, and it is beneath these dangerous ruins that the pilgrims are forced to go in and out continually. Besides this, it is very difficult and dangerous to make one's way into this port from the sea, and I believe there is hardly such another abominable harbour to be found in the whole circuit of the sea; for no great ship, from whatever quarter it comes, can enter the harbour, but must stay outside and

find an anchorage by sounding: for out in the deep sea as far as the flight of an arrow there are reefs and steep rocks and shoals and stones rising up from the water and standing up above it, among which the sea always roars, even when it is quiet elsewhere, and dashes against the rocks with such force that the broken water flies high up into the air, and makes a loud noise which may be heard at a long distance either on sea or on land. The port is beset by these rocks just as though they had been ranged by human art for its protection; nor can even small boats pass through them save in one place, between two lofty rocks, between which boats are rowed with great care, because the water there washes backwards and forwards with wondrous swiftness, and dashes itself against both sides of the rocks; and unless the pilot or boatman be careful the water gets the mastery over the boat, hurls it against the rocks, and breaks it into a thousand pieces. Wherefore those who are entering this port must row through the swelling waves with the utmost force which they can throw into their oars, lest the boat should be swept out of the middle of the channel to this side or to that, and strike against the rocks. Yet, however active the boatman may be, he can hardly escape being splashed by the fall of the water which is thrown violently up the rocks on either side of the entrance. These are Andromeda's rocks, as we have seen.

On the ninth, before daybreak, there came into our cave a Saracen with a lantern, who roused us to set out on our journey. We therefore arose with joy and came forth from our prison, even as captives do from the place of their captivity. [50*a*] Between the caves and the sea, to the north, there is a way down over the rocks to the place where the asses stood with their drivers; and the way down this descent is narrow, so that no one can go on the

right hand or on the left, but only in the middle of this path. Our captains stood with some Saracens at this narrow way, holding lights, both lanterns and torches, and asked every pilgrim, one after another, his name and his father's name, and sought for it in the schedule which they had drawn up when we disembarked from the ship. When they found the pilgrim's name they allowed him to go down to the asses who stood in a crowd down below near the sea. But if the number of the pilgrims had been more or less than that in the schedule, and had the captains been unable to give an account of it, we should all have been thrust back again into our prison. So we went down to the place where the asses were, and here the drivers stood waiting for us, and as soon as a pilgrim came down to the level ground the nearest driver laid hold of him, and led him to his asses. Wherefore it not seldom happened that two or three drivers were dragging one pilgrim, one in one direction, another in another; for when the country people in the neighbouring villages heard that pilgrims were come they brought many asses, more than there were pilgrims. So each man tried to bring a pilgrim to his asses; for one Saracen brought seven or eight asses, of a sort, and hence it happens that when there are not above two hundred pilgrims there will be four hundred asses, wherefore the drivers fight for the pilgrims, and drag them hither and thither, because he to whom no pilgrim comes has made his journey for nothing. I did not understand this when I made my first pilgrimage, and as soon as I came down a black Moor ran up to me and snatched me violently away, trying to drag me towards the crowd of asses, round which a wondrous riot was going on. I, fearing that he meant to rob me, hung back all the harder, and by great force shook myself free from him, and hurriedly reascended to the place where the governors stood with their lights, where I

told the Father Guardian what had befallen me. When the Guardian heard this, he said, 'Go down quick, quick, and go willingly with whosoever leads you away.' When I went down a Saracen met me, and it chanced that he caught me by the right hand with his right hand. He began to run very swiftly, because by this time all were already mounted on their asses. Now, as he ran I was forced to run sideways and awkwardly, because, as I have told you, he held my right hand hard with his own, and so he ran holding me, over stones against which I struck several times as I ran sideways, and fell. At last he came with me to his asses, and gave me a good little ass, black all over, and showed me much kindness and friendship throughout the whole of my first pilgrimage. For albeit his face had a very cruel look, so that in the beginning I was much afraid of him, yet he was all kindness, and ministered to my wants like the best of servants, even before he knew my disposition. He was the slave of a Saracen lord whom I did not know, who was named Galela, and his slave was named Cassa; and whoever wanted to call that slave used to call him by both these names, Galelacassa. The ass driver Cassa himself [*b*] told me that whenever I wanted to call him I ought to say Galelacassa. For a pilgrim keeps the driver whom he gets at Joppa throughout his whole journey through the Holy Land, and he does not get an ass from anyone else; and whenever the pilgrim has to leave any place, he must run among the crowd of asses and seek for his own driver, loudly calling him by name. So when in this my second pilgrimage I had come down from the place where the governors stood, I wished to get my old ass-driver, and before I came to the herd of asses I called out for my ass-driver, Galelacassa. When the other drivers heard this, none of them pulled me towards their asses, seeing that I had a driver whom I

knew. While I was shouting thus, 'Galela!' the lord of my driver, whom I did not know, who was a kinglike Saracen noble, seated on horseback, rode up to me and touched me gently with a staff which he held in his hand, signing to me to hold my peace, and stand quietly by his side. Now, this running hither and thither of pilgrims and ass-drivers is very disorderly, and everyone is in a hurry to make a good bargain for himself; so while I stood still there and all the other pilgrims were running or being dragged to the asses I began to be uneasy lest the Saracen should have forgotten me, and I attempted to go away from him. When he saw this, he said something to me in the Chaldee tongue which I did not understand, but I have since then guessed that he said: 'Stand still here by my side; I am Galela, and my slave Cassa will presently come to me, and will furnish you with a beast.' At length Cassa came to his master. As soon as he saw me he recognised me, and I him, and he ran to kiss me after the fashion of the Saracens, and greeted me with a most joyous countenance, rejoicing and marvelling much at my return; and he laughed and said much to me which I did not understand. Now, I had brought with me from Ulm two iron stirrups, which I presented to him, and which he received with many thanks. He led me to where his own asses stood amongst the herd, and gave me his best beast. My lords and the other pilgrims wondered to see the Saracen treat me with such friendship, for pilgrims often suffer great annoyance from their ass-drivers, in being struck by them and thrown from their asses and having their property stolen, from all of which troubles I was free, for as in my former pilgrimage, so now this man served me most faithfully and obeyed all my orders as though I had been a prince. He often changed my asses that I might have one which pleased me better; when the ass was climbing a hill

he supported me; when going down steep and rough road he held me that I might not fall; gave me drink from his water-skin, and shared his biscuits with me: he would climb over the stone walls of gardens and bring me figs, grapes, and other fruits out of them. He gave me [81 *a*] the goad which he used for his ass, albeit none of the other drivers will suffer pilgrims to have goads for their asses. Because of his great services to me the nobles and all my companions used to think that I gave him much money in secret; but this was not so, for I gave him nothing at all beyond what I was obliged. I have often fancied that he may have supposed me to be some great lord, and that this was why he served me so zealously. Indeed, during both my pilgrimages I was so fortunate as never to be ill-treated in any way by any Saracen, Arab, Midianite or Mameluke with whom I had to do, nor can I tell you of any blows or insults which I received, albeit I often saw the other pilgrims insulted and beaten. I always had good beasts in both my pilgrimages, and withal remained strong and healthy, God be praised.

THE SETTING OUT OF THE PILGRIMS FROM THE SEA-SHORE, MOUNTED ON ASSES.

Having finished the tale of our wanderings by sea, I must now pass to that of our wanderings on land. So when, as I said before, we had come to the herd of asses, and everyone was at length provided with a beast, we mounted them by the sea-shore, and sat for some time waiting until the Moorish lords were ready. There were some pilgrims who in their piety refused to have asses, but wanted to run after our company. The Saracens allowed them to do this, and were satisfied provided that they would run as far as our asses could go in a day's journey, and that they went with the company and did

not lag behind it. But when we went fast they could not keep up with us because of the pace at which we travelled, and because of the sandy roads by which we went, and so they were perforce obliged to mount asses. Nor is the story true which is so often told in our country, that the Saracens force us to ride to Jerusalem and pass through the Holy Land on the backs of asses, because they hold us unworthy to touch the earth with our feet. They care not whether the pilgrim walks on his feet or rides on an ass, provided that the contract made with them by the captains is kept, and that he who walks on foot does not lag behind and force them to wait for him. The reason why they make us take asses is that we may always keep together, and may arrive at Jerusalem without falling sick; for if the pilgrims had to walk on their feet all the way from the sea to Jerusalem, and pass through the Holy Land in such hot weather, and over a road which is sandy on the plains and rough in the mountains, few of them would remain alive by reason of the heat, and thirst, and labour in a strange climate. Moreover, if we were forced to walk on foot through the Holy Land, how could we flee from the Arabs and the peasants in the villages, or withstand them when they attack us? So it is for our good [*b*] that our beasts are provided, not out of contempt for us, as is said by the ignorant. When all were ready, the captains and the governors led the way riding on horses, and rode away from the sea; we followed, mounted on our asses, the servants of the Moorish lords rode behind the pilgrims, our drivers accompanied us, and in this order we all marched away from the sea very hurriedly. There was a great host collected together of Christians and Saracens. We turned our backs to the sea(shore), which here trends from the north to the southward, and has the port of

Joppa, as it were, in the midst of it; for towards the south it has Iamnia and Gazara, and on the north side Cæsarea of Palestine, and Ptolemais, and Tyre, Beyrouth, and Tripoli. All these we left behind us on the sea-shore, and went our way towards the east, through the land of Philistia, which is not altogether flat, but set about with low hills of various shapes. It would be a good and fertile land were there any people to cultivate it and dwell in it, for indeed the greater part of the Holy Land is a desert. When we were half a mile¹ from the sea, we came to the city of Gath, which once was a city of most warlike giants, and wherein Goliath of Gath was born. The legends say that St. Christopher also was born there, and it was to the King of Gath that David fled from the face of Saul.² The Chronicles tell us of this city, that, owing to the nature of the place, fierce and brave men are born therein, wherefore even in late time the Christians took it with much bloodshed, and fought stout battles with the Saracens in its defence, until at last, after great slaughter both of themselves and of the Saracens, they lost it for the second time. The infidels, when they took it, razed it to the ground, so that at this day it stands even as Joppa. Meanwhile the sun was rising, and we passed through a pleasant land, set thick with ruins of walls. We were astonished at the ruins which we beheld as we passed along by the side of a city named Assur, which was built by Solomon according to Jerome in his book 'On the Distances of Places.' The Arabs, who at that time were spread abroad throughout many parts of the Holy Land, thrice came to meet us; but seeing that we were well protected by armed defenders, they offered us no violence with either stones or cold steel, but secretly joined our host by the side of the pilgrims, and tried

¹ ? German mile.

² 1 Sam. xxi.

to steal scrips, clothes, and the like ; for they knew that we were unarmed, and therefore they ran round about us, and snatched up whatever the pilgrims let fall, or did not guard carefully. Had we not travelled with so great a force, they would have fallen upon us and beaten us with stones, sticks, and staves, as often befalls pilgrims between Joppa and Rama. And when the Arabs are not in the country the villagers assemble together and assail the pilgrims on their march, doing them much hurt. Wherefore the journey from Joppa to Rama [82 *a*] is exceeding perilous because of these ambuscades and insults of the infidels. As we marched along we saw the city of Rama on a low hill in a most beauteous country. When we were come within one furlong thereof, we were forced to dismount from our asses and walk on foot, each of us carrying our baggage on our shoulders. So we gave up our asses to the drivers, and hastened towards the town in great discomfort, because the heat was exceeding great, and the dust flew about, and there was a vast crowd and much jostling. The infidels will not endure that Christians should enter their cities and towns riding on beasts, unless they come in the dark : by daylight they cannot do so. They consider this city of Rama to be of especial dignity beyond all others, because *Thadi*, that is, their bishop, dwells therein, wherefore they keep watch that no Christian enters it save on foot. When we were come into the city, at no great distance from the gate, we came to a house with a low and narrow door, before which the governors stood and counted us, one by one, just as they had done when we left the sea, and bade us enter through the little door. Howbeit, within there was a large and beautiful court, with many chambers and vaulted rooms of various kinds, and a fountain full of good wholesome water. This house was bought long

ago by Philip, Duke of Burgundy, of blessed memory, for the use of pilgrims, and was entrusted by him to the charge of the brethren of Mount Zion; wherefore it is called the pilgrims' hospice. The brethren of Mount Zion let it to an Eastern Christian who dwells therein. I have heard that before this house was obtained for a lodging for pilgrims, they used to be obliged to lodge in the public inn of the city near the market-place, in great misery and contempt, and that they were greatly ill-treated by the Saracens; for the Saracens and Moors of Rama bear an especial hatred to Christians, and maltreat them greatly, as I shall tell you. So here we divided ourselves among the various chambers, each company by itself, and my lords and all their followers had a spacious dwelling, for which we bought mats to cover the earth, so that we might not be obliged to sit, lie, sleep and eat on the bare ground; for there was nothing more than a vaulted chamber with walls and paved floor, without any furniture whatever, save what we brought into it ourselves. Now, the time at which we entered the city was about nine in the morning, so the Father Guardian arranged and set up an altar in the inner garden of the house where the captains' houses were, against the trunk of a great palm-tree which stood there loaded with dates; and then, after calling all the pilgrims into that garden, and after having barred the doors, that the infidels might not interrupt us, one of the brethren celebrated Mass. After Mass the Father Guardian preached a beautiful sermon in Latin, because he was an Italian, and knew no German. So, as he had no one with him who was eloquent in the German tongue, who could interpret his sermon to us Germans, he asked me to stand beside him, and translate his exhortations to the German pilgrims. This I willingly did, and I stood by his side, and when

he uttered a sentence in Latin, I took it from his mouth and repeated it in the common German tongue. Moreover, in his sermon he delivered to the pilgrims certain articles wherein were contained the rules and method of seeing the holy places which they ought to observe while dwelling among Saracens and infidels in the Holy Land, lest they should run into danger through ignorance.

First article. Should any pilgrims have come thither without express leave from the Pope, and have thereby incurred the Pope's sentence of excommunication, such persons must present themselves to him after Mass, and he himself would absolve them from their guilt by virtue of the Apostolic authority committed to him; for the Pope takes cognizance of anyone who goes on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land without obtaining leave from him, as may be seen on p. 5 *a*. The cause of this excommunication is that after the Christians were driven out of the Holy Land some bad Christians, even of the Latin Church, remained behind therein, and associated themselves with the Saracens, swearing allegiance to them. Some also of those who left that country returned thither again to these men and became their subjects, and afterwards sailed to Christian lands and brought from thence ironwork and arms whereof the Easterns were in need. Seeing this, the Pope excommunicated all those who stayed behind in the Holy Land with the Saracens, or who made common cause with them. He also excommunicated those who carried arms and other needful things to them. Moreover, he excommunicated the land itself, so that whosoever should enter it without his leave might be *anathema*, seeing that he could not dwell therein without consorting with infidels and heretics. Howbeit, members of religious orders who visit the Holy Land are exempt from this excommunication, and if any man have a friend

who is held captive among the Saracens, he may enter that country without leave from the Pope, and bargain with the Saracens for his friend's freedom. These particulars I read in an old book written by a pilgrim who visited the Holy Land one hundred and fifty years ago. The General Master of the Dominican Order grants leave to no friar who has not first obtained leave from the Pope.

Second article. No pilgrim ought to wander alone about the holy places without a Saracen guide, because this is dangerous and unsafe. I, Brother Felix Fabri, did not observe this article strictly, as will appear hereafter.

Third article. The pilgrim should beware of stepping over the sepulchres of the Saracens, because they are greatly vexed when they see this done, and pelt with stones anyone who steps over them, because they believe that our passing over them torments and disturbs the dead.

Fourth article. Should any pilgrim be struck by a Saracen, however unjustly, he must not return the blow, but must complain of him that struck him to the Guardian, or the dragoman or [83 *a*] Calinus, who will see him righted if they are able; if not, seeing that young men are sometimes insolent and stiff-necked, the pilgrims must bear it with patience for the glory of God, and for their own greater merit.

Fifth article. Let the pilgrims beware of chipping off fragments from the holy sepulchre, and from the buildings at other places, and spoiling the hewn stones thereof, because this is forbidden under pain of excommunication. About this matter more will be said hereafter, on p. 217 *b*.

Sixth article. Pilgrims of noble birth must not deface walls by drawing their coats-of-arms thereon, or by writing

their names, or by fixing upon the walls papers on which their arms are painted, or by scratching columns and marble slabs, or boring holes in them with iron tools, to make marks of their having visited them; for such conduct gives great offence to the Saracens, and they think those who do so to be fools.

Seventh article. The pilgrims must proceed to visit the holy places in an orderly manner, without disorder or disagreement, and one must not try to outrun another, because much disorder often occurs at these places, and the devotion of many is hindered thereby.

Eighth article. Pilgrims must beware of laughing together as they walk about Jerusalem to see the holy places, but they must be grave and devout, both on account of the holy places, and of the example which they afford to the infidels, and also lest the latter should suspect that we are laughing at them, which annoys them exceedingly. They are always suspicious about laughter and merriment among pilgrims.

Ninth article. Let the pilgrims beware above all of jesting with or laughing at the Saracen boys or men whom they may meet, because, however well meant this conduct may be, yet much mischief arises from it; so if anything laughable should be done by such boys, the pilgrim ought to turn himself away and remain grave, and so he will have peace.

Tenth article. Let the pilgrims beware of gazing upon any women whom they may meet, because all Saracens are exceeding jealous, and a pilgrim may in ignorance run himself into danger through the fury of some jealous husband.

Eleventh article. Should any woman beckon to a pilgrim or invite him by signs to enter a house, let him on no account do so, because the woman does this treacher-

ously at the instigation of some men, in order that the Christian when he enters may be robbed, and perhaps slain. Those who are not careful in these matters incur great danger.

Twelfth article. Let every pilgrim beware of giving a Saracen wine when he asks for drink, whether on the roadside or elsewhere, because straightway after one single draught thereof he becomes mad, and the first man whom he attacks is the pilgrim who gave it him.

Thirteenth article. Let the pilgrim keep the ass which he first received from his driver, and let him not change it or exchange it with another, save with the consent of the driver, because otherwise disturbances arise. [*b*]

Fourteenth article. Let pilgrims of noble birth beware of revealing their nobility in the presence of Saracens, because it is imprudent to act so for many reasons.

Fifteenth article. Let no pilgrim put upon his head white turbans, or wind white cloths or napkins about his head when there are Saracens present, because they consider themselves alone to be privileged to do this, and it is a sign by which they are distinguished from other nations. Neither will they endure to see Christians clad in white garments, which nevertheless is contrary to the teaching of their Al Koran, wherein Christians are often called 'white-robed,' and whenever they are mentioned they are called 'clad in white,' as we read in the translation of the Al Koran by Nicholas Cusa; for the Saracens, contrary to the ordinance of Mahomet, have readopted many customs which they were wont to use in the days of idolatry, as in the matter of garments; for they wear hermaphrodite garments which do not distinguish men from women, such as we read Queen Semiramis wore of old when she marched against the Bactrians in the midst of her men-at-arms, dressed so that no one knew whether

she was a man or a woman ; and this custom still obtains in the East. So also in heathen fashion they wrap up their heads with cloths, even as we read was done by Dionysus, the son of Semele, who was addicted to drunkenness and luxury : for whenever his head ached after drinking he was wont to bind it up with a turban, whence he received the name of Mitrophoros. The wine-bibbing Mahomet, imitating him always, had his head bound up with a turban ; but after he renounced wine because of a homicide which he committed during the frenzy brought on by wine, he retained the ball-shaped turban for the head, and left it as a custom to his followers, for at this day they walk about wearing these balls of cloth on their heads like crowns, and will not suffer us to have white head-coverings.

Sixteenth article. No pilgrim may wear knives or anything else slung about him, lest they be torn from him and carried off, nor may he bear any arms whatsoever.

Seventeenth article. Should any pilgrim form a friendship with any Saracen, he must beware of trusting him too far, for they are treacherous ; and he must especially beware of laying his hand on his beard in jest, or touching his turban, even with a light touch and in jest : for this thing is a disgrace among them, and all jests are at once forgotten thereat, and they grow angry. Of this fact, I, Brother Felix Fabri, have had experience.

Eighteenth article. Let every pilgrim carefully guard his own property, and never leave it lying about in any place where Saracens are, otherwise it will straightway vanish, whatever it may be.

Nineteenth article. If any pilgrim has a bottle of wine and wishes to drink, let him hide his bottle and drink secretly if Saracens are present ; let him ask his comrade to stand before him, or let him cover himself with his

ak, so that he may drink unseen. For, because the drinking of wine is forbidden to them, they envy us when they see us drink it, and if they can, they molest those who drink.

Twentieth article. Let no Christian have money dealings with a Saracen except in such sort that he knows he will not be cheated; for they strive to cheat us, and believe that they are serving God by deceiving and cheating us. And, above all, let the pilgrim beware of German Jews, and be on his guard against them, for their whole object in life is to cheat us and rob us of our money. Let him also beware of Eastern Christians when he has dealings with them, for they have no conscience, less even than the Jews and Saracens, and will cheat pilgrims if they can.

Twenty-first article. When pilgrims make covenants with Saracens, let them not dispute with them, nor swear against them, nor become angry with them; for they know that these things are contrary to the Christian religion, and when they see anything of this sort they straightway cry out, 'O thou bad Christian!' for all of them can say this whether in Italian or German; and whenever any pilgrim discovers any vice they cast the name of 'Christian' in his teeth, as though they were quoting that passage of Augustine about Christian doctrine. 'How,' he asks, 'must thou be called a Christian, who dost not act like a Christian? Christian [84 a] is a name implying justice, goodness, honesty, long-suffering, chastity, prudence, lowliness, kindness, innocence, and piety.' Wherefore a pilgrim ought to bear himself so as not to bring shame upon so noble a name in his own person.

Twenty-second article. Let the pilgrim beware of entering mosques, that is, Saracen temples and oratories, because when he be found therein, he will in no case escape unharmed, and should he escape with his life. This subject is dis-

cussed at greater length on page 261, and the following pages.

Twenty-third article. Let the pilgrim especially beware of laughing to scorn Saracens who are praying and practising the postures required by their faith, because they cannot bear this at all. For they themselves refrain from molesting or laughing at us when we are at our prayers.

Twenty-fourth article. If a pilgrim be detained longer than he wishes in Rama, or elsewhere, let him endure it with patience, and not think it to be the fault of the Father Guardian, but of the Saracens, who do what they please in these matters, not what is convenient to us.

Twenty-fifth article. Pilgrims must not grudge to pay money to save themselves from the many annoyances which beset them, but when money has to be paid they must give it straightway without grumbling. Yet no one need give money to the driver of his ass, because all this is paid by the captain, unless anyone out of generosity chooses to give his driver a penny to buy forage for his ass, which nevertheless he is not bound to do.

Twenty-sixth article. The pilgrims must give something to the keeper of the hospice in which we stand, to the end that the house may be repaired and raised from its ruins.

Twenty-seventh and last article. The pilgrims must show respect to the poor convent of the brethren of Mount Zion in Jerusalem, by whose help pilgrims are conducted into and out of the Holy Land, and must by their alms cherish this convent and help the brethren thereof, who dwell there among the infidels for the comfort of pilgrims, and who are willing to serve pilgrims according to their means, even by laying themselves down beneath their feet if necessary. And if any pilgrim be not dealt with according to his wish and his needs, let him not blame the

brethren for this, because if they were forced to satisfy all with bread and wine, after the departure of the pilgrims, they themselves would not have wherewithal to live. Howbeit, they are prepared to nurse sick pilgrims with all care and diligence, and to refresh them and treat them charitably in their own infirmary.

These articles were read aloud to the pilgrims, both in Latin and in German. Now, as the sermon lasted so long, the Saracens, who were shut out from us in the outer court, became impatient, and beat upon the door with stones as though they would break it down. Others mounted upon the house-top and looked down upon the court where we were, laughing and shouting. But we, being disturbed thereby, looked in our turn at those youths with serious countenances, [b], and signed to them to go down. They, seeing that we were in earnest, ceased their clamour, and went away one after another. We completed the entire service in peace, and it was now about noon. So we unbarred the door, and came out into our court, which we found full of Saracens, Jews, Heretics, and Eastern Christians, with various things for sale, more especially victuals. There we found cooked chickens and fowls, cooked milk, puddings made of flour, and rice cooked with milk, most excellent loaves of bread, eggs, bunches of the sweetest grapes, pomegranates, apples, oranges, water-melons, lemons, figs both great and small, confections of almonds and honey, dried figs, some confections of sugar, almonds and dates, and cold water. One man likewise brought leather bottles full of an artificial drink used by great Saracen lords instead of wine. So we bought what food we pleased, and ate it in the places where we slept. After dinner that day, Calinus the lesser, who was called 'Elphahallo,' led us through the city of Rama to the streets of the merchants, and we saw there many precious

wares and great mosques, and went to a warm bath wherein many pilgrims bathed in company with Saracens. This hot bath, like all Saracen baths, is built in a wondrous and clever fashion, enclosed between four towers, so that it brings up the heat from below, and makes it pass along a pavement formed of fair polished marble of divers colours. You will find much about the hot baths of the Saracens, whether it is lawful for Christians to bathe in their company, and other matters relating to this subject, in the second part. So after we had seen the city we went back to our own place, and when it grew late we turned out all the merchants, barred the door of the house, and composed ourselves to sleep.

On the tenth, which is the feast of 'the seven brethren,' we were roused for Mass early in the morning, before sunrise, before the Saracens and merchants were awake. We set up an altar in our court, and one of the brethren celebrated Mass. After Mass we were told that we must make ourselves ready to visit the church of St. George¹ at Diospolis, which stands on the place whereat the saint was martyred. In my former pilgrimage they could not take us thither because the Arabs had laid an ambush in the valley, and were looking for us to come, that they might rob us. When we were ready we left the city just as we entered it, and outside the city found our asses with their drivers. Here each man ran among the herd of asses shouting loudly for his own driver, and my cry was 'Galelacassa, Galelacassa!' Others shouted other names, according to the various names of their drivers. So we mounted our asses and set out very fast towards Diospolis, which stands about two Italian miles from Rama. We arrived at Diospolis, which is also called Lidda or Lyddia,

¹ The earliest notice which connects St. George with Lydda occurs in Antoninus Martyr, ch. 25. Compare Willibald, ch. 25.

(85 *a*) and which in days of old was a great city, but has been destroyed by the Saracens, and now is but a small village. We went to the place where St. George was martyred with divers torments, and kissed the place very devoutly, touching it with our jewels, and here we received seven years' indulgences (+). Here we saw with heartfelt grief the ruins of a very fine church, lofty and large, whereof part of the choir is still standing, but with the vaults and roof fallen in. In the choir is the place of St. George's martyrdom, and there two lamps are always burning, which lamps are fed by the Greek Christians who dwell in the village. The rest of the church has been cut off from the choir by a wall, and they have made that part of it into a fair mosque in honour of Mahomet, and adorned it with a lofty tower. The door stood over against us, so that we could see into the courtyard of the mosque, and into the mosque itself, and it was like Paradise for cleanliness and beauty. It was in this city that St. Peter healed Aeneas, and here he preached, as one may read in the ninth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. During the time that the land belonged to the Christians, this was the seat of a bishop, and much Divine worship was here celebrated. Near this city we saw Mount Modin, whereon was once the city of those bravest of men the Maccabees, and where also Matthatias (*sic*) and his sons were buried, whose sepulchres are mentioned on page 71 *b*. This city appears to have been Lidda, of the tribe of Naphtali. When we had finished with Diospolis we returned to Rama for our dinner, and ate it there. After dinner we stood ready for starting, but neither the captains, nor the dragoman, nor any of the governors, appeared among us, for they were all that day shut up in a chamber together holding a secret council, and were disputing with one another because they were afraid. Moreover, we heard that the Arabs had

spread themselves about the roads which led to Jerusalem, so that we could not gain access thither until they moved away. God has suffered this plague to fall upon this land, and upon all the countries round about it, for the Arabs, a naked, miserable, bestial, wandering people, who alone can dwell in the desert which is uninhabitable to all others, attack, harry, and conquer all men alike, even to the King himself, the most puissant Soldan of Egypt. Of these Arabs I shall speak at greater length hereafter in another place. So while our captains and the Moorish lords were holding council together, we stood about in the open court in great disquiet, because the court was full of merchants, and a great riot was going on there: for mischievous Saracens, both young and old men, collected together there and teased us much, standing in front of us, looking at us and listening to our words. They did this especially to those whom they observed to be passionate, or who had laughed in scorn of their tricks. It would be hard for me to tell of all the vexatious tricks of these young Saracens. Amongst others it befell that one mischievous youth sat himself down at the feet of a pilgrim nobleman, a grave respectable man, and looked round to see if he could find anyone to help him in his play. [b] At length he turned towards the nobleman at whose feet he sat, and caught hold of his foot to pull it. The knight at first thought that it was some trifling jest, and drew back his foot, as though disdaining to notice him; but the youth, finding himself treated with contempt, seized the other foot of the nobleman, who was sitting on the ground, and pulled him, trying to throw him on to his back. But while he was pulling hard at the knight's legs, the latter became angry, and with the foot which he had drawn back kicked the Saracen so violently in the belly that the youth let go the foot at which he was pulling, and fell head over

heels, rolling like a ball into the very middle of the paved court. He then arose in confusion and left the place. At this we were much alarmed, fearing that he might stir up the people to attack us; but no harm came of it. Another young joker came into the court and stood before the face of one of the pilgrims making certain twistings of his fingers with an ill meaning, which that pilgrim not enduring, struck the hands of the joker a hard blow with his own, and destroyed the obscene figure which he had formed by the twisting of his fingers. When a certain armed Saracen saw this, he became very angry, and rushed to attack that pilgrim, and had the pilgrim not hidden himself he would have been cast into prison; for that man-at-arms and his fellows stood there waiting for a long time, hoping to catch that pilgrim in a convenient spot; but the pilgrim did not again stir out of his hiding-place. I must tell you another thing which befell us. A pilgrim nobleman, by way of pastime, drew his own coat-of-arms and those of his companions, on the wall, very finely and beautifully, and just as he had finished his work, at which he had wrought for many hours, one of the Saracens ran up with his hand full of filth, bedaubed the picture shamefully, and went away laughing. At this the nobles were exceeding wroth, and cursed that youth, yet no one of them dared to lay hands upon him. If he had done such a thing in our own country he would have been torn to pieces. We endured many other vexations of the like nature in that city, yet we were better treated than I had been on my first pilgrimage; for then they took our captain, who had brought us from Joppa, cast him into prison before our eyes, and kept him fast bound, saying that he had no authority to bring pilgrims into the land, and that we had come thither without a safe-conduct, and must therefore pay tribute over again;

that if we did not do so, we should not see Jerusalem, but must return to our galley; and that for our rash entrance into the land we must pay money according to the decree of the Moorish lords. We remained at Rama four days in this suspense, which we could not interpret otherwise than that we were about to be brought back to our galley, and should not behold the holy sepulchre of our Lord. Oh, what sorrow and disquietude we felt in our hearts! At last, however, we were conducted to the desired spots, and so it ended. Now let me return to my story. As evening came on, one of the captains' servants came and said that we must depart straightway. So we took up our bags, came out of our chambers, and sat near the door of the hospice, waiting until it should be time to set out. After an hour's time there came one (86*a*) who told us that some Mameluke men-at-arms had just come thither from Cairo, and that since they had come our leaders could not leave the place that night, wherefore we must quietly return to our chambers. When we heard this we went back to our chambers in bad humour. Here, when we wanted to sit down as we had done before, we found that all the mats whereon we had been wont to sit and lie were gone; for the Saracen from whom we had bought them for much money had carried them away. So we sent for him and asked him to return us our mats, but this he utterly refused to do, unless we paid for them afresh, saying that he had only sold them to us for use until we should leave the hospice; and since we had left our chamber empty, the term of our hiring of them had expired, notwithstanding our return thither. We had a violent dispute with this Saracen, who was exceeding furious, and oftentimes spat at us while wrangling with us. So we abode in our chamber without our mats, because we would not encourage his greediness by giving

him a single penny. He would have let us have them for a few pence, but we bade him begone. When night came some of us stayed in the chamber and slept there on the bare ground; but I and some others went up to the vaulted roof of the house, where the chief Calinus and some other Saracens slept, and there we also disposed ourselves to sleep upon the pavement in the open air. Houses in the East are built with a platform on the top, so that when the sun has set men ascend thither to enjoy the coolness, and there they work, eat, make their beds, and sleep; but while the sun is shining they stay below, beneath the vaults, in the shade. So there we lay upon the top of the house, but certainly we did not get the rest which we sought, because of the noise of the Saracens called Soquis, who shouted and sang after their fashion till about midnight. They likewise stood on the towers and howled there, holding lighted lamps. These their towers are tall round ones, whereon the priests of the Saracens stand performing the office of bells, and uttering their profession of faith. I shall discuss the subject of their duties and ritual at greater length in Part II., page 94. This night was one of their festivals, and therefore they made more noise than usual. Thus we passed that night.

On the eleventh, the day of Procopius the Confessor, I rose before daylight, and said my service on a higher vault than that whereon I had slept, sitting upon the convex roof of a loftier chamber, from whence I could see all the sleepers round about me. When it grew light, the Saracens arose, folded up their beds, arranged their clothes, [*b*] and then straightway bent their knees in devotion, and prayed very seriously, saying their prayers in a kind of roaring tone, with their hands clasped together and raised on high. Several times they would bow their heads and bodies to the very earth, and remain awhile in that posture,

and then would raise themselves up again and look upwards towards the heavens. All of them prayed at the same time, and in the same fashion, just as though they had all been monks of the same rule. When they had finished their prayers they went about their wonted business. This I beheld that morning at Rama, and often afterwards in other places. Now, after the sun had risen our pilgrims arose, and straightway, without any previous prayer, began to talk and laugh with one another.

So as I sat there I compared what I had seen done by the one party, and by the other, and I became saddened and disquieted at heart, seeing that those unregenerate and utterly lost men do but aggravate the pains of their eternal damnation by the gravity and seriousness of their prayers, whereby they provoke the inexorable wrath of God against themselves, when they so solemnly and methodically dishonour the saints and angels and all the heavenly host by their blasphemous prayers, while we most wretched and most ungrateful Christians, who have been redeemed by Christ's most precious blood, offer our prayers with levity and wantonness, with unspeakable lukewarmness at all times, with wandering thoughts and weariness, to the true and living God, from whom we hope with a steadfast faith that we shall receive grace and glory. O Lord God, what grace wilt Thou accord to us for our most brief and most undevout prayers? And would that even our exceeding lukewarm prayers were made at any rate with sound faith! But what can I say? I fear that many Christians pass the whole day without any adoration of God, or any prayer to Him, which is a thing which could not happen among Saracens, Turks, Barbarians, Jews or Arabs; for all these heathens have even a fixed attitude and fashion wherein to pray, which they do not

depart from in any case unless compelled by force. For a complete account of their prayers and fastings see Part II., page 94. My aforesaid comparison of them with ourselves gave me occasion to speak of them in this place. So when the sun had risen, as we saw no preparation for setting out, we returned to our chambers, bought food, and ate it there. While we were thus sitting there came in to us a poor and miserable Saracen, carrying oranges and grapes in a basket to sell to us, and sat himself down upon the ground with his basket just beside me. We took some of his fruit, and gave him bread and what was left of our meat, which he ate like one an hungered. On his head he wore a red hat with the badge of the Saracens. Now, as he seemed to me to be a good simple fellow, I took his hat from his head, and while I was looking at it, pretended to feel sick, and frowned and turned away my head from the hat which I held in my hand, as though out of loathing for the religion of the Saracens ; and I spat at the cloth which was wound round the hat, wishing to see what he would say or do at this. Howbeit, [87 *a*] the Saracen looked round all the corners of the chamber, and, seeing no one whom he feared, snatched up his hat, collected spittle in his mouth, and spat upon the badge of the Saracens thereon, cursed the turban, and made the sign of the cross by laying his right thumb over his left. He kissed the sign of the cross thus made upon his hand, and with tears said much to us which we could not understand ; howbeit, we understood full well that he was a Christian, and was forced to abjure his faith, and that he was not a Saracen, but a poor Mameluke. After we had dined we remained in our chamber in quiet, and in the shade. Now, on one of the walls of our chamber we heard someone working with an iron tool on the other side, as though he would bore through the wall, whereof

we took no heed, nor did we suspect any danger. At last a hole was made by the taking out of one stone. On the other side were Saracen women, who had made the hole that they might see the pilgrims through it. As they looked at us some of the knights smiled, and signified by nods and signs what they could not do in words. But when this hole was seen by a Minorite friar, who was sent by the Guardian to make the round of the pilgrims' rooms, he straightway brought mortar and built up the hole, swearing by God, that had the Saracens seen this they would have put all the pilgrims to the most frightful tortures, because they are furiously jealous, and all join together without any reason to avenge any affront to their honour. Indeed, the Saracen women appear to be very wanton; for some young knights, while walking and looking around them on the roof of the house, saw three women standing in another house, who made signs to them to come down to them. Whether they did this out of wantonness, or, which I should rather believe, out of treachery and malice, the danger was the same; for this is their law: that if a Christian be found consorting with a Saracen woman, he is given his choice of either renouncing his faith or suffering death, nor is there any middle course between these two. Meanwhile hour after hour passed, and we still stood there longing to depart; for the insults and teasings of the young men grew worse every hour, and we saw that further delay would be dangerous to us, because pilgrim after pilgrim kept being put out of patience by the insults which he received. One of them lightly struck a bad boy who was casting stones at him, so that he wept, and at the sound of his weeping the Saracens ran together even as swine run together to defend a comrade who grunts to them, and the pilgrim who struck the boy could not have peace until he quieted the boy's

weeping with money. Indeed, the naughty boys at Rama are worse than at any other place where pilgrims are lodged, and there one is not allowed to return blow for blow. We feared, therefore, lest we might come into peril, and went to the captains, earnestly intreating them to lead us out of that fiery furnace. They promised that we should start in an hour's time.

HERE FOLLOWETH A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY
OF RAMA.

[*b*] Rama, or Ramula, is a city between Palestine and Judaea, on the border of the Philistine country, and of the Jews' country, in the lot of the tribe of Judah, and stands upon a hill, whence it is called Rama, which is, being interpreted, lofty. Wherefore not only this, but many other cities in the Holy Land, which are built upon high places, are called Rama. In many, however, there is a difference in the end of the word, so that from Rama we have Ramatha, Ramathaiim, Ramasse, Ramoth, Ramula, Aramathya. This Rama whereof I speak is often mentioned in Scripture, and here the holy Samuel was born. At this day it is a populous town, greater than Jerusalem, and finds a living for many merchants; but it is not well fenced with walls all round about, like many other Saracen cities, but lacks walls. There are many mosques within it and round about it. It stands in a most pleasant and fertile place, and everything there is right cheap, sweet, and exceeding good, save the people, who are most evil-minded, and bear a special hatred to Christians. Many pestilent Ethiopians dwell there, and Moors and other people without understanding. This city is mentioned in the third (first) book of Kings, chapter xv.,¹ and the second chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel.²

¹ 1 Kings xv. 17.

² Matt. ii. 18.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS FROM RAMA INTO
THE HILL COUNTRY OF JUDAEA.

When evening was come on St. Procopius's day, we girded ourselves up for our journey, and went out of the hospice in the same order as we had come in, bearing our scrips slung about our necks. As we passed through the town the people ran together from all sides, and the streets were full of people of both sexes, who stood there desiring to see us. There was much crowding, and therewith so thick a dust was stirred up from the earth, that a man could scarce see the comrade by his side, and if he could see him, he assuredly could not recognise him, so thick was the dust. My black hood was so covered with dust that it looked not black, but gray. No one could open either his eyes or his mouth as he needed. And this we endured throughout the whole country, save in the stony parts, and when we journeyed by night. In the narrow streets there was danger of being smothered by reason of the thick dust. During this scuffle I was by chance thrust against the wall of a dwelling, near the windows. As the crowd moved very slow, and kept me wedged in there, I looked through the window into the dwelling, and, lo! within there stood women with little children, who made crosses with their fingers, and kissed them, thereby giving me to know that they were followers of the Crucified; and methought they wept. It is indeed piteous that the people of that land wherein our Lord was crucified, if they be followers of the cross, dare not wear the sign of the cross openly, [88 *a*] for in that land the glorious cross is hated and despised. The same thing has befallen the holy cross which befell the prophets: they are not without honour, save only in their own country (Luke iv.). Even so the holy cross hath no honour, nor is it acceptable in

its own country, but pilgrims from the uttermost parts of the earth openly carry about the sign of the cross, because among them the reproach of the cross hath been taken away. When the crowd moved forward I was forced away from that place, and we came outside the city, and found our asses with their drivers in a field, and near them the troop of Saracens who were to bear us company and protect us on our way. So we mounted our beasts and started very hurriedly towards the mountains, and we came to the field of Joshua beside the city of Bethshemesh, wherein fifty thousand men were smitten because they had looked upon the Ark of the Lord when it stood there, as we read in 1 Sam. iv., v., etc. In this same field Arabs had pitched their tents, about three hundred of them ; and at the sight of the tents both we and our escort were sore afraid. When we drew near to the tents we saw none therein save most wretched women and little black naked children, and a few old men, for all the other men were roaming over the country, plundering and robbing : so we passed through their camp, nor was there anyone who raised his hand against us. Howbeit, when we were about to enter the hill country through a valley, we saw at the mouth of the valley a multitude of men with camels, asses, and horses, who were making ready to fall upon us. Our escort likewise took order to resist them, and were disturbed and full of dread, seeing that these men were Arab robbers, and that we could not pass them without blows, neither could we turn aside to the right hand nor to the left, for our way led straight through the midst of them along a narrow valley. When we drew near to them they stood guarding the entrance to the valley from the one side to the other, and holding it against us ; their daggers were drawn, their swords raised, their lances couched, and their bows bent. I never remember to have seen any men like

them : they were naked, and black, burned by the heat of the sun, wearing only a worthless rag about their middle, with shields hanging from their necks ; and they were fierce, savage, and terrible to look upon. When we looked at them and compared them with our Moors and Saracens, whom hitherto we had thought to be scarce human, we regarded the latter as civilized, pious men, almost the same as ourselves. When our escort saw what the Arabs meant to do, they fell upon them violently, drove them out of the way by force of arms, and opened the road to us, calling to us to push on fast. So we hurried on through the space left open for us. Whenever a pilgrim fell in with those Arabs, they laid hold either of his cloak or his scrip, and pulled at it until either he let the thing go, or was pulled off his ass, or was rescued by one of our party, [b] wherefore many fell from their asses, and had they not been rescued the Arabs would have plundered them. There was a hideous yelling on either side, and they rode wondrous dashingly at one another as though they meant to fall upon one another and come to blows. While this disturbance was going on we passed up through the valley into the hills. When our enemies saw this, they took up stones from the torrent-bed and threw them after us at our escort. But when they saw that they could get nothing from us by force, they ran after us and humbly and tamely begged us to give them something ; but they did not get much. So we got away from them : and there can be no doubt that had they been stronger than we, they would have robbed us all, our safe-conduct from the Soldan notwithstanding. We escaped without any pilgrim being hurt, save some who were struck by stones, and some lost their scrips in the scuffle, and some their hats. No one was wounded, for the Easterns have this good in them, that they shrink from shedding blood. So we went our way up this shady

valley, up an exceeding rough torrent-bed, with high stony mountains on either side of us. After a long climb we came to a tower, near which water had gathered into a pond, and here we meant to await the dawn of another day, because the night was dark, and besides this the valley lay in shadow : so we dismounted from our asses. But of a sudden fear came upon our escort lest those Arabs might fall upon us while we were lying asleep, and they would be unable to defend us in that narrow torrent-bed ; and they called to us to remount our asses and go further up into the mountains. So we left the tower, which stands at the foot of the mountains, and climbed up a steep and dangerous path till we came to a field where again they thought of resting ; but as both we and our beasts were thirsty, and there was no water there, we went on further in the twilight, for there was neither sun nor moon to help us, but we were only guided by the light of the firmament and the feeble twinkle of the stars. We could not see the path, but each man followed his leader. When we reached the top we went down again on the other side of the mountain, and came to a small village, where there was a fountain of good and cool water, and there, in a stony field on the side of the mountain, we gave up our asses to their drivers, and sate ourselves down on the ground. Our escort with their horses, and our drivers with their asses, ranged themselves all round about the pilgrims, so that they shut us in on every side. We struck lights, and brought out of our srips the food which we had bought in Rama : our drivers brought water to us, which we bought of them, and the villagers brought us loaves of bread, fruit, and water, whereof we bought what we pleased, and so we supped. This place of our camp was very rough, and full of stones, like those Alps which are between Ulm and Weissensteig. Beneath the stones lurked scorpions,

which we did not know until the lights showed them to us. The Saracens, when they saw that we were afraid, told us that we might sleep without fear, because scorpions in the field do not sting like those in houses. Wherefore we were comforted, and none of us moved from his place. While we were sitting thus, resting ourselves, [89 *a*] the moon rose before our faces, and at its rising we were exceeding glad, for those who cannot sleep delight in whatever puts the darkness to flight and drives away the shadows. No sleep visited our eyes, neither did slumber weigh down our eyelids, nor did our temples desire rest: for albeit weariness after toil naturally brings about sleep, and we were weary and tired, yet sleep was denied us, because our whole being seemed to have gone forth into our faculties of sense, and our souls craved for nought save to gaze and look earnestly round about us, so that all our soul seemed contained in our eyes, and cared only for the sense of sight. Our excitement overcame sleep, as we read in the forty-second chapter of Ecclesiasticus: 'Thought drove sleep away from them.' For we were looking for the morrow with exceeding hot desire, knowing that then we should see the noble city of Jerusalem, whereof the holy Tobias said, standing a great way off from it: 'I shall be happy if there be any of my seed left to behold the splendour of Jerusalem.' And another writer saith, 'For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest' (Isa. lxii. 1). Who would not wish to behold that chosen city whereof we read in the sixth chapter of the second book of Chronicles: 'I have chosen Jerusalem that My name might be there.' For this is the city wherein praise and vows are performed to God, as in the sixty-fifth Psalm: 'Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Sion, and unto Thee shall the vow be performed.' 'Who will grant to me,' quoth the eager pilgrim,

‘that this night may pass away, and the sun come swiftly, that I may behold Jerusalem, the joy of the whole earth, the city of the Great King, and of God most high?’ Oh! had anyone hearkened that night to our prayers and yearnings for the sun and the day to come, they would have kindled within him as hot a desire as our own to see Jerusalem. We lay on the hard stones like Jacob in the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis, and the scorpions were our companions that night, even as the ostriches were of Job.¹ Indeed, because of the multitude of the scorpions this place might as well be called the Hill of Scorpions as that mentioned in the fifteenth chapter of Joshua.² But both the hardness of the stones and the stinging of the scorpions were softened, nay, made sweet, by the most sweet Jerusalem herself, who sitteth on the tops of these mountains and spreadeth abroad sweetness, making them drop with sweetness, and flow with milk and honey. Moreover, the memory of what hath been done upon these holy mountains, whereof we read in Holy Writ, drove all poison far from us, and made their hardness soft to us. It was on these mountains that the holy Maccabees dwelt after the profanation of the Temple, eating herbs for food among the wild beasts (Macc. ii. 5, 27). And the daughter of Jephthah, when she was about to die because of her father’s vow, asked nothing more of him than this, that she might be let alone for two months before her death, to go up and down upon the mountains of Israel with her companions and bewail her virginity: for she thought that she would bear the pain of death more easily if she were allowed to climb these holy mountains before she died (Judg. xi. 37).

¹ Job xxx. 29: ‘I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls.’ The Vulgate reads ‘ostriches’ in place of ‘owls.’

² The reference is to Josh. xv. 3, ‘the ascent of Akkrabbim,’ or ‘Scorpion Pass,’ in the Vulgate ‘*Ascensus Scorpionum*.’

Moses also, that friend of God, had for his reward that he was permitted to see these mountains from where he stood in the parts beyond Jordan (Numb. xxxiv.). The Blessed Virgin Mary, too, hath by her pilgrimage rendered these mountains especially holy, and sanctified them thereby: of which pilgrimage we read in the first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel:¹ 'Mary . . . went into the hill country in haste.' [b] On these mountains Christ our Lord was wont to pass the night in prayer, and sanctified them thereby. These mountains served the patriarchs of old as a wall against the heathen, wherefore it is written in the seventh chapter of the Book of Judith: 'The children of Israel trust not in their bow, nor in their spear; but the mountains defend them, and the hills which stand before them are a defence for them.' Wherefore the heathen would not fight with them on the mountains, but said: 'Let us flee from Israel, because their gods are gods of the hills,' as we read in 1 Kings xx. 23. It was sweet to us to sojourn upon these mountains. I believe that it was about us and the other pilgrims of Christ that the prophecy of Ezekiel was made long ago, wherein he promises to these mountains: 'Ye mountains of Israel, hear the word of the Lord. Behold, I will bring upon you men, my people' (Ezek. vi.). And in the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah: 'I will bring forth a seed out of Jacob, and out of Judah an inheritor of my mountains.' Yea, albeit those mountains are compacted together of great rocks and lofty crags, and are covered with exceeding hard stones, yet were they soft to us, because 'Thy stones,' saith the Psalmist, 'are pleasing unto thy servants.' Wherefore, like Job (Job v. 23), we made a league with the stones of that place, and abode in the place of stones (Job viii.), and that because God hath made all the borders of the Holy Land of pleasant stones (Isa. lxiv. 12).

¹ Luke i. 39.

We embraced the rock itself, as Job (xxiv. 8) ; nay, I know some pilgrims who so loved the Holy Land, that both by day and by night they would constantly bow themselves to the earth and caress it with the sweetest kisses, and would venerate the stones themselves as relics. These stones Christ chose to aid Him in the work of our redemption ; for He was conceived in a stony cavern, born beneath the rock and the stone, laid upon a stone when born ; He preached standing upon a stone, thrice prayed in a cave in the stony rock, was scourged beside a pillar of stone, stood upon a stone to receive His crown, stood upon a stone before Pilate His judge, was crucified over a stone, anointed on a stone, buried in a stone, and ascended into heaven from a stone. In short, it was by stones that He consummated all the mysteries of our redemption : wherefore during His passion the stony rocks were rent. What Christian, then, would not rest more pleasantly upon these sacred stones than on any softer bed ? Who would not find stones sweet which have been touched by the feet of the Lord Jesus, the Virgin Mary, Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, and other saints beyond number ?

On the twelfth we were roused before sunrise, mounted our asses, and went on our way over the holy mountains. After we had climbed several hills, and gone down into several valleys, lo ! the wished-for day began to break ; the firmament grew white in the east, the morn gleamed from thence, the sun looked over the mountain-tops and shed abroad his rays over the earth, and yet we were still far from Jerusalem. We journeyed along rough paths, and saw only hard and rocky ground : wherefore some pilgrim knights who were shocked at the roughness of the land would say to me : ‘ What do our priests tell us ? What do our preachers preach ? They say that this land is the best of all lands, and lo ! how rough is the way, how

barren the mountains! [90a] Wherefore did the Lord Jesus choose to dwell in this land, which is untilled, and burnt by the heat of the sun?' While they talked thus, two pilgrims began to quarrel so fiercely that they could scarce be parted, and had they disputed any longer they would in the end have come to blows, for they wrangled most bitterly. Both were pure laymen, the one very dull, the other clever. The dull man railed against the Holy Land, the other withstood him, saying that it was the best of lands. Howbeit, I myself said secretly in my heart: 'Lo, now! this is that land which is said to flow with milk and honey; but I see no fields to bring forth bread, no vineyards for wine, no green meadows, no orchards. Lo! it is all stony, sunburned, and barren.' While I thus silently communed with myself, ere long the answer came to me, to wit, that this barrenness, drought, and roughness is the curse laid upon it by God because of the breaking of His commandments, whereof we read in Deuteronomy xxviii. 23: 'And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron.' Moreover our murmurs and disappointment with the Holy Land have been foretold many thousand years ago, as we read in Deuteronomy, ch. xxix.: 'The generation to come of your children that shall rise up after you, and the pilgrim that shall come from a far land, shall say, when they see the plagues of that land, and the sicknesses which the Lord hath laid upon it, and that the whole land thereof is brimstone, and salt, and burning, that it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth therein, like the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Sebeim, which the Lord overthrew in His anger and in His wrath. Even all nations shall say, Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this land? what meaneth the heat of this great anger? Then men shall say, Because its inhabitants have forsaken the covenant of the Lord God of their fathers.'

From this it is clear that the land is in the state where-with it was threatened in holy Scripture : nor was it always thus, as we could see with our eyes : for we saw throughout those deserted mountains exceeding old walls built of great stones, which are believed to have been built by the children of Israel, and they had oil, wine, corn, and all the necessities of life from the highest and stoniest of these mountains. Even at the present day, in spite of the infidelity and wickedness of the dwellers in the land, all the necessities of life grow there in abundance : for on the slopes of the mountains among the old walls we saw vines, olives, corn, barley and other plants growing. Moreover, even were the land free from the aforesaid curse, yet it must needs remain hard and barren, because it has none to till it save a few, and they bad men and infidels. Whosoever looks narrowly into Scripture would argue this land to be exceeding fertile rather than barren. Howbeit, St. Jerome, in his Epistle to Dardanus, decides in what sense we ought to understand this land to flow with milk and honey, and thinks that these magnificent praises ought to be understood to refer to the kingdom of heaven. Meanwhile we entered a fairly wide valley, with cultivated fields, girded on either side by high hills, and adorned with olive-trees. On our left hand we had the mountains of Ephraim, whose foremost part is the Mount Shiloh,¹ the top whereof appears [b] to be the loftiest of all the mountains of Israel. Upon this Mount Shiloh once stood a noble city, and the Ark of the Lord abode there for a long time, having been brought thither by Joshua from Gilgal. There Hannah received Samuel in answer to her

¹ From the time of Jerome till the year 1838, the real site of Shiloh was completely forgotten, and its name transferred to that commanding height of Gibeon,' etc.—Stanley's 'Sinai and Palestine.' Cf. also Robinson, iii. 87.

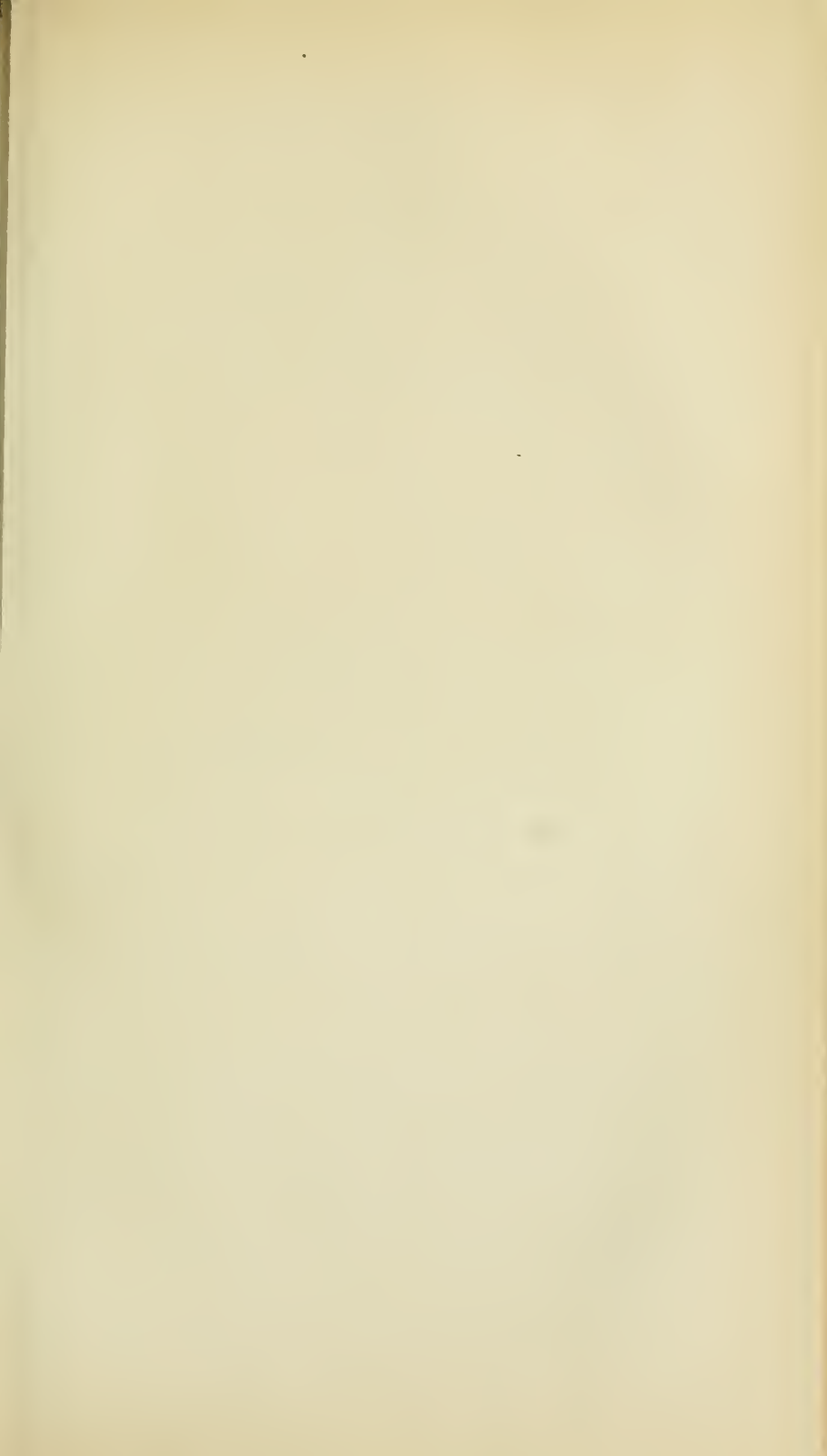
prayer. There the wicked priests, Hophni and Phineas, laid burthens upon the people, as is written in the second chapter of the first book of Samuel. There the prophet Samuel first heard the Lord speaking with him, and Eli the high priest fell from his seat, as is written in the third and fourth chapter of the first book of Samuel. Hither all Israel used to come to worship the Lord, before the temple at Jerusalem was built. But, because of the sins of the priests, the Ark of the Lord was taken, the priests were slain, and Shiloh was utterly ruined and brought to nought. Wherefore Jeremiah, when he prophesied the destruction of Jerusalem, said: 'I will make this house like Shiloh' (Jer. xxvi. 6). For these words Jeremiah was seized and cast into prison, because Shiloh was destroyed. At Shiloh the prophet Samuel was buried, wherefore it is called 'the place of the holy Samuel' to this day. Perchance he may have been brought thither from Ramatha, where the Scriptures tell us that he was buried (1 Sam. xxv. 1). But we are told by Jerome in his 'Confutation of Vigilantius,' that in the time of the Emperor Arcadius, the bones of the blessed Samuel were translated from Judaea to Thracia, being carried in a golden vase and wrapped in silk, to witness which translation swarms of people collected together, from Palestine to Chalcedon, and those relics were received with as great gladness as if they were receiving Samuel himself alive, and with one voice they sang the praises of Christ. At the foot of this mountain was once the city of Gibeah, where the wife of the Levite from Bethlehem was slain through the lust of the men of Gibeah, in revenge whereof many thousands of men were put to the sword, and the tribe of Benjamin almost destroyed (Judges xix.). So we went up the torrent-bed out of the valley, up the hill towards Shiloh because the valley was too narrow to hold us all, and

we were not far from Shiloh, but on the high ground almost by the side of it; yet our guides did not care to lead us quite up thither, for they were hastening to reach Jerusalem as fast as we could, lest we should suffer later in the day from the heat of the sun. In the days of old, pilgrims were always led up to Shiloh, and from thence they beheld the city of Jerusalem and rejoiced: wherefore the place was called 'the pilgrims' joy.'¹ When we were thus at the side of Shiloh we saw great ruins of ancient walls and churches which stand on the crest of the hill to this day, and casting our eyes eastward we saw the holy mount, the glorious mount, the Mount of Olives, and the church of the Ascension on the top of it: yet we could not see the holy city, albeit it was nearer to us than the Mount of Olives. When we beheld that most holy mount we sprung down from our asses and prayed towards the mount with devotion and gladness, for the sight of these holy places at a distance wondrously delights the souls of devout men. After this we left Shiloh behind us, and as we went on our way came to a castle, which is the holy Emmaus, and which, according to St. Luke, in the last chapter of his Gospel, is distant from Jerusalem about three score furlongs (*σταδίους ἑξήκοντα*), which make seven Italian miles and one German mile and a half. Three-score furlongs make seven thousand five hundred paces. At this castle we dismounted from our asses, and went through a dry stone wall to the place where stood the inn which received the Lord Jesus, and His two disciples, Luke and Cleophas, on the day of our Lord's resurrection, when He, in the guise of a pilgrim, was constrained by

¹ *Montjoye*. See 'Theoderic' in the Palestine Pilgrim series, p. 4, note. Maundeville says, 'It is a very fair and delicious place, and it is called Mount Joy, because it gives joy to pilgrims' hearts; for from that place men first see Jerusalem.'

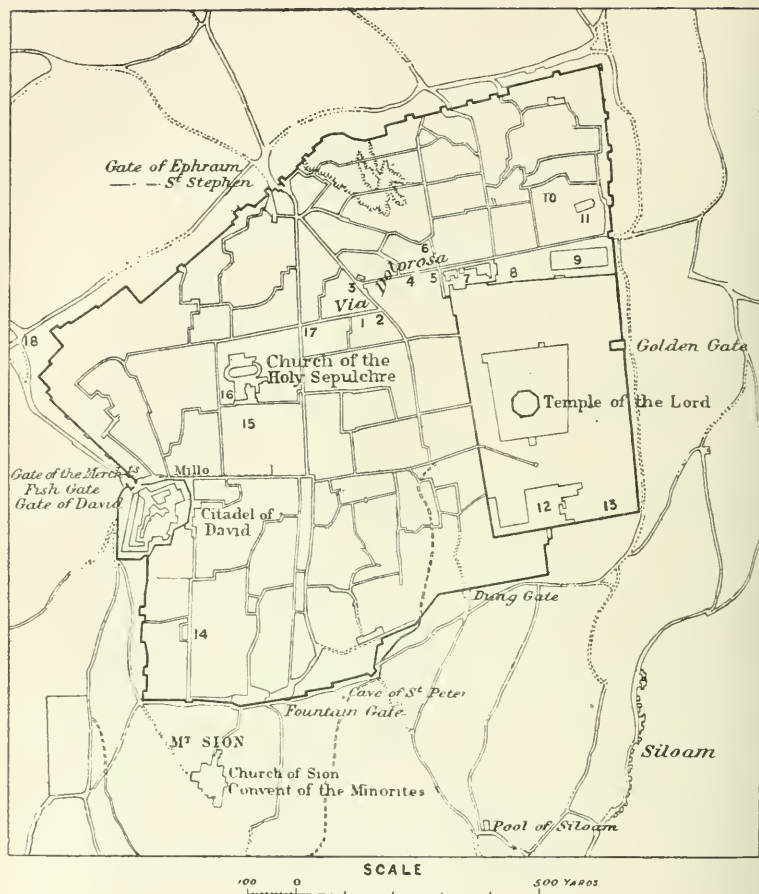
them to go in and tarry with them, [91 *a*] and they knew Him when He brake the bread. This place we kissed with becoming devotion, and received indulgences (†). Lo, pilgrim! these are the first footsteps of the Lord Jesus which thou hast been found worthy to kiss. In sooth it hath been well and fittingly ordained by the Divine power that when the wretched pilgrim, worn out with toil, is hastening into Jerusalem, he should be met by that glorious pilgrim, our Lord, coming from thence, He to whom it was said: 'Art Thou only a stranger and pilgrim in Jerusalem?' and that for his refreshment he should see first of all the most holy and glad footsteps made by the Lord's body after it had been glorified, to the end that refreshed and comforted by them he may be able in Jerusalem to follow the holy footsteps of His shameful passion, even as Peter bids us do in the second chapter of his first epistle.¹ Christ, he says, 'suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow His steps.' It was in this place that He made the hearts of His disciples burn within them, and that He brake bread and gave it them, which some doctors say was the eucharist, which He celebrated there for the last time, and swiftly returned to Jerusalem. Some, indeed, say that those two disciples altogether departed from Jerusalem, and from the other disciples, and meant never to return again, but that here He made them turn back again, so that in that same hour they went back to Jerusalem. In the time of Christ this was a fair and rich town, and it was laid waste when Jerusalem itself was destroyed. It was afterwards rebuilt by Marcus Cornelius, and was called Nicopolis. Julius Africanus undertook an embassy for its restoration, as we read in Jerome's 'Book of Illustrious Men.' But now the Saracens have altogether ruined it, more especially the church of Christ's inn, whose

¹ 1 Pct. ii. 21.



PLAN OF JERUSALEM,

TO ILLUSTRATE DESCRIPTION OF FELIX FABRI.



REFERENCE.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. House of Veronica. | 10. Pool of Bethesda. |
| 2. House of Dodrux. | 11. Church of St. Anne. |
| 3. Place where Simon was compelled to bear the Cross. | 12. Temple of Solomon. |
| 4. Church of St. Mary of the Swoon. | 13. Solomon's Stables. |
| 5. Gabbatha. | 14. Church of St. James. |
| 6. House of Herod. | 15. Hospital of St. John. |
| 7. House of Pilate. | 16. Patriarch's Palace, old Palace of Latin Kings. |
| 8. School of the Virgin. | 17. Porta Judiciaria. |
| 9. Inner Pool. | 18. Fuller's Field. |

ruins can only be traced by their foundations. Still, at the present day there stand here and there in the village the ruins of lofty vaulted houses, and a few people dwell there. After we had seen this holy place we went further on our way, and saw the ruins of many chapels and churches on the hills as we journeyed over the mountain country, and then came down from the high land into a valley which lay across our path, running from the north to the south, across which we who were going from the west to the east must needs pass. This was the valley of Elah, the valley of the Terebinth, wherein David overthrew the giant Goliath with the stones which he had chosen from the brook, and cut off his head and brought it to Jerusalem (Sam. i. 17). We halted in the midst of this valley, and viewed the disposition of the ground. It is a fertile valley, and at this day many terebinths stand therein. These are fine trees, which grow chiefly in Syria, and from which a gum sweats forth. They are twofold, that is to say, male and female, and bear a twofold fruit. The male bears a reddish fruit of the size of a small lentil. I have often seen many trees of this kind. The female has a pale-coloured fruit of the size of a bean. From these fruits good and well-tasted oil is pressed forth.

HOW THE PILGRIMS SAW JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY;
AND HOW THEY ENTERED THAT MOST SWEET CITY,
JERUSALEM.

[*b*] The chief cause of our wanderings was the most sweet city of Jerusalem, whose fragrance, spread abroad throughout the world, makes the faithful run thither from all sides. So we climbed up out of the valley of the Terebinth, and ceasing to go eastward, went up the slope of a hill towards the south, and came to gardens of fruit trees, pot-herbs, and figs as we went up among dry stone walls.

Casting our eyes to the right, lo ! like a flash of lightning the oft-mentioned and oft-to-be-mentioned holy city of Jerusalem shone forth. The part of it which we saw was that which adjoins the Mount Sion, and we saw the holy Mount Sion itself, with all its buildings and ruins. Above all we saw the citadel of Sion, fortified with exceeding strong walls and towers, in such a clear light that the lofty walls and towers of the citadel seemed to enclose the whole city, and the pilgrim or stranger who had never seen Jerusalem could not but think that the walls of the citadel of Sion were the walls of Jerusalem, which however is not so. When we beheld with our eyes the long-desired holy city, we straightway dismounted from our asses and greeted the holy city, bowing our faces to the earth, first greeting her King, the Lord God, with the sign of the cross, and then addressing her in these words, or words like these :

“Hail Jerusalem, city of the Great King, glory and crown of the whole earth, joy and delight of the believer's soul. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, arise, lift up thine eyes round about and see all these pilgrims, thy sons, who have come together from the uttermost parts of the world, who still are coming in hosts that they may see thy brightness, and the glory of the Lord risen upon thee,” as saith the prophet Isaiah, ch. lx. And Tobias praises thee in these words : “Thou shalt shine glorious with light, and all the ends of the earth shall worship thee, nations shall come from afar, bringing gifts, and shall worship the Lord in thee” (Tobit xiii.). Likewise St. Bernard, in the fifth chapter of his sermon to the Knights Templars, greets the most glorious city of Jerusalem in these words : “Hail,” saith he, “holy city, which the Most Highest hath sanctified as a tabernacle for Himself, that thereby in thee and through thee so great a generation might be saved. Hail, city of the Great King, whence at no time from the beginning

new wonders have been wanting to make glad the world. Hail, mistress of nations, first among countries, home of the patriarchs, mother of the prophets and Apostles, fountain of the faith, and glory of the people of Christ, which God hath always suffered to be attacked from the beginning, that thou mightest be for brave men a means of showing their courage and winning their salvation withal. Hail, chief city of the Promised Land, which of old flowed with milk and honey for those alone who dwelt therein, now givest to the whole world the means of salvation, the bread of life. Thou good, thou best of lands, which received in thy most fertile bosom the holy grain from the ark, the heart of the Father, and hast brought forth such crops of martyrs from that heavenly seed, and fruit withal from thy fertile soil in all other sorts of faithful people, sixty and a hundred-fold, throughout all the earth. Wherefore all they who have seen thee, being filled with the abundance of thy sweetness, and most richly satisfied with the memory of thy plenteousness, overflow with thy delights, tell of the greatness of thy glory to those who have not seen thee, even to the uttermost parts of the earth, and describe the wonders that are in thee. Very excellent things are spoken of thee, thou city of God. Soon we also who come from the west shall taste of the joys wherewith thou art overflowing, and lo! at the sight of thee our souls melt away with the plenteousness of thy delights." When we had finished our prayer we remounted our asses, having our eyes full of tears and our cheeks wet with joy. The priests and monks among us all together began to sing *Te Deum laudamus*, but in a low and subdued voice, that we might not offend our escort, whom perhaps our hymn of joy might have moved to anger if loudly and clearly sung. So we sang aloud only with the voice of our minds, because the joy wherewith we rejoiced was deep and great, beyond what

any outward words could express. This joy did not arise from passion, but from reason ; not from the presence of an object of desire, but of a thing deserving of love because it is precious : it was not a gladness which leads to licentiousness, but rather to seriousness, which moves one not to laughter, but rather to sobs ; which does not shake the body, but bends the limbs ; [92 a] does not broaden the mouth for laughter, but rather draws the face together for tears ; does not lead to speech, but to silence ; does not bring one forth among men, but rather into a quiet corner ; does not make one shout aloud, but rather pray inwardly with singing of psalms. With this unspeakable and sweet gladness we came to the fuller's field, whereon Rabshakeh stood and blasphemed God, railing against those who stood on the walls of Jerusalem (2 Kings xviii. 17 ; Isaiah xxxvi.). In this field, beside the castle which the Soldan has built there, we dismounted from our asses, gave them up to their drivers, and taking our srips, walked two and two towards the Gate of the Merchants, or Fish Gate, in silent prayer, with our hands clasped before our breasts. Some of the pilgrims out of piety threw away their shoes, and walked barefoot all the time that we were in the Holy Land, thereby honouring the glorious footsteps of our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the saints of the Old and New Testament. When we were come to the gate which is called the Gate of David, the Gate of the Merchants, or the Fish Gate, we passed through it with bowed heads, for by the act of so passing we obtained plenary indulgences (††). From the gate we went through a long street, and came to a great closed church, before which was a fair large courtyard, paved with polished marble, of exceeding whiteness. When we were all standing in the courtyard, one of the brethren of the convent of Mount Sion put himself in a higher place and addressed

us, saying that this was that holiest of churches, worshipped by the whole world, wherein is laid up the treasure most precious to all Christians, the sepulchre of our Lord. When we heard this, we flung ourselves down in the courtyard before the door of the church, and prayed, and kissed the very earth many times. Of a surety it seemed to the pilgrims as they lay thus on the ground, that virtue breathed forth from the earth itself, whereby their feelings were forcibly driven to prayer. O Lord God, how sweet must the kiss of Thy mouth be, when to kiss not even Thy feet, but only Thy footsteps, so sweetly softens our hearts. O my brother! hadst thou been with me in that court at that hour, thou wouldst have seen such plenteous tears, such bitter heartfelt groans, such sweet wailings, such deep sighs, such true sorrow, such sobs from the inmost breast, such peaceful and gladsome silence, that hadst thou a heart of stone it must have melted, and thou wouldst have burst into a flood of tears together with the weeping pilgrims. I saw there some pilgrims lying powerless on the ground, forsaken by their strength, and as it were forgetful of their own being by reason of their excessive feeling of devotion. Others I saw who wandered hither and thither from one corner to another, beating their breasts, as though they were driven by an evil spirit. Some knelt on the earth with their bare knees, and prayed with tears, holding their arms out in the form of a cross. Others were shaken with such violent sobs that they could not hold themselves up, and were forced to sit down and hold their heads with their hands, that they might endure their thick-coming sobs. Some lay prostrate so long [*b*] without motion, that they seemed as though they were dead. Above all our companions and sisters the women pilgrims shrieked as though in labour, cried aloud and wept. Some pilgrims, out of excess of devotion, lost all

command of themselves, forgot how they should behave, and out of excessive zeal to please God, made strange and childish gestures. It was indeed pleasant to behold the very earnest and yet different behaviour of the pilgrims as they prayed at the holy places, which places have a wondrous power of moving to tears, groans, and sighs, men who in any other place could not be moved by any speech, advice, or passage of Scripture, by any painting or carving, examples, promise, or threats, by prosperity, or by adversity. Yet as a rule those who visit the holy places are not affected even to this extent, but merely roused to unusual devotion and piety. Indeed, I have seen some—I would that I had not seen them—whose feelings were acted upon in an exactly contrary direction by the pious behaviour of good devotees. I have seen during all the aforesaid devotions of the pilgrims some dull and unprofitable pilgrims, nay rather brute beasts, not having the spirit of God, who stood and smiled mockingly at the prayers, tears, prostrations, beating of breasts, and the like, which were done by the rest. What is even more damnable is that these brutish men, blind to all piety, void of all religious feeling, full of all uncleanness, held such devout people to be fools, hypocrites, vain-glorious, deceivers and brain-sick, and ever thereafter treated them with scorn, disdained to converse with them, and disparaged them, calling them fools, hypocrites, and Beghards.¹ O how unprofitable and accursed is pilgrimage for such men, who in so holy a place laugh to scorn and misconstrue the behaviour of holy men. Such men are worse than Saracens or Jews, who never scorn any Christian for bearing himself devoutly : for when we came into this holy courtyard many young Saracens ran thither to laugh at us, but when they saw the deep earnestness of the pilgrims they went away,

* See 'The Student's Ecclesiastical History,' part ii., p. 437.

and some of them remained and wept with us. In this courtyard we received plenary indulgences (††). After we had finished our prayers we arose from the earth and went up to the door of the church, where we looked in through the holes, through which food is usually passed to the guardians of the holy sepulchre who are locked therein, and saw, standing in the midst of the church, the chapel of the most Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, and the way up to Mount Calvary, and we were again thrilled by devout feelings. In that courtyard there is marked on the marble floor the holy place where the Lord Jesus, when bearing the cross, and being in sight of the rock of Calvary, sank down on the earth beneath the cross through anguish.¹ We kissed this most sacred spot many times, and wetted its bloodstained traces with many tears. These are the second footsteps of the Lord Jesus which we saw. Nor ought we to think it to have no mystical meaning that we should first meet with the footsteps of Christ in glory, and secondly those of His body when it had been scourged and was bearing the cross, [93 *a*] that we might be taught thereby that here we ought to seek nothing save heavenly glory, to which no one can attain save by bearing His cross. When we had finished these our prayers, the Calini led us out of the courtyard or square, of the Holy Sepulchre, and crossing the road in front of the square, we went up into the Hospital of St. John, which is a large vaulted building, squalid and ruinous. It is only a part of the ancient hospital, and is a place like the great refectories of large monasteries where many monks dwell. Here the pilgrims arranged themselves according to their companies. The Suabian nobles, my lords, had a place at the end of the house, where there is a kind of chamber apart from the rest, in a place which was shut in, fair and respectable.

¹ See viii. 95.

My Lord John, Count of Solms, and his company, went with Elphahallus, the younger Calinus, to his house, and abode there. On my first pilgrimage we were not taken to the hospital, but to a great house in Millo, at the foot of Mount Sion, and there we abode, nor did I ever see the hospital during that time, or knew that any traces remained of the Hospital of St. John. When the pilgrims had housed themselves, there waited on us Saracens, Jews, and Eastern Christians, bringing us bread, water, cooked food and fruit, as I told you before, from whom we bought food and ate it. Now the Father Guardian of Mount Sion sent two brethren to the hospital, and ordered them to bring all persons in holy orders to Mount Sion: for it is the custom that all persons in orders shall dwell with the Minorite Friars on Mount Sion. Among these I went, together with two other brethren of my order of Preaching Friars, one of whom came from the province of Isle de France, the other from Naples in the province of Sicily. We were brought out of the hospital, and were led up to the convent of Minorites on Mount Sion, by whom we were kindly greeted and received. They gave us three a cell to ourselves, and so we ate, drank, slept, and served God in their company. I stayed in that cell for many days after all the pilgrims were gone away, and enjoyed perfect peace and excellent treatment by the kindness of the Minorite Fathers and Friars of Mount Sion.

OUR VISIT TO THE HOLY PLACES ON MOUNT SION,
AND THE DESCRIPTION OF THEM.

On the thirteenth, which was the seventh Sunday after Trinity, and the Feast of St. Margaret the Virgin, the Father Guardian sent some of his brethren to the Hospital of St. John, and invited all the pilgrims to the service of Mass on Mount Sion. All of them came with those

brethren to the church of Sion, to await [ð] therein the time for the service of High Mass. For the sun now rose early, yet was he not risen when the pilgrims came up thither. To show their respect for the pilgrim lords the brethren had adorned the choir, the church, and the altars beautifully, covering them with precious hangings. I never have seen anywhere more precious hangings than those in this place, which are embroidered by women with figures showing the life and death of Christ. Indeed, great Saracen lords, Turks, and Mamelukes come from afar and ask to be shown those hangings or tapestries; and when the lords, governors, and captains of the city of Jerusalem entertain honoured guests, they lead them to the Mount Sion, and beg the brethren there to show and hang up those works. These hangings were made for that church by the orders of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, who bestowed many other benefactions upon that convent. The high altar stood crowded with gilded monstrances and reliquaries, and over the altar was a picture, wherein together with St. Francis stands our holy patron St. Dominic, most notably well painted. The church is not large, because it is only a part of the church of Sion. In the old time when the Christians bore rule in the land there was a great church on that spot, which the Saracens have destroyed as far as the apse or chapel which joined the choir of the church on the right-hand side. This part is now the church and choir of the brethren. The ruins of the old choir and church are still plainly to be seen, as will be shown by what follows. So when the sun had risen and the time for the celebration of Mass was come, the sacristan beat a wooden board,¹ because they have no bells of any

¹ 'The "churchgoing" bell is unknown in the East, and "nâkkûs" is really the rude cymbal or sounding-board used in Greek churches.'—Stanley's 'Sinai and Palestine,' part i., ch. i., p. 13, note.

kind, nor are they suffered to have them by the infidels, but give notice of divine service by beating wooden boards, as we do on Good Friday. When we were all collected together in the church they solemnly chanted the service of prime and of tierce, and after tierce the Father Guardian with his attendants, richly habited, went up to perform High Mass, and the precentor with a loud voice began one of the songs of Sion, '*Spiritus Domini replevit*,' and all the priests and book-learned pilgrims helped him, and so with joyous solemnity we sang the Mass of the Holy Ghost. This was the service suited to the place, because it was there that the Holy Ghost was sent to the disciples in a visible form; and it was suited to the time, because it was the seventh Sunday after Trinity, upon which mention is made of the seven loaves, which typify the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. After the service we priests celebrated the Eucharist at four altars which had been prepared for us, and I was given a place wherein to celebrate down below¹ in the cloister, in the chapel of St. Thomas the Apostle, which stands in the place where the Lord said to Thomas, 'Reach hither thy finger,'² as is written in the twentieth chapter of St. John's Gospel. After the Gospel in the service of High Mass, the Father Guardian turned himself to the people and preached a beautiful sermon in the Latin tongue, in praise of the holy places and of their devout visitation, which sermon was translated in German to the laymen by the Venerable Father Paul Guglinger. During service the doors [94 a] were shut, and without there stood many Saracens and merchants. It chanced that during service after the sermon the door was opened to let someone out, seeing which the Saracens pressed

¹ It will be seen, p. 291, that the church stood above the cloister, so that it could only be reached by going upstairs.

² John xx. 27.

disorderly into the doorway, entered the church, and stood near the altar, looking curiously at our mysteries, yet they showed no irreverence, beyond standing there and wondering. Howbeit the priests stopped the service until they were driven out by the brethren, who did not use force, or drag them, or wrangle with them, but quietly led them out and begged them to go, and thus our service was brought to an end.

HERE FOLLOWETH THE PROCESSION TO THE HOLY PLACES
OF MOUNT SION; AND FIRST, TO THE PLACE OF THE
LAST SUPPER.

After service the Minorite brethren made preparations for a solemn procession, wearing their sacred vestments, and they went bearing with them a cross, banners, candles, reliquaries, thuribles, and holy water. As we all walked in procession with them their precentor, a man of a powerful voice, began loudly to sing that glad-some hymn of the songs of Sion, *Pange lingua gloriosi corporis mysterium*, and to this song we marched, we priests leading the way, and the other pilgrims following; so we came into the choir to the high altar, which is believed to be built over the holy place wherein the Lord Jesus ate the Last Supper with His disciples, where He turned bread and wine into his body and blood, and gave them to His disciples to eat and drink, and where He ordained them priests to administer that Sacrament. We went to this most holy place one after another, and, bowing ourselves to the ground, kissed the place beneath the hollow altar, and received plenary indulgences (††). Behold, best-beloved brother-pilgrim, here is the house, here the upper chamber, here the table whereat was given to you that ineffable gift, the bread from heaven, the bread of

angels, which alone has power to kindle desire in us, to implant humility, to bring about contrition, to give faith, to raise hope, to warm us to love, to rouse us to reverence, to melt the mind, and cause the sweetest feelings. To this place is due the highest honour—honour beyond all other holy places—for every place wherein we are brought as it were into contact with God is alike worthy of reverence, as, for example, Nazareth, where we received God incarnate in our flesh; Bethlehem, which gave us Him born; and Calvary, which gave us Him crucified. These places are right worthy of honour, yet even more that place, above all, wherein this closer and more saving communion was made, where He gave Himself for food, His body for meat and His blood for drink, that He might become heavenly and earthly food together, because, saith He, ‘He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me, and I in him.’ Also, besides these ineffable mysteries, it was here that He brought typical sacrifices and the law to an end, and ordained new sacraments. Here He suffered John to lie upon His bosom; here He affirmed that He knew Judas His betrayer; here He foretold His fall to Peter; here He prophesied how all the disciples would forsake Him and flee; here He preached a long and most sweet sermon, and bade all His disciples a last farewell, leaving peace with them. So, after we had done all that was right for us to do in that holy place, having sung hymns and read what is marked therefor in the ‘Processional for pilgrims in the holy land,’ we came back again with giving of thanks. These ‘processionals’ are little books wherein are marked all the versicles, collects, responses, hymns, and psalms which ought to be said or sung at all the holy places and throughout the course of a pilgrimage beyond sea. Of these books I obtained one for myself, and made use of it at the holy places.

THE WASHING OF THE FEET, WHICH WAS DONE THERE.

From that place we walked in procession further on towards the right-hand part of the choir, singing the hymns appointed for the day of the Last Supper, and came to the holy place where the Lord Jesus washed the feet of His disciples after supper. Here is a fair altar, before which we bowed ourselves to the earth and kissed the ground, and received indulgences (††). I beg of thee, beloved pilgrim, leave not this place, any more than the other, without previous meditation. See and reflect upon the importance of what was done here. The Son of God, mighty by reason of His eternal Godhead, and mighty with the beauty of the mind of the Father, He who laid the foundations of the world, and made it pleasant to sight, He to whom the heavens and all the stars in their courses do homage, He who, as Job saith, shaketh the earth out of her place, and the pillars thereof tremble, did so bow down and abase His Divine majesty in this place as with His own hands to wash the foul, filthy, muddy feet of His disciples, low-born fishermen, sinners, and traitors as they were, that He might thereby give us a most wholesome example of humility.

THE PLACE WHEREIN THE HOLY SPIRIT WAS SENT UPON
THE APOSTLES ON THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

After this the precentor began that most joyous of all the songs of Sion, *Veni, creator Spiritus*, etc. Singing this song we came out of the church into the convent on the top of the cloister, because the choir and church are built on the top of other chambers, so that one has to reach the church by going upstairs on every side, and when one comes out of the church one can walk on the top of the

vault of the cloister or ambulatory round three sides of the square: for the cloister has only three sides, and the fourth side is the wall of the church. So now we passed through the church, going down from the eastward to the westward, and at the west end of the church we came out of a door on the south side, walked along one side of the cloister, then turned ourselves towards the north, and came to the head of the choir, where we went up some stairs to a chamber whose door is blocked up with stones for a reason which will be told on page 290 *b*.

This chamber is at the head of the choir, because [95 *a*] the choir has no windows looking towards the east, this chamber being in the way; but it is lighted from the south alone. We went in procession up the aforesaid stairs, and bowed ourselves down in prayer before the blocked-up door, where also we received plenary indulgences (††), and sang the hymn which we had begun with a dulcet harmony, so that the sound thereof rang out all over the Mount Sion and the city of Jerusalem. For the place was not enclosed, but we stood on a high place in the open air, and sang exceeding merrily, remembering that it was in this place that the heavens dropped at the presence of the God of Sinai, the presence of the God of Israel, and that a gracious rain was sent down upon the inheritance of Christ.¹ For here the Holy Spirit came upon the disciples with a rushing sound, and changed their carnal minds into love of Him, so that while tongues of flame appeared outwardly, inwardly their hearts were kindled into flame, because while they received God in the visible form of fire their hearts were sweetly burning with love. For Christ, when He was about to ascend on high, charged His disciples that they should not depart out of Jerusalem, but should await therein the promise of the

¹ Ps. lxxviii. 8.

Father. Wherefore they came into this chamber and abode shut up therein because of the tumults among the Jews, and here they stayed, desolate and orphaned, ignorant and unknowing, timid, and full of fear. But the Holy Spirit, when it came upon them, brought most sweet consolation to them, poured into their minds the clearest wisdom, gave them the stoutest courage, and so, constant in soul and confirmed in grace, they received dominion over the world. I shall describe this place more fully when I come to speak of the tomb of David.

THE PLACE WHERE ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE, BEING
DOUBTFUL, TOUCHED THE LORD'S WOUNDS.

We next left this place and went down the stairs which are near it into the cloister, and came to the chapel of St. Thomas, where that same Apostle, by his most profitable doubts, won the privilege of touching the resplendent scars of Christ's body. As we walked in procession to that place, we sang the joyous hymn *Exultet cœlum laudibus, resultet terra gaudiis*, etc., and in this place we again bowed ourselves to the earth, and received plenary indulgences (††). In this place we meditated on the especial grace extended to the Apostle St. Thomas: for all those of whom we read that they had anything to do with Christ's side, into which St. Thomas, at His bidding, thrust his hand, were rewarded by some especial mark of grace. Longinus, the unbelieving and cruel soldier, who, by Pilate's order, stood beside the cross, who thrust his spear into the Saviour's side, and pierced the most sacred heart of Christ, was weak-sighted; but it chanced that his eyes were touched by the blood which ran down the spear, upon which he saw clearly, received the light both in his body and in his mind, and endured a celebrated martyrdom. St. John the Evangelist beheld His side, saw the water

and blood come forth from it, and believed, and bore testimony to the most sublime mysteries. St. Thomas saw it, touched it [*b*], and was made thereby a most firm and open confessor of the faith, and also heard a saying which is exceeding comfortable for us. 'Thomas,' said our Lord, 'because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed: blessed are they which have not seen and yet have believed.'¹ The other Apostles, also, to whom the Lord showed His hands and His side, saw it, and their eyes were opened, so that they understood the Scriptures, and they were filled with unspeakable joy. St. Bernard when praying before the crucifix, seemed to see the Crucified One loose Himself from the cross and lean upon him as he prayed: he prayerfully received Him into his arms, put his mouth to the Crucified One's side, and sucked from thence honey-sweet truths of doctrine. St. Francis also was so deeply touched by the thought of the wounds of Christ that he was rewarded by miraculously and visibly bearing on his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. St. Catharine, of Siena, also drank from this most holy side, and became intoxicated with the sweetest draught of piety: for that virgin spouse of Christ once was ministering to a sick woman who had a dreadful and most foul ulcer on her breast, which smelled so intolerably that no one could remain with her. One day, when the holy maid had taken off the dressing from this ulcer in order to wash it clean, there arose from it a stench so horrible as to completely turn her stomach and make her feel sick. The holy maid, when she felt this, was angry with her own flesh, and swore an oath, saying: 'By the life of the Most Highest, the most sweet spouse of my soul, that very thing which you loathe shall be taken into your own stomach.' Straightway she collected the washings and blood from

¹ St. John' xx. 29.

that foul wound upon a dish, went to a place apart and swallowed the whole. When she had done this her loathing ceased, and not only did she no longer feel sick, but experienced unspeakable pleasure. The following night the Lord Jesus appeared to her, showing her the five wounds which He received upon the cross, and said, 'Because yesterday, out of the warmth of thy love for Me, thou didst trample upon the natural feelings of thine own body and swallow a loathsome drink, therefore I say unto thee: As in this act thou hast gone beyond thine own nature, even so I will give thee a drink beyond all that human nature is wont to receive.' Then laying his right hand upon the maiden's neck, and drawing her towards the wound in His side, He said: 'Drink, my daughter, a draught from My side, whereby thy soul will be filled with sweetness which will overflow in wondrous fashion even to thy body.' She, seeing herself placed beside the spout of the fountain of life, put her natural mouth, but still more her spiritual mouth, to that most sacred wound, and for no short space of time drank both eagerly and plenteously of that unspeakable and miraculous drink. At last she tore herself from the fountain, full, and yet thirsty, and thenceforth led a new life and grew in grace, as we read in her Legend, Part II., chapter iv. See how great is the virtue of the wound of Christ. The iron spear-head, by which Christ's side was pierced, is kept at Nuremburg: I have both seen and handled it. It hath such virtues that many thousands of people flock thither every year on the first Friday after the octave of Easter to see and worship the iron which rent His sacred side. Draw near, therefore, beloved pilgrim, and in thy heart touch His wounds like St. Thomas, praying the holy Apostle that he may admit you to fellowship with himself. In this chapel [96*a*] stands a fair altar, at which, while I was living at Jerusalem, I often read my canonical hours.

THE PLACE TO WHICH OUR LORD LED HIS DISCIPLES
THAT HE MIGHT SPEAK PRIVILY WITH THEM, WHEN
HE SAID, 'ARISE, LET US GO HENCE.'

After we had finished the processional service at this chapel, we circled round the lower walk of the cloister, round three sides of it, and came to another chapel, very sacred and very dark, hidden beneath the church itself. This chapel is believed to be the privy place apart, to which the Lord Jesus led His disciples, when He said, 'Arise, let us go hence,' as we read in the fourteenth chapter of St. John. Those learned doctors, St. Thomas (Aquinas), Albertus Magnus, Hugo, and De Lyra, tell us that after supper, when the disciples had been washed and had received the Communion, as the Lord spoke to them sitting in the place where they had supped, and openly said that He should be betrayed, and that after a little while they would see Him no more, the disciples became afraid and were disquieted at His words, and continually cast their eyes upon the door of the supper-chamber, fearing that men would come and take their Master from them, so that they paid less attention to His words; then, because He wished still to speak some more hard sayings to them, in order that they might listen to them more attentively, and might be less afraid, He said, 'Arise, let us go hence.' So they came down from the upper chamber to the one beneath it, wherein He finished His sermon, and that most devout prayer which is to be found in the seventeenth and two following chapters of St. John's Gospel. In the whole course of the Holy Scriptures there is no prayer so devout, so sweet, so consoling, and so plain as that in the seventeenth chapter of St. John, which prayer, we believe, was offered by Christ in this place. So we went up to the altar, begging our Lord Jesus to suffer

us to join with Him in His most devout prayer there offered, and we received indulgences (†). In this holy chamber is part of the pillar at which Christ was scourged, made fast to the wall by iron bars, yet so that it can be touched by the fingers. By the side thereof also are beds for guests, upon which I slept during my first pilgrimage. There, too, is the cell of the Brother Sacristan, and of Brother John, who dubs men knights in the holy sepulchre, and also acts as manciple¹ to the brotherhood. From that place we went up the stone stairs again into the church, and brought our procession to an end. These are the holy places which are situated within the precincts of the convent. Without there are many more holy places, as will appear hereafter.

THE DINNER GIVEN TO THE PILGRIMS BY THE
BRETHREN OF MOUNT SION.

After we had finished our procession, which lasted almost till mid-day, when the pilgrims were about to go down to the hospital, there came the venerable Father Guardian and Brother John the Bursar, and invited all the pilgrims to dinner. They had set out tables and long boards for us in the convent garden, because we were many, and the place was cramped, and above the board was stretched a cloth reaching the whole length of the board, to make a shelter from the heat of the sun. The subject with which this cloth was embroidered was the descent of the Holy Spirit. So we all sat down, with the exception of certain noble knights, who (*b*) out of humility offered themselves to serve the tables. When we were all seated, and were eating in orderly fashion, there came a poorly dressed man whom I had not seen before in the ranks of the pilgrims, who, standing in the midst of us as we sat at meat,

¹ Procurator.

preached in the Latin tongue with such rich eloquence and beauty of expression that all eyes were turned towards him, and even those who did not understand him were astounded at his fluent and delightful language. His sermon was in glorification of the holy places, and in praise of pilgrimage. After the preacher had finished, his place was taken by the Lord John, Baron von Cymbern, a wise and eloquent man, who was one of those who had waited at table, who, at the instance of the Father Guardian, made a speech in German in his name, wherein he thanked the Lord's pilgrims for having sat at the table of the poor brethren, and begged them to be content with their food and drink. If any of them wished to repay the brethren for their kindness, and show pity for their poverty, they might talk upon that subject with Brother John of Prussia, the Bursar of the convent, whom they would find standing in the cloister; for the Father Guardian would on no account have a collection made at the table, nor would he have let them know that Brother John would receive money in the name of the brethren, but the nobles did this of their own accord. When the dinner was over and we had well dined, we rose up with thanksgiving. After this the noblemen went to Brother John, and gave a notable alms to the convent, some six ducats, some five, some four, some three, some two. The smallest alms given by anyone was one ducat.

VISIT TO THE HOLY PLACES ON MOUNT SION WITHOUT THE PRECINCTS OF THE CONVENT.

When we had done all that has been described, we pilgrims went to the Father Guardian and begged him to be good enough to appoint some of the brethren to be our guides to the remaining holy places on Mount Sion without the monastery. Our request pleased the Father, and

he wondered at the fervent zeal of the pilgrims, that even after the fatigue which they had undergone they should offer to encounter further toils. Indeed, no one should think visiting the holy places to be a light task; there is the intense heat of the sun, the walking from place to place, kneeling, and prostration: above all, there is the strain which everyone puts on himself in striving with all his might to rouse himself to earnest piety and comprehension of what is shown him in the holy places, and to devout prayer and meditation, all of which cannot be done without great fatigue, because to do them fitly a man should be at rest and not rambling about. To struggle after mental abstraction whilst bodily walking from place to place is exceeding toilsome; some of our pilgrims were unable to undergo it and went down to the hospital to rest, so that it was only less than half of them that persevered in the labour of pilgrimage. The Father Guardian gave us several brethren as guides, with whom we started on our way from the inner garden of the brethren, where we had dined. When we came out of that garden into the cloister, before the refectory and the kitchen, we came to a deep cistern of water, which is cooler than any other water in Jerusalem. They say that it was from this cistern that water was drawn by Christ's disciples for the Lord's Supper—that is, for mixing with the wine in celebrating the Sacrament, for washing their hands and feet, and for other uses at the supper. Out of respect for the aforesaid facts, we drew up some of this water and devoutly drank it. Since that time I often drank plenteously of it during the fiercest heats, and took no harm from it. I believe that this is literally one of the wells of salvation spoken of in the twelfth chapter of Isaiah, 'Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation;' and in the following verse, 'Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Sion.'

From that well we went into the covered passage to the convent gate, which leads out into the public road. This gate is a small low-browed portal, through which no one can pass without bending down his head and back. The door is a strong iron-bound one, which when closed is fastened with chains and iron bolts, and this is because of the rage of the infidels, lest they should be able in some sudden riot to burst in and sack the convent, as, indeed, they once did. Traces of this may be seen in the dormitory near the rosary¹ and the library, where there once were fair cells built with arched roofs, which they destroyed, and cast down their vaults, and will not at this day suffer them to be rebuilt as they were before. They are very lightly and easily moved to attack the Christians, and rage furiously against them, wherefore the brethren shut themselves in firmly, lest when the heathen rise in tumult they should be able to do mischief. So also the other Eastern Christians have their houses fenced with closed iron doors for the same reason.

THE PLACE OF THE ORATORY OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN MARY.

We came out of the convent through that door accompanied by the brethren, but without the pomp of a solemn procession, and without singing, and the first place we came to was some stone steps, up which one ascends into the church above. On these steps we prostrated ourselves in prayer, adoring the holy sacrament and the holy places within. Thence we rose and went to the outer angle of the church, where is the place where the Virgin Mary had her oratory. So in that place we bowed ourselves to the earth, prayed, and received indulgences (†). There the thought came into our minds how both in this place and

¹ *Rosarium* (?).

elsewhere [b] the blessed Virgin Mary was wont to pour forth most frequent and most acceptable prayers of intercession for us to God, and indeed will pour them forth to the end of time, which it is equally needful for her to do. For as the sun's rays are needful for the earth, to make it fertile, even so are the prayers of Mary for us miserable sinners. Wherefore St. Bernard says : 'Take away the sun, which lights the world, and where will be the day? Take away Mary, the star of the sea, and what will be left in all the universe save all-embracing gloom, black darkness, and the shadow of death?'

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF DAVID AND SOLOMON AND THE
OTHER KINGS OF JUDAH AND JERUSALEM.

We now left the place of the blessed Virgin's oratory, which, as I have said, is at the corner of the church, at that corner where the wall of the church which comes from the east joins the wall which comes from the south. We went up from that corner along the wall leading towards the east, and came upon another low wall which led out from the wall of the church in a square form like a small court. Into this court we climbed over the wall, and when we came in we found a small door in the wall of the church, iron-bound, and most carefully shut, so that we could not pass through it, and even if we could have passed through we certainly should not have dared to do so, because it is a Saracen mosque. This is a very holy place, adored by all Christians, Jews, and Saracens alike, for within is the burial-place of the prophets and sainted kings, such as David, Solomon, Rehoboam, Abia, Asa, Joram, and the rest, whose names are inserted into the book of the generations of Jesus Christ, in the first chapter of St. Matthew. This place is often mentioned in the books of Kings and Chronicles, wherever the phrase is

used : 'He was buried in the sepulchre of his fathers in the city of David.' These kings were buried in this place with exceeding great pomp. Josephus in his seventh Book of Ancient History, chapter xvi., and also the author of the 'Scholastica Historia,' tell us about the death of David, that when he died, Solomon, his son, put his father's body into a most precious coffin, not one made of stone or wood, but of goldsmiths' work, of gold adorned with precious gems, and buried with him an inestimable treasure in gold and silver. When Solomon himself died his son Rehoboam buried him and a great treasure with him near the coffin of David. Now Solomon so built the place of his sepulchre by mathematic art that no man was able to come at those coffins. Thirteen hundred years after the death of Solomon, when Jerusalem was being besieged by Antiochus the son of Demetrius, Hyrcanus the chief priest of the holy city, being unable to bear the siege longer, or to drive away the enemy, promised Antiochus money if he would go away. Now as he could not find enough money in the treasury of the temple, and the poor citizens of Jerusalem had no money, the high priest came up to Mount Sion, opened this place whereof I speak, and took from thence three thousand talents of gold, wherewith he made peace with Antiochus. Again, after many years had passed, Herod, being [98 a] in want of money and hearing that Hyrcanus had found money there, came secretly into this place by night, accompanied only by his trustiest friends. He found there no coined money, but got out of it some gold and silver cups, whereby he was enticed into trying to dig deeper down, till he came to the urns and coffins of David and Solomon. But two of his attendants, while they were digging, were burned to ashes by flames which burst out from the inner parts of the place. When the king saw this, he and the others fled, and to atone

for what he had done he built an exceeding rich tomb of white stone. The brethren of Mount Sion once counted this place among those belonging to their convent, and indeed it is a part of the church of Sion, for it is within the same walls, at the head of the choir. The Soldan took this place away from the brethren for the following reason. The Jews have many times begged the Soldan to give them that place, that they may make an oratory of it, and they beg it of him even to this day : while the Christians have always refused it to them. So at last the Soldan inquired wherefore this place was holy. When he was told that David and the other kings of Jerusalem of his seed were buried there, he said : 'We Saracens also count David holy, even as the Christians and the Jews do, and we believe the Bible as they do. Wherefore neither the Christians nor the Jews shall have that place, but we will take it for ourselves. He thereupon came to Jerusalem and blocked up the door by which one entered that chapel from inside the monastery, desecrated the chapel, turned out Christ's altars, brake the carved images, blotted out the paintings, and fitted it for the worship of the most abominable Mahomet, making a door on the outside by which the Saracens could enter it when they pleased. And because the place above it, over the vaulted roof of the chapel, belonged to the Christians and to the brethren, and a great and costly chapel had been founded there by the king of France, in the place where, as has already been told, the Holy Spirit came down upon the disciples on the day of Pentecost, the Soldan caused this chapel also to be destroyed, its vault to be thrown down, and its door blocked up, that the Christians might not walk about upon the vaulted roof of the mosque : and so the brethren have lost those two precious holy places, through the eagerness of the Jews to possess the lower place, for which

they are pleading with the Soldan even at this day, and promise to give many thousand talents of silver for it. Yet they do not do this merely out of reverence for the tombs of the sainted kings, and the holiness of the place, but they hope that they may be able to make their way to the coffins of the kings, and find the treasure: for they believe that those treasures are stored up there, and are fated to be theirs. Wherefore they are often found going thither and prying about at night, and sometimes they practise witchcraft and magic arts there. I had a great longing to see the inside of that place, and was not disappointed; for the Saracen keeper of the mosque one day trying to open the door and shut it quickly, hampered the lock with the key, so that the key would not move the iron bolt; so he went away leaving the mosque open: and it remained open as long as I was in Jerusalem, and more than ten times I have gone into it and looked round it, though I always went in and came out with fear and trembling, because if any Saracen [b] had seen me there I should have come into great trouble, even had I escaped from the peril of death. The chapel is a long one, with a vaulted roof, and has two windows on its eastern side, and a marble tomb on its north side. The paved floor is covered with mats. Two lamps hang in it, and there is no altar, no painting, no carved work, only bare whitewashed walls. So also are all Saracen mosques, empty and void. A doubt strikes the mind in the aforesaid story as to why those saintly kings allowed treasure to be buried with them, seeing that this seems to be a heathen and superstitious practice. And how was Solomon able to hide those coffins with such art that no man is able to find them? In answer to the first question I say, that we must steadfastly believe that what those holy men did was not done out of vain superstition, or intemperate love of

temporal riches, or sinful pride, but by the prompting of the Holy Spirit, in order that in the fulness of time the treasure might come to the use of mankind in general, and might not minister to the insatiate avarice of the Jews. As for the second question, I must admit that Josephus tells us that Solomon hid those tombs by magical arts, but the author of '*Historia Scholastica*' defends him from this charge, and declares that he only hid them by subtle ingenuity. About the tomb of David see what the Apostle St. Peter says in the second chapter of the Acts: 'Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried, and his sepulchre is with us to this day,' which proves that even in the time of the Apostles this place was well-known. St. Jerome believes that David rose with our Lord, grounding his argument on St. Peter's having said that the sepulchre of David was plainly to be seen, as though he did not venture to say that David was still therein. We talked of these and of such like matters at this place, and we devoutly read all that the processional of the holy land marks as fitting to be read there, and received indulgences (†).

THE TABERNACLE OF DAVID, WHERE IS THE PLACE
WHERE THE LORD JESUS PREACHED AND THE
BLESSED VIRGIN LISTENED.

We speedily left the little court, and entered the old choir of the church of Sion, which is utterly destroyed, save the eastern part, where a part of the wall is still standing, with the broken vault hanging above it. The place whereon this choir is built is one to be looked upon with reverence by all who believe in the Holy Bible. The Jews pay it especial honour, because they believe, as we do, that here stood the oratory or tabernacle of David, into

which he and all Israel brought the ark of the Lord with songs and instruments of music and great rejoicings, as we read in the sixth chapter of the Second Book of Samuel. Likewise in this place he received the promise that Christ should be born of his seed, as is written in the seventh chapter of the Second Book of Samuel. Even after the building of the temple this place always remained well frequented and beloved by the people, wherefore the Lord Jesus often was wont to preach here. In memory thereof two stones are placed over against one another in the midst of the pavement: the one lies in the place where our Lord stood and preached; the other in the place where the Blessed Virgin was wont to listen to her Son's preaching. We kissed these places and stones [99 *a*], and bowed ourselves to the earth, and received indulgences (†). In this place we stood for a good while, and mourned over the ruins, and looked round us with sorrow at the scattered stones of the sanctuary. Here once stood an exceeding great church, whereof there is nothing left save the part which once joined that great church on the right hand side, which part at the present day is the choir and church of the brethren, as I said before: the head of the choir also remains, with the east window, and with its half-broken vault which threatens to fall in. On the inside of the church there is a way up some stairs from the place where the Holy Spirit was sent down to the top of that piece of broken vault. I went up these stairs, and found above the broken vault a pavement of polished marble of divers colours, wherefore I suppose that once there was another church up above, on the top of the church and choir. Thus the church of Sion must have had three consecrated stories—that is to say, the crypt beneath the earth, the church built upon the earth, and another decorated chamber above the church. In the old choir the high altar

still stands, but it is a ruin. Afterwards we went towards the left-hand side of the old choir, that we might go to visit other holy places, and there we found some Eastern Christians sitting beside a square stone, part of which rises out of the foundation of the old choir, and part of which still joins the old wall. Upon that stone these Easterns were practising sortilege with four small stones, as though they had been dice. At first, indeed, I supposed that they were playing at dice, and wondered that they should sit there in a public place where there is no dwelling house; for I did not know that this stone alone is used for their superstitious divinations. They pick up four small stones from the ground, and he who would cast them shakes them round in his hand just as a dice-player shakes the dice round before he casts them; then he casts them down upon that square stone, and by the figure which those four small stones form as they fall, they foretell that which they wish to know: as, for instance, if the stones fall in a straight line, they think that the matter will turn out one way; if they fall in a crooked line, it will turn out in some other way; if they form a square or a cross, in some other way; if a circle some other way yet, and so on for other figures.

The figure of the cross is the chief one at this game, and the nearer the figure approaches to it, the luckier it is esteemed to be; and all the figures are reckoned by their likeness to it. We stood and laughed at these men's follies; but they were very serious, giving their whole attention to their sortilege, and waiting on fortune.

I have sometimes seen bishops and priests of the Eastern Church, and grave respectable men, sitting there playing and divining; they do not play there for gain, but merely out of superstition, of which the Easterns are full. The stone, which in itself is coarse and rough, has been made

so smooth on the surface by the constant sortilege which is practised on it, that it looks as though it had been regularly polished.

THE PLACE OF THE KITCHEN, WHEREIN THE PASCHAL LAMB WAS ROASTED, AND THE WATER HEATED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

After we had seen these things we turned away from the stone, and came to the place where [b] men suppose the kitchen to have stood, wherein the disciples prepared the Easter feast, roasting the paschal lamb, pounding the wild lettuce, and heating water for the washing of feet, and the cleansing of plates and dishes, and (making a fire) to burn the leavings of the paschal lamb, the skin and bones and other parts¹ which could not be eaten. This place is not without holiness or edification, for the cooks in that kitchen were holy men, and holy victuals were cooked therein. We are told in the twenty-second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel that Peter and John, the best-beloved and the holiest of Christ's disciples, were the cooks who made ready the Paschal Supper in this kitchen. Moreover, the Paschal Lamb which was roasted therein was holy, being the type of that true Lamb that suffered on the cross. So also was the water holy which was warmed there, which was used by the Lord Jesus to wash the feet of His disciples. Albeit the Evangelist says nought about the warming of the water, yet it is likely that the washing was not done save with warm water, for warm water takes dirt away better than cold, and refreshes and strengthens the feet and legs. Warm water also shows the piety and love of him who uses it, for it is no great proof of friendship to use cold water for washing a man's feet, even as it shows no great affection to offer one warm or lukewarm water to

¹ Exod. xii. 46 ; Numb. ix. 12.

drink. It is he who offers a cup of cold water who, as we are told in the tenth chapter of St. Matthew, shall in no wise lose his reward. Now, as cold water is desired by a thirsty man to drink, even so is warm water delightful for a tired man to wash his feet withal. We cannot suppose that Christ would have left out any of the signs of perfect love; wherefore as at supper He did not give His disciples a cup of cold water, although this is a sign of love and has its reward, as has just now been said, but gave them what shows a more abounding love, to wit, a full cup of good wine temperately mixed with cold water; even so when He washed their feet He did not use cold water, though that would have shown His love, but warm water, in sign of a more abounding love, and perchance not mere warm water, but water containing fragrant herbs and strong-scented roots, mixed with aromatic cordials and distilled waters, to show His perfect affection. We know that Christ reproached the Pharisee for not having given Him water for His feet, and He praised the Magdalen because she washed His feet with ointment and hot tears. Now Christ loved His disciples more even than the Magdalen loved Christ, wherefore He must have washed their feet with fair water, pleasantly warm, and mixed with exceedingly precious cordials. So we stood on the place where this sacred kitchen once was, and where even at this day there stands an ancient and lofty wall, wherein is a long hollow channel leading upwards, as though it were meant to draw up smoke from a fire. Here we knelt and read the proper prayers, and received indulgences (†).

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF ST. STEPHEN AFTER THE
FINDING OF HIS BODY.

[100 *a*] Leaving the aforesaid kitchen we went further on till we came to the place wherein St. Stephen was buried

for the second time, together with the others who were found in the field of Galaber¹ (*sic*), which, as I suppose, was not far from Anathoth, a village which stands above the place of the stoning of Stephen on the north side, and this was the field of Gamaliel, who drew the body of St. Stephen from under the stones, and took him into his own field, where he himself, and his son Abybos,² and Nicodemus were afterwards buried : and in the course of time they were forgotten. Now a long while afterwards there was a sore famine by reason of a drought, for it had not rained upon the earth for many months. It was revealed to a holy man named Lucius, that the Lord would not be gracious to the land while these relics were left without honour, and when the field wherein they lay was miraculously shown to him, he made it known to St. John, the Bishop of Jerusalem, who came to that field with a solemn procession, and when they dug there, they found the body of St. Stephen and the bodies of the other men who were buried with him. They carried them to the holy church of Sion, and buried them a second time therein with all honour. At that same hour much rain fell, the earth yielded her fruits as heretofore, and many miracles were wrought at this spot. Afterwards it happened that a certain nobleman of Constantinople, a devout worshipper of St. Stephen, came hither across the sea with Juliana his wife, and took for himself a house on Mount Sion near the church of Sion, where at the end of seven years he died. His wife had a coffin made for him like unto the coffin of St. Stephen, and placed it beside the body of St. Stephen. Some time afterwards Juliana, wishing to return to Constantinople, asked the bishop of Jerusalem to give her back her husband's body. The bishop entered

¹ See the Art. 'Stephen' in Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible.'

² Conybeare and Howson's 'Life of St. Paul,' 2nd edition, Vol. I., pp. 69, ff.

the oratory of St. Stephen, and brought out two silver coffins, bidding her take her husband's coffin ; but she took St. Stephen's coffin, thinking it to be her husband's. But while she was making her voyage over the sea she found out by many miracles that it was the coffin of St. Stephen which she had with her, and thus it was brought to Constantinople. Last of all, from Constantinople it was translated to Rome, where it now rests with St. Laurence. In the aforesaid holy place there now stands an altar in the open air, which the brethren have set up there, and on his feast day they celebrate Mass there. In this place we read what the Processional directs to be read, and received indulgences (†).

Then we left that place and went on further, and crossed over the street to the house of the Marthas, which is a pretty large one, and stands over against the church of Sion. In that house dwell some Italian Christian women of our rite, who are called the Marthas of the brethren, because they serve the brethren for the love of God, by washing, sewing, and spinning for them, and they worship in the church of the brethren. They are elderly women, very grave and respectable, who live under the third rule of St. Francis with great patience and endurance. Less than a year before I was at Jerusalem, some Arabs broke open the door by night, rushed riotously into the house of these ladies, and then fled, carrying off everything which they could lay their hands on, pillaging the whole house. While I was living there [b] they washed my tunic and scapular for me, and wrought other works of charity for me. The lady of the court of the Queen of Cyprus whom I mentioned on page 69*a*, lived there with them. From this house we went eastward, turned aside to the right-hand out of the road which leads into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and came to a house, strongly fenced and

locked, as are all Christians' houses. When we knocked at the door there came to us black men, burned by the sun, tall of stature, and with their faces scarred with burns, who opened it to us. This was a monastery of Indians, wherein monks and women dwell together, and they live under an exceeding strict rule, and it is strange to see the lowliness of their dress. When we were come in, they led us through a porch into an ill-lighted chamber, wherein is a darksome way down through a cleft in a rock, down which we went, carrying lights, and came into a dirty underground cave, overhung by the rock; indeed the whole cave is hollowed out of the rock. Here we found a place for prayer. According to a very ancient tradition this is the place where David did penance for his sin in the death of Uriah, whereof we read in the twelfth chapter of the second book of Samuel, where we are told of David that he went into a place apart, fasted, prayed, wept, scourged himself with whips and rods, and there composed the seven penitential psalms, which he often read and chanted with doleful wailings. Now at that time this cave of David was not without the royal palace, but within it, because the palace was large and wide. In this cavern we fell upon our faces, begging God to have mercy upon us, and we received indulgences (†).

THE PLACE WHERE THE JEWS TRIED TO TAKE AWAY THE
BODY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN FROM THE APOSTLES
WHEN THEY WERE BEARING IT TO THE SEPULCHRE.

When we had received our indulgences we came up again, left that house, and went down towards the valley, keeping our faces towards the Mount of Olives, to the eastward, with the city of Jerusalem on our left hand, and the church of Sion on our right, and thus we came to the place where the Jews essayed to the following sacrilege.

After the death of the most glorious Virgin Mary, when her body was being carried down from Mount Sion by the Apostles to be buried in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and they had come thus far with song and gladness, lo! the Jews, who had learned the cause of this procession, broke out of the city with an armed force, full of rage out of their old hatred for the glorious Virgin, fell upon those who were accompanying the funeral and walking beside the bier, and forced them to halt. Their intention was to seize her most holy corpse, to cast it forth like an unclean carcase, and to put the disciples to flight. So they stood nigh unto it, and shouted loudly *Themēa Kesesa*, which is, being interpreted, polluted harlot. One of them came up boldly and caught hold of the coffin with both hands, trying to throw it and the sacred body which it contained on to the ground: but no sooner had he touched the bier with his hands, than both his hands and arms withered away, and hung down useless, like sticks. [101 a] At this miracle the unhappy man was touched with contrition, while the rest of the attacking host stood affrighted, full of fear and confusion. The palsied man bade them lift up his arms which hung helpless, and lay them upon the sacred body, whereupon he was straightway healed, and became a Christian. The rest went back confounded into the city, and suffered the disciples to bear the sacred body to the burial-place in Gethsemane. So in this place we read the *Salve Regina*, and after receiving indulgences (†) went on our way.

THE PLACE WHERE PETER HID HIMSELF AFTER HIS
THIRD DENIAL.

After this we went down from the aforesaid place towards the valley, and came to an upright stone. Beneath this stone St. Peter sat weeping, mourning, and

repenting, after he had left the house of Caiaphas after his third denial of his Lord, and here he won indulgence for his sin and the penalty thereof. Here we said the appointed prayers, and received plenary indulgences (††). It was here that on the day of His resurrection the Lord Jesus appeared to St. Peter and comforted him. Once a great and fair church stood on this spot, but now it is utterly ruined, so much so that no traces of it remain. Even the rock beneath which St. Peter sat weeping, which once was hollowed out into a large cave, grows less daily, and now is but a small stone, because pilgrims break pieces off it and carry them away. By the side of this stone flows the water which is brought into the city of Jerusalem from the mountains of Hebron in a watercourse in a wondrous fashion, whereof I shall speak at length on page 249*a*. There stands there also a deep cistern from which the water may be drawn up. I believe that when there was a church here, this hollow cistern was the crypt of that church.

THE PLACE WHERE STOOD THE HOUSE OF ANNAS, THE
FIRST JUDGE OF THE LORD JESUS.

After we had seen this place we went on our way, turning our backs to the valley, and climbing back again up the hill down which we had come, yet not by the same way, but turning aside more towards the holy city, among ruined houses. We came to a house whose door was strongly fastened, whereat we knocked and were let in, and when inside came into a fair church, dedicated in honour of the holy angels, wherefore it is called the Church of the Holy Angels. Round about this church were cells and chambers, wherein dwelt Armenian monks, Eastern Christians, black and respectable men. At the time of our Lord's passion, this was the house of Annas, the high priest, to whom the Lord Jesus was first brought from the

garden wherein He was taken. This house and the bringing of the Lord Jesus thither is distinctly mentioned in the eighteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, where we read how Annas the high priest scornfully questioned Him about His doctrine and His disciples, and how one of the officers with frenzied hand struck Jesus an exceeding hard buffet in the face, so that, according to some, His teeth were smitten from His mouth, and His face was [*b*] covered with blood, upon receiving which blow the Lord Jesus neither said nor did anything harsh, nor did He in any wise punish him who smote Him. Wherefore St. Augustine says: 'If we reflect upon who it was who received the buffet, should we not suppose that fire came down from heaven and consumed him who gave it, or that the earth opened and swallowed him up, or that he was carried off to be tormented by devils, or that he underwent some punishment of this kind, or even more? For which of these things is there that He by whom the world was made could not have ordered with power to come to pass: had He not rather preferred to teach us patience, whereby the world may be overcome.' By this we may perceive the corrupt falsehood of those who say that the Lord Jesus straightway punished him that smote Him on that very spot, saying unto him: 'Here thou shalt stand and bear testimony to my innocence even to the day of the last judgment, and then thou shalt be saved.' From that hour forth, therefore, they say that he stands there and lives, but neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps, but looks forward with exceeding longing to the end of the world, that he may be set free, and asks all the pilgrims who come thither whether women still bear men-children, saying that when the end of the world draws nigh women will cease to bear men-children; and so he stands there, asking questions and answering them. These stories are vain and sinful,

being against the Scripture and the Gospels, contrary to faith and truth, and are invented by foolish and deceitful vagabonds who under the cloak of piety wander about the country, and invent such lies as these because they cannot fill themselves with the truth, and therewith delude silly men : nay, sometimes men who seem to be wise attend to their words and give them money for their lies. The truth obliges me to confess that this befell me myself, for in the same year in which I was preparing for my first pilgrimage to the Holy Land, there came to Ulm two vagabonds from Flanders, who declared that they had just come from Jerusalem, and from Mount Sinai, and told many wondrous tales as they sat among the poor people in the hospital, and many flocked round them, both men and women, to hear their stories. A certain respectable widow named Lady Anna von Kingseck was so charmed by their talk, that she took them into her own house and treated them exceeding hospitably that she might have greater freedom for discoursing with them. One day she caused me to be invited to her house to meet them, that I might hear what they said, because she knew that I was about to begin my journey to the holy places. They began their lying story so clearly and circumstantially that I stuck at nothing which they told me. I do not like to repeat the lies that they told me. They advised me not to travel by sea, but to go on foot through Hungary and Dalmatia to Constantinople, where the Emperor of Constantinople would give me fifty ducats, because he was bound to give that sum to every pilgrim going to the Holy Land. When I said in answer to this that this emperor was not a Christian, but a Turk, he was straightway able to meet my argument with a fresh lie ; for he declared [102 *a*] that the King of Jerusalem (*sic*) had been made a Christian, that the city was converted to Christ, and that this king allowed no man to be dubbed

a knight in the holy sepulchre unless he had himself wrestled with him and proved his strength. They declared that the chapel of the sepulchre of our Lord was all covered with yellow gold, and that its lamps hung in golden chandeliers, and that above the little chapel of the sepulchre of Christ there was one lamp which burned continually without being lighted, and which received fire and oil from heaven, and that the whole of Jerusalem was built of precious stones; and he brought out one unpolished stone, which he said he had found in a street in Jerusalem, and which he would not sell for twenty ducats, and he said that if a man knew precious stones he could find them in numbers there among the common stones of the place. Moreover, one of them uncovered his right shoulder in my presence, and showed us a round red scar thereon, of the shape which is shown in the margin, and told us that the abbot of St. Catharine's monastery on Mount Sinai has a golden wheel, which he puts upon burning coals, and when it is hot, lifts it off with tongs and brands the pilgrim, who is bared to receive it, thus on his right shoulder. Nor did they fear to repeat the aforementioned falsehood about him who gave Jesus the buffet, but said that they had spoken to him, and that it was not all pilgrims who were allowed to see him. They told me these and many other lies, and they never had seen Jerusalem. Now when I was in the house of Annas, I jestingly asked our guide, one of the Minorite friars, where the man stood who gave the Lord Jesus the buffet? The friar took me to the outside of the church and pointed to an olive-tree which grew beside it, saying, 'Lo, this is the man, and they say of him that his toe-nails have grown into the earth, and his beard hangs sideways,' pointing to the roots and branches of the tree. The dwellers in the convent, and, indeed, all the Eastern Christians, reverence

this tree, and declare that in their most ancient books it is written that the Lord Jesus stood bound to that tree while the officers ate and drank, for Annas was so glad at the taking of the Lord Jesus that he gave food and drink to those who took Him. Wherefore we also kissed the trunk of the tree, which is very ancient, and so forth. Then we went back into the church, said the prayers appointed in the Processional, and received plenary indulgences (††).

THE HOUSE OF CAIAPHAS THE HIGH PRIEST, WHEREIN
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST WAS MOCKED.

When we left the house of Annas the high priest, we hastened toward the house of Caiaphas, gravely and devoutly treading in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus. When we came to the house we found it locked up, but when we knocked at the door it was opened to us. We entered the church, said the prayers marked in the processional, and received plenary indulgences (††) [*b*]. This church is called St. Saviour's, and stands on the place where stood the house of Caiaphas, wherein every Christian knows what sufferings Jesus endured. There it was that they sought false witness against Him and found it not; there Peter thrice denied that he knew the man; there the Lord Jesus was blindfolded, spat upon, buffeted, and smitten with the palms of their hands almost all night, and there He stood for three hours shut up in close prison. Wherefore as we meditated upon these things we remained there a long while in prayer, and filled the place with our tears, sobs, and groans. Then, after we had risen from our prayers, the priests of this church led us round all the holy places therein, and first we came to the high altar in the choir, which they stripped of its hangings that we might see the stone which formed the table of the altar. This was a very large stone, thick and wide, and is a part of

the stone which was rolled to the mouth of the Lord's sepulchre, whereof we read in the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark's Gospel. It once was an exceeding large stone ; for after many years the faithful cut the stone in two, and left one part near the holy sepulchre, while they brought the other part hither to this church, and appointed it for a slab, or table, for the altar. We kissed this sacred stone, and viewed it narrowly. Meanwhile the priests of the church watched us carefully, that none of us should break pieces off the stone with any iron tool, for they greatly reverence that stone, and, indeed, had it not been for that stone they would have sold the place the year before, for they are exceeding poor Armenian monks, and for very want they were going to sell the place to the Minorite brethren, because they were not able to keep the church and monastery in repair ; but they wanted to sell the place with the condition that they should take this stone away with them, for they were in no wise willing to sell the stone with it. Howbeit this year there came to Jerusalem an exceeding rich Armenian, who has rebuilt the ruined church and cloister, and has held out a helping hand to these poor men. During my first pilgrimage a good-sized piece of this stone came into my hands. It was bought by a knight for two ducats from an Armenian priest, who entered the church with the knight by stealth, lest the other Armenians should see them, and broke off a piece of the stone. This same knight died at sea, and I inherited this piece of stone from him, and brought it with me to Ulm. After this we left the altar, and over against the altar, on the right hand side of the church, we passed through a little door into a narrow and darksome cell, set about with thick walls, and capable of holding only one man standing up at once, so we went into it one after the other. This small cell was the lock-up, wherein men who had been

tried, and who had to be brought before the judge, or to be put to death, were shut up until the time came for them to be brought into court. So the Lord Jesus, after His trial, was locked up there, and stood there for three hours with His hands tied behind His back, blindfolded, with His face spat upon, covered with insults, suffering from cold. Here we bowed ourselves to the earth and prayed devoutly, giving thanks to our Redeemer. [103*a*] After this we came out of the church into the court or yard outside, where was the fire round which Peter stood with the servants when he denied the Lord, and when the Lord turned and looked upon him. Moreover, we were shown the place where the cock stood, at whose crowing Peter came to himself, and we looked devoutly at all the places.

THE CORNER WHERE THE BLESSED VIRGIN STOOD LOOKING TOWARDS THE HOUSE OF CAIAPHAS, WHEN OUR LORD WAS BEING TRIED THERE.

After this we came out of that house, and went on our way to the corner of a house from which one can look straight at the door of Caiaphas's house, so that one who stands on the further side of the corner, by stretching out his head, or only one eye, if he chooses, can see the door of Caiaphas's house, and can himself be seen by no one, who does not know that he is standing behind the wall and peeping furtively round the corner. In this place they say that the Blessed Virgin stood in hiding all that time, and watched the door through which Christ had been led in bonds, wishing to see whither He would be taken at the last. Oh, with what bitter pains and tears must the Blessed Virgin have stood waiting there! What, think you, would the Virgin have answered, had anyone asked her wherefore she stood there, or what she was waiting for.

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